

The Dying Embers

Darkness

The crowd was famished by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies: they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage: they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.

Lord Byron A/N I do not own Harry Potter nor do I own Star Wars.
Italics are thoughts and flashbacks. Thoughts in flashbacks will be in normal writing.

The Dying Embers – Prologue

Lily and James Potter stared at Headmaster Dumbledore in open amazement. “You mean to tell me, that our son is prophesized to kill the most evil Dark Wizard to ever walk the Earth? Come on, Albus, this seems a little far fetched.” Lily shook her head and stood up and walked across the living room to look at pictures of her little baby, Harry, which sat peacefully on the mantle.

“Lily, I know how hard this is for you to believe. We’ve been fighting against Voldemort,” Albus ignored the flinch from both Potter parents and continued on, “For the better part of fifteen years. But you must understand and your son is the last chance that the Light has of defeating this terrible evil.” Dumbledore looked at James and said, “Please James, I love you like a son, and it would break my heart if anything were to happen to you. At least for my sake go into hiding, with this prophecy Voldemort will have a much greater desire to kill you than he already does.”

James slowly sat back in his chair and rubbed his chin. *If I take Lily and Harry into hiding, then Voldemort won’t be able to attack us. Although it would seriously limit the amount of freedom that we would have, but that’s obvious I mean we would be going into **hiding** after all. The one thing I’m worried about is Harry growing up, I never wanted him to grow up with such evil, and I never wanted to put the weight of the world on his shoulders. But according to Albus it is for the greater good that Harry survives and is trained to fight Voldemort, Albus did say that the prophecy mentioned powers unknown to Voldemort.* James closed his eyes and ran a hand through his messy black hair.

“I don’t know Albus, Lily and I have always wanted Harry to have a normal life and to grow up loved, and have friends his own age.” James began to tell the Headmaster that they would not go into hiding but it appeared that the Headmaster had already thought out this line of argument.

"You would not have to worry about that James, the Weasely's have already said that they would be more than happy to let their youngest son Ronald visit on a regular basis. Ronald and Harry are the same age." Albus sat down and popped a lemon drop into his mouth and that customary twinkle which was always in his eyes returned. Slowly James conceded and nodded his head, "Alright Albus, if that's what you think is best."

Albus pulled out his wand and waved it in a complex series of motions as he began to cast the Fidelis Charm, "Now who did you want to be your secret keeper, remember that it must be someone that you trust implicitly for they hold your life in their hands."

James thought for a moment and then quickly said, "Peter, nobody would ever suspect him of being the secret keeper, Sirius is far to obvious and Remus, well Lily thinks that he may be a spy." Dumbledore nodded his head and finished the long incantation. He and the Potters discussed many things before he informed them of the Order meeting that would be taking place that weekend, and with that final bit of information he distributed he left.

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Swiftly and quietly a small star ship flew towards the Earth. The pilot sitting in the cockpit had a feeling that something would happen here which would change the course of the galaxy forever. The old woman in the cockpit slowly stood up and as she left to enter another section of the ship she cackled and said, "The ripples from tonight's cause consequences that not even I, with my master over the Force, can see."

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One week after the Fidelis Charm was placed on the Potter Household the two Potter parents were invited to a Ministry Ball to celebrate the 37th anniversary of the defeat of the Dark Lord Grindewald. The Potter's graciously accepted as they were also asked to give a speech to help raise the moral of the Wizarding world. As Sirius Black was also invited to this formal event, James had asked Peter Pettigrew to look after young Harry Potter while they were away.

Peter quickly glanced at the grandfather clock and waited for his Lord to arrive.

Flashback

The Dark Lord glanced down at the ring of Death Eaters which stood in a semi-circle before him. He narrowed his eyes at the one on the end of the left side, "What news do you bring me of the Potters, Peter?" The man known as Peter began to shake and stutter uncontrollably.

Wormtail fell to his knees and kissed the hem of Lord Voldemort's robes. "M...m...my Lord. I have been made their secret keeper. T...th...the Potters live at...N...Nu...Number 8...G...Godric's Hollow." With that said Peter scampered back into the line of awaiting Death Eaters and watched as the meeting continued.

Near the end of the meeting, three teenage muggle girls were brought in and Voldemort instructed the Death Eaters to 'have their way with them'. With that being said Voldemort walked over to Peter and said, "I will meet you at the Potter's house tonight at nine p.m. Do not disappoint me, Wormtail."

End Flashback

The Dark Lord smirked to himself as he reached the front door of the Potter's residence at Godric's Hollow. He raised his wand and muttered, "Reducto", and the door was blown off its hinges smashing into the opposite wall. Voldemort seemingly glided into the house and looked over at the chubby man sitting on the couch. "Well Peter, show me where the young boy is hiding." Peter slowly stood up and lead the Dark Lord up the stairs. When they reached Harry's room Voldemort stepped into the room and raised his wand shouting "Avada Kedavra!" The spell hit the baby's forehead and bounced off over the Dark Lord's shoulder.

Voldemort could only stand in awe at this show of power. As he raised his wand to try another curse, a old feminine voice said, "I wouldn't do that if I were you, he is far more powerful than you can possibly imagine." Voldemort turned around and a flash of green cut

through his vision, and suddenly he new no more. And his spirit went flying into the night.

Peter Pettigrew looked over at the baby and saw a lightning shaped scar on his forehead. The he looked on in awe as an old woman held up her light stick and advanced on him, she calmly raised her hand and Pettigrew was thrown back with a great force. The old woman picked up Harry and said, "You will make a powerful Jedi young one." With that said she walked out of the house and stepped into her Corellian freighter and blasted off into the night sky.

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The old woman slowly directed her ship towards the barren planet of Mandalore. As the ship was landing she glanced down in the bundle in her arms, "You will be powerful, and your stay with these people will harden you to the suffering in the galaxy."

When the ship landed the old woman slowly descended the landing ramp to see a man completely covered from head to toe in silver Mandalorian armor. "Master Kreia, what do you want." Kreia raised her head and stared steadily at the armored man. "What I want Mandalore, is for you to take this child in as one of your own. He is Force-sensitive so make him a Bloodraven."

"And what is his name?" Mandalore sneered at the aged Jedi Master.

Kreia smirked at the war lord, "His name...is Revan."

Chapter 1 - The Early Years

The Mandalorian leader quickly walked down the halls of the stronghold on the planet Mandalore. His boots clinked against the durasteel floor as he stormed down the hall with his cap swirling out behind him. In his arms he carried a small bundle wrapped in a dark colored blanket. The leader was still fuming over his last encounter with the Jedi Master Kreia. *How I hate that woman. How I hate the Jedi!*

Mandalore broke that line of thought and looked down at the baby in his arms. The boy was destined for great things. Afterall he was going to be a Bloodraven, the deadliest of all the Mandalorian clans, and the only Mandalorians which are able to feel the force. *If he's going to be one of us, I should get Kex to apply his clan mark.* With this thought in mind Mandalore veered down a small corridor in the side of the main hall towards a plain door at the end of the hall. As he entered a small group of Mandalorian warriors jumped up from their seats and saluted their leader, by placing their right fist over their heart and bowing their heads. "Kex, this one here needs the mark of a Mandalorian conscript."

The largest man in the room slowly walked over to the child and removed him from his leaders arms, "What clan would he be belonging to then, Mandalore?"

Mandalore smirked at the quarter-master and said one simple word, "Bloodraven." The men in the room gaped at him, as Mandalore turned to leave he called back over his shoulder, "Once he has his mark, give him to Javreel. Tell him to train the boy as best he can, tell him that the brat's new name is Revan Bloodraven."

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The years passed quickly for young Revan. As a Mandalorian he was taught not to become emotionally attached to his adopted parents, knowing that one day they would die in battle; it was the way of a Mandalorian. He was the best in everything that he did, including his studies and all the combat training that the children were involved in from the time that they could walk. By the age of eight Revan was a proud boy with brilliant green eyes, black hair which hung down

around his shoulders and the scar on his forehead. That scar was something that none of the Mandalorians could explain. Revan was happy as a Bloodraven, knowing that one day he would be the personal guard of and next in line to Mandalore himself.

Revan's life suddenly changed when the Jedi Master Kreia returned to his planet to take him to Coruscant and the Jedi Temple for his Jedi training.

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Kreia slowly steered the Corellian freighter onto the landing pad of the Mandalorian stronghold. As she landed she let out a sigh that she did not realize that she had been holding. *It has been eight long years; I wonder how much young Revan has progressed since I left him with these barbarians.* Kreia stood up from the pilot's chair and powered down the ship. She turned around and waved her hand in the general direction of the control panel causing the cockpit door to slide open and at the same time lowering the boarding ramp.

Slowly the old woman walked down the ramp and out into the harsh, dry atmosphere of the Mandalorian homeworld. She looked up at the dusty red sky, and shook her head. *How I hate coming to these barren places. Yet, it is necessary, for I foresee that Revan will do great things. Terrible, but great. And I will help him on his way to greatness, gently probing him in the early stages of his training. He will have other masters, but in the end he will return to me.* She slowly walked off of the landing platform and into the Mandalorian city of Nishtor.

"Ahh Mandalore," she crowed when she spotted the fearsome warrior, "take me to him." This was all she said, and it was all that was needed. More superfluous words would likely lead to a conflict that both warriors wished to avoid.

The leader turned his head to the aged Jedi Master, "You will have to fight Javreel in order to take the boy with you."

Kreia nodded her head, "So be it." And motioned for Mandalore to lead her on to her future pupil. They walked through the halls of the stronghold passing many Mandalorian warriors who gave her

suspicious glances. Afterall the last Jedi that they had encountered was Exar Kun and Ulic Qel-Droma, and by the time that those two had fought with the Mandalorians they were completely Sith.

The odd pair walked down the halls of the stronghold until Mandalore finally stopped in front of the door. "Revan is alone with Javreel in this room training. I will not be going with you; this is something that you must do on your own." With that having been said the Mandalorian leader spun on his heel and stormed off down the hallway, knowing in his heart that one of his best warriors was going to die today; but at least he would die with honor, losing to a Jedi.

Kreia watched the man walk down the hall and then turned to look that the door that Mandalore had pointed out before he had left. With a soft sigh she opened the door and walked through. The first thing that she saw was a young boy in training clothes practicing sword techniques against a dummy with a man standing along the side critiquing the boy's every move. When the man saw Kreia walking towards them he placed a hand on the boy's shoulder and called out, "What do you want?"

Kreia kept walking forward, and merely said, "The boy is strong in the Force. He is to be trained in the ways of the Jedi."

Javreel looked down at Revan, he knew that Revan didn't like the Mandalorians, however he was not going to give up his heir to this woman merely because he was Force-sensitive. "I don't think so, you'll have to kill me to take him." Upon saying this he pulled out a vibrosword and fell into a flawless fighting stance.

The female Jedi Master pulled her lightsaber out of her robe and with the familiar snap-hiss activated it. A green beam of energy burst forth and she held it in front of her in a standard dueling stance. "As you wish," was all that she said before she leapt forward with an amount of speed and agility that caught Javreel off guard and immediately pushed him onto the defensive. Her lightsaber arced through the air towards Javreel's head as he brought his blade up to meet hers. Javreel then spun around in an attempt to sweep her legs out from beneath her, but she merely flipped over him and took a swipe at his unprotected back with her saber which he barely avoided.

Javreel rolled out of the way of yet another attack and brought his sword up and this time managed to make a cut in her robes. The fighting stopped momentarily and Kreia raised a hand and a burst of lightning shot forth striking Javreel in the chest sending him flying into the opposite wall. Slowly the man stood up and charged at the waiting Jedi Master, Kreia decided to end the fight and as the man charged she ducked around him and spun around cleanly slicing off the proud warrior's head.

The old woman deactivated her lightsaber and placed it within the folds of her robes. She looked carefully around the room to make sure that they were truly alone. Slowly she advanced upon Revan and said, "I have come to take you to the Republic, so that you may learn the ways of the Force, but first tell what you think of the Mandalorians."

The young boy looked up at the woman who had killed Javreel and said, "I know that we are a proud warrior race. However, we are also very cold and callous, over the last few centuries the great majority of the Mandalorian warriors have lost their honor, their will to fight for a code."

Kreia smiled, *This is exactly what I wanted the boy to understand*, "Tell me boy, do you wish to have something to fight for, something to believe in, and live a way of life that is actually worth living?" Revan nodded his head. "There is no emotion; there is peace. There is no ignorance; there is knowledge. There is no passion; there is serenity. There is no death; there is the Force. Do these words make sense, can you understand them? Of course you can't, not yet at least, that is the Code of the Jedi; and believe me when I tell you this young one, it is worth fighting for, worth dying for. Now come, there is much to learn. First I will take you to the Jedi Temple on Coruscant and train you in the basic ways of our Order, then you will be assigned to a specific master. Now, we leave." With that said Kreia turned with a swirl of her cloak and began the long walk back to her ship knowing that Revan was following behind her. Yes, *he will be powerful one day, that one has a great destiny. The Force swirls around him like a whirlwind.*

As the two reached the ship Kreia told Revan to start the engines and that she would be into the cockpit momentarily to plot a hyperspace route. As the ship entered hyperspace Kreia turned to Revan, "You must never let anyone inside the Republic ever know of your Mandalorian heritage. If they ask about where you are from Deralia, a small farming world, and after the death of your parents you were taken in by the Jedi and found to be Force-sensitive."

Revan looked at the old woman curiously, "Why?"

"Don't be a fool, you know about the Great Sith War with Exar Kun and Ulic Qel-Droma. The Mandalorians are hated inside the Republic for aiding those two Sith Lords. We will first be stopping over the small planet of Talravin, to pick up the Jedi Master Vrook Lamar and his new apprentice Bastila Shan, who if I am not mistaken is only a few years younger than you. Now leave me, I must sleep."

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Bastila Shan watched as the small blue and white world of Alderaan grew smaller and smaller, she wept quietly in the shuttle that was taking her to train at the Jedi academy on Dantooine. *I don't want to use the Force, why can't I stay with daddy?* The five year old wondered in despair as the world vanished against the blackness of space.

A stodgy, middle-aged Jedi Master glanced over at the crying girl. *Why is that I am always the one who is assigned the emotional ones. So different from how I was when I was a Padawan.* "Please Bastila, calm yourself, you have the wonderful gift of being able to control the force. We are taking you so that you may become a Jedi. You will be a servant of the light and you can fight injustice, you will be a guardian of peace and justice, now what do you say to that?"

The tiny girl glared with tear filled eyes at the middle-aged Jedi Master. "I don't want to be a Jedi I want to go home, why are you taking me away from daddy?" She screamed at the man, brushing her hands against her eyes. She ran across the cabin of the small shuttle and looked out at the lines of stars streaking past the ship as it soared through hyperspace.

The Jedi sighed as he knelt next to the little girl and placed an arm on her tiny shoulder to reassure her, as expected she pulled away and her face tightened into a deeper scowl. "Bastila, your father wanted you to be a Jedi. Do you remember his words to you, how proud he was that you will one day Master the Force?"

The girl's blue eyes widened as she stared at the human Jedi. "But Master Vrook mommy wanted me to go, not daddy, she argued with him until he agreed... I want my daddy... I want to go home."

The older Jedi replaced his reassuring hand on her shoulder and sighed heavily as he concentrated on the Code to calm himself. "Your father spoke to me of how proud he was of you Bastila and how much he loved you, he understands that a Jedi must make sacrifices, do you want to make your father proud?"

Vrook felt a sigh of relief escape him when the girl's eyes flashed and she nodded. "Yes Master Vrook, but why can't daddy come?"

Vrook slowly sat on the floor and crossed his legs. "*This is going to be a long conversation.*" He groaned inwardly. "Bastila, a Jedi must train most of their life to gain control and serenity; with control comes serenity and that is what makes Jedi who they are, their ability to accomplish what others cannot while still remaining true to their ideals, do you want to learn this?"

Vrook watched as the girl's face wrinkled in thought and smiled inwardly, after several minutes of silence the girl smiled and nodded.

"Yes Master Vrook, I want my father to be proud!"

"Perhaps this won't be as long as I feared..." Vrook thought to himself with a smile reaching his lips, he turned to his fellow Master and the young Padawan seated at the controls of the ship. *Perhaps he can help, he's always made impressions on others his age.* "Padawan Revan, I have someone I would like you to meet."

Bastila's first thought was how odd the boy looked, he was nearly twice her age and he walked with a certainty that was unsettling. His expression was neutral and his green eyes sparkled like emeralds, but tanned skin was toned, even for a boy of 10.

"Padawan Revan I would like you to meet apprentice Bastila Shan, Bastila this is Padawan Revan." Revan looked up at Vrook and nodded his head, then slowly lowered his eyes to Bastila's beautiful blue orbs. The small girl blushed and giggled as the boy's eyes filled with warmth locked with hers and he smiled a warm smile, he bowed deeply and spoke in a serious, yet still child-like voice. "It is an honor to meet the newest member of the Order, I would like to personally welcome you to the Jedi Order apprentice Shan." Bastila's face wrinkled at the long introduction the boy used and his calm, yet comforting demeanor. *He's nice*, was the first thought she had as she feebly wiped her red and swollen eyes and returned a hasty bow. Master Vrook smiled, seeing his exit.

"If you wouldn't mind Padawan Revan I would appreciate it if you would converse with Bastila while I speak with your Master Zhar."

The young boy bowed and spoke in a cultured tone.

"Of course Master."

Bastila's eyes followed the Jedi Master as he stood and walked towards the controls of the shuttle and spoke quietly with the Twilek pilot, she noticed the young boy had knelt before, eyeing her.

"What was it like having parents?"

He asked in a soft and quiet tone, Bastila stared at him in shock, her 5 year old mind could not comprehend much of what was happening and she couldn't understand his question.

"What do you mean?"

She watched as the young boy slumped and stared intently at the bulkhead, steadily losing interest and wondering what the small metallic cylinder attached to his belt was for.

"I was found to be strong in the Force at a very young age and I never met my family, I was told I was born into the Order by a Knight, but I never met anyone who claimed to be my parents, I am just wondering if it was good or bad."

He turned his intent gaze on her's, Bastila struggled for a moment and a small smile came over her face.

"I love my daddy! He's an archeologist!"

She stared into space smiling as she remembered her father, all the gifts he had given her, how he would carry her to bed and would give her all the warmth and security she could ever want.

"I felt safe with him."

Revan listened with interest to the child's testimony and was taken back when a scowl clouded her once happy features.

"But mommy was mean, always arguing with daddy and always yelling at me and now she sends me away to the Jedi, I want to go home..."

Revan watched in confusion as the girl began to cry, he instinctively placed a hand on her small arm and reached into his tunic, he removed a small piece of candy and handed it to her.

"I never knew it could be so difficult but the Jedi have given me all I know..."

He smiled as the confused girl snatched the candy and readily devoured it.

"I don't know how difficult it has been or will be for you, but I do know this..."

Bastila turned her eyes to his and chewed the candy he had given her.

"Your father will be proud of you for joining the Order, it is a difficult path, but you will learn so much, accomplish so much good..."

From what little she could pick up through her frantic mind she liked, she wanted to believe him and could feel a warmth and compassion flowing from him that felt secure, that made her think instantly of her father.

"Revan how long will it take, will I see daddy again?"

Revan's far away look confused her for a moment and she rubbed her hands together as she stared at the floor, then shifted to look at a blinking light in the rear of the shuttle. She was pulled away from the light by his shaky voice.

"I don't know Bastila, if you work hard, you may one day be reunited with him and can show him how you've changed and show him how proud he can be of you, his daughter."

The young boy sighed and stood quietly as he saw the blank look on the little girl's face.

"As I said Bastila, I am Padawan Revan and if you need anything I will always be available, but I must meditate at the moment."

Bastila could feel she'd done or said something to upset him and looked at him with sadness.

"Are you ok Padawan Revan?"

Her meek voice called out, she watched him shift and sit cross-legged as he sighed heavily and closed his eyes.

"I was just thinking about who my parents were."

He said flatly, the girl watched as he sat motionless for 5 minutes and walked over to him, poking him in his chest.

"Ow, what'd you do that for?"

He asked in shocked-annoyance.

"What are you doing?"

She asked in interest, Revan motioned for her to back away a few steps.

"I am meditating, would you like to learn how?"

Revan smiled as he watched her blue eyes light up and her head nod frantically.

"Have a seat in front of me like I am... okay good, not close your eyes and take a deep breath, hold it for a few moments then release it slowly."

Master Zhar watched with amusement as he motioned for Vrook to watch.

"It appears my Padawan has taken an apprentice!"

He joked as Vrook snorted and shook his head.

"Quite a prodigy, but a kind-hearted boy I believe he will help the young girl cope, he always has been able to mediate just about anything we throw at him, amazing for one so young." The Twilek Master nodded and watched the scene thoughtfully was the girl turned a shade of purple and his Padawan frantically tapped her shoulder.

"No! I said for a few moments! Bastila let it out!"

Revan sighed as the girl released the breath and her skin turned red, then back to its previous pale state.

"I thought you said hold my breath for a few months, that hurt."

She said rubbing her head, Revan looked at her with concern.

"No Bastila, please again this time count to 3 and release alright?"

He sighed in relief as she nodded understanding and again closed her eyes and took in the breath, then released it.

"Alright now I want to you imagine you are a color, what color do you want to be?"

The girl's eyes twitched in thought before she spoke.

"I want to be yellow!"

Revan nodded.

"Alright that is good, a nice color, fiery yet mellow. I want you to feel the color and imagine yourself as that color, can you see it? Okay good now I want you to slowly concentrate on around you, what color do you see?"

Revan suppressed a snicker as her face twisted in confusion, then he was shocked to see it form into understanding.

"I see gray, a gray cloud surrounded by black, there is yellow within the gray and blue and.. red."

"Red?"

He asked quietly as her face scrunched in concentration.

"Yea, I think its you, I can feel something coming from it... it feels sad..."

She opened her eyes and looked at the confused expression on her teacher's face, she smiled at him and closed her eyes again.

"I can fix it thought! I can make it pretty, not that horrible red!"

Revan's face twisted in confusion and horror as he felt the tiny girl invade his mind, he could feel the sorrow that he was suppressing lessen and slowly form confidence and certainty and stared with shocked amazement at the girl, half his age tearing through his barriers, he watched as she frowned and opened her eyes.

"I couldn't make it blue, just purple... but its still pretty!"

"Yes... Red is a color associated with pain, purple would be a neutral color, possibly displaying reconciliation or acceptance..."

Revan forced a smile as he could feel the power radiating off the girl.

"You will be a great Jedi someday..."

I fear, I hope... He added silently. The uncertainty, the pain is... it's gone, what is this she is doing to me? Judging my his serious look,

Bastila felt she did something wrong and shyly looked to the floor, blushing.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to change your favorite color."

"No Bastila that is fine, but this must remain between us alright?"

Revan released a sigh of relief when he watched her nod. *I don't know what that was, but it sent a chill down my spine a Rancor wouldn't.* The boy stood as he felt the shuttle shake slightly as it jumped out of hyperspace.

"Come Bastila, we are nearing Dantooine, it will be where you will train to be a Jedi."

Revan watched the hesitation in the girl as she slowly stood and backed away slightly.

"Do not worry, Dantooine is a lovely planet and I am sure you will enjoy it as much as I do."

"Okay Revan, I trust you." She said as she raised her hand to him, Revan thoughtfully grabbed the hand and walked her to the front of the shuttle to gain a better view of the approaching world.

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It stared as rumors from travelers and cargo pilots that had come from the outer rim, it would have been ridiculous if the rumors hadn't been true. People would speak about them in hushed whispers as if the sound carried it would bring the murderous raiders upon them. The Mandalorians, a warrior race of powerful and ruthless fighters, amongst the most fearsome in the galaxy were slowly making their presence known, attacking deep outer rim worlds in the hopes of goading the Republic into an all out war. The Mandalores loved battle and fought for the glory of battle, they reveled in the struggle against impossible odds and would fight to the last man for honor. The fearsome brutes were overly built super-commandoes who's life, who's only meaning was to fight, along with their terrifying powerful Basilisk war droids they would swoop down on world after world, turning the world to ash and taking what they wanted. On the planet

Cathar, deep beyond the outer rim such an attack was happening. Mandalorian heavy cruisers bombed the planetary defenses as fighters and Basilisks swooped into the atmosphere burning away any resistance, any life. The Cathars had been known for their ferocious fighting and their honor in battle, it was this that attracted the Mandalorians, the challenge of a worthy foe to gain the glory and honor from a worthy battle. The Mandalores had been thoroughly disappointed. The Cathars failed to launch any significant defense, the Mandalorian air power overwhelmed them and burned the once peaceful world into an empty grave. Only a handful of Cathar escaped, mostly fragmented families able to reach ships and leave in the confused chaos of the Mandalorian ground assault.

A seasoned Mandalorian warrior, Canderous of Ordo Clan watched from his cruiser as the vessel vanished from his radar.

"Pity their hearts weren't in this fight."

He spoke quietly as he looked at the burning world and the power he wielded intoxicated his sensed, he raised his arm and shouted through the channels of his crew, "Victory!"

Cheers followed his shout and chanted along with his as they prepared for the next assault.

"For Mandalore!"

The shouts grew faint as the Mandalorian fleet left the burning world and jumped to their next challenger.

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A tall thin man walked slowly into the room, followed closely by a short, fat balding man. Quickly and silently the man who seemed to exude a presence of pure evil raised a wooden stick at him. "Time to die, Harry Potter." Suddenly with a flash of green light the evil man shouted, "Avada Kedavra!" But as the light was about to strike Revan quickly sat up drenched with sweat. He slowly climbed out of bed, and made his way to the refresher noticing that it was still quite early in the morning. Revan sighed and slowly shook his head, who is this Harry Potter?

Revan silently followed his Master in quiet contemplation, thinking about the young girl he had met that morning. She was so much younger than him but he could feel the intelligence in her, even if she couldn't distinguish months from moments! He stared up at the sky and sighed as he thought of the power she demonstrated, *she is strong, very strong in the Force and a quick learner...* The boy snorted with amusement as to how nervous he was at having a 5 year old, untrained girl enter his mind but he was glad she did, it removed a doubt he felt and he decided he would dedicate some time to look more carefully into that strange power she wielded almost like a toy. Master Zhar turned a questioning look at his Padawan. "Be mindful of your thoughts young one, your thoughts stray from the present."

Revan nodded. "Of course Master, may I ask you a question?" Zhar nodded as Revan continued. "Master, I have been wondering if there is a power Jedi can use that allows them to control the emotions of another, perhaps grant them confidence?"

Zhar sighed and shook his head. "I am sorry Padawan but I cannot answer your question, perhaps Master Dorak or Master Vandar could answer your questions better than I."

Revan frowned and bowed. "Yes Master."

Zhar stroked his chin in thought and wondered *what scheme is my Padawan up to this time...* He was pulled from his thoughts by the yelling of a slightly older Padawan, he turned to see Revan's friend Malak waving. *Strange how Malak is nearly 3 years older than Revan and still remains his friend.* Zhar shook his head and sighed *The Force works in mysterious ways.*

"Revan I will give you a few moments to speak with your friend, I will speak with the Council, please wait for me in the training room when you are finished."

"Of course Master." Revan bowed his head, and quickly backed out of the room. He quickly ran over to Malak and the two began to plot whatever mischief they were normally taking part in.

Zhar smiled inwardly and shook his head. "Those two are really going to cause a commotion one of these days." He never thought those words would haunt him as much as they did

Chapter 3

Bastila stood silently watching in awe as her friend Revan knelt before the Council and was granted the rank of Jedi Knight, she felt the pride well up inside her and she waited with anticipation for what would follow. Revan slowly stood and bowed once more before the Council. "It is a great honor to receive the rank of Jedi Knight and I will do my best to uphold the tenets of the Jedi Council. I will do all that I am able to become a guardian of peace and justice in the Republic."

A cheer went though the cambers as Revan's friends mobbed him and chatted away happily at the pleasant distraction. Bastila sighed as she remembered the last 5 years of her life, the heartache at seeing another world fall to the Mandalorians, she remembers her feeling of despair and helplessness as Revan sat before her angrily describing each casualty figure and each detail of the battle, saying if only he'd been there it may have been different. Bastila smiled despite the overwhelming pain that the Mandalorians send through the Force, millions screaming out in terror and suddenly dying. It sickened her to her core to think about the Mandalorians, she only thought about her friend who stood in the center of the gathered Padawans and Knights being bombarded with questions and congratulations. Bastila slowly slipped outside where she could be away from the noise and decided it would be nice to meditate, she walked quietly to a hillside near the Enclave and saw, drawing on the Force to calm herself. *I haven't done this for 10 years...* she thought meekly as she concentrated on her Force aura, she could sense it and see its brilliant yellow glow encased around her, further away in the tombs she could feel a black and cold could that sent a chill down her spine, she shook her head and pulled away, racing through the plains until she felt a familiar presence, the faint purple glow of his aura, even after all those years, she could see the color flicker from purple to red and worry crept into her mind.

An amused voice pulled her away from her meditation and she turned to see Master Vandar speaking to her. "It is a lovely place is it not Padawan Bastila?"

Bastila nodded and took a deep breath of the refreshing air as she slowly stood and bowed to the Master. "What can I do for you Master?"

The tiny form of the Master shook slightly with a snort as he pointed his finger at the Young Padawan. "Come here I have to help you Padawan."

Bastila looked at him with uncertainty. "I'm sorry Master, but what do you believe is troubling me?"

The Jedi Master sighed and looked out across the peaceful plains. "Come to speak to you I have about the power you have just used."

Bastila felt her face flush as the blood rushed warmly through her cheeks. "Oh, it's nothing Master, I merely look into the aura of the Force surrounding someone."

"Surrounding Revan." The Jedi Master corrected, Bastila could feel herself growing more red as the Master let out an amused laugh.

"No shame in this there is Padawan, Revan is a strong man, brave and compassionate, what you have done for him has given him more confidence than we would have thought possible, he is powerful... has always been, but now his mind is strengthened as well as his body." Vandar turned to see Revan slowly approach. "Tell us he did of your gift, impressed Knight Revan was, a decade it took for him to discover the ability."

"Battle Meditation." Revan's calm voice called out. Bastila turned to see him. *He is so handsome..* Bastila immediately blushed more when Master Vandar cocked his head and smiled. Revan sighed and sat down next to her as the Jedi Master neared them. "Your presence will be needed on Coruscant within a few weeks Bastila." Revan said quietly.

"Battle Meditation is a rare and precious gift, I was right all those years ago when I met you... you are special." Bastila smiled sheepishly as Master Vandar continued. "Padawan Bastila, Knight Revan will escort you to the High Council on Coruscant and will aid

you in your studies, Master Vrook has given his consent as has Master Zhar, they are eager to see the team you would make."

Bastila stared in confusion once more. "What do you mean Master?"

She asked in confusion, the Jedi Master smiled and crept away as he quietly answered. "Leave that explanation to your new Master I do."

Bastila watched as Master Vandar slowly disappeared into the Enclave and raised her eyebrow in confusion towards Revan. "What did he mean by that?"

Revan answered with a smile. "I've been granted permission to aid you in your training for Battle Meditation due to my high knowledge of tactical combat."

Bastila recoiled in shock as she watched Revan's amused face. "But you're only 3 years older than me, how could they assign me to you?"

Revan laughed and shook his head. "I think word of our little sessions has reached their ears, they are impressed with the focus you have with my teachings and they have given me permission to watch over you for a short time on Coruscant."

Bastila smiled inwardly as she felt her stomach flutter, she saw his arm reach out and his hand grasped her arm gently, she closed her eyes. *So gentle, so peaceful... so handsome!* Bastila felt her face flush once more and opened her eyes catching her new Master's amusement.

"Why Bastila Shan, I never knew you felt that way towards me!" He said in a loud voice, Bastila quickly looked around as she became a bright red, she stood and leaned over him, a scowl on her crimson face and her hands on her hips, her blue eyes burning.

"That is no way to treat your Padawan." She said as confidently and as imposing as she could, Revan calmly stood and towered over her, looking down at her he smiled, lifting her chin so she could not look away.

"Come now Bastila 5 years of training together, 5 years of friendship, I trust you with my life and I would never endanger you to anything, especially such trivial emotions. My life belongs to the Jedi." Bastila felt slightly disappointed from his words and looked away, she felt him reach for her, she turned to protest but was cut short by his lips connecting with hers, she pulled away at first then slowly returned the kiss. A sound of a snicker and approaching footsteps broke their moment, Revan looked with annoyance at his amused friend.

"Tell me Master Revan would the Council approve of this?" He said eyeing Bastila, Revan turned and scanned his Padawan and grinned.

"Well I certainly approve of it." He said calmly as he turned to face his amused friend.

"So we are finally going to check out those tombs eh?" Malak nodded and Revan turned to Bastila with a sigh, her face once again a familiar red.

"I will be back shortly Bastila, return to the Enclave and I will summon you when we are prepared for our mission. Bastila nodded and gave a meek

"Yes Master."

Revan snapped back at her. "Now now, I am only 20, I don't want any of this Master from you young lady, only in front of Malak so I can impress him!"

Revan turned and smiled to his friend who had since taken an interest in the ruins to the far east of the Enclave. "I'll meet you within an hour."

Bastila nodded and hurried back towards the Enclave, Revan turned to his once again amused friend. "You should be careful, you may get kicked out of the Order for that!" Revan shook his head as Malak handed him the package of armor they discovered in the tomb weeks ago. "I really like this armor..." Revan said with a smile as he donned the black and red robed armor over his gray Jedi robes. Revan reached into the pack and removed a red and black mask with a demonic pattern painted into it, he smiled once more. "Yes, when we

face the Mandalorians they'll know what to fear." Revan clasped the mask to his face and turned to see his friend placing a red cortosis breatplate with flowing black cloaks on, he turned and laughed at the sight.

"Why are we dressing like Sith Lords, just to scare the hell out of Mandalore?" The two friends laughed and walked towards the ancient ruins. Malak shook his head as they left the tomb, he could feel a dark seed take root in him and he could see Revan had also felt the power of the ruins they had uncovered.

"We should destroy it." Revan muttered as he looked at his disturbed friend.

"What do you think we should do?" Malak shrugged and looked back into the darkened tomb.

"It may prove invaluable to defeating the Mandalorians and this so called Darkness the Jedi are constantly using as an excuse to prevent us from going to war." Revan silently nodded as he walked towards the enclave.

"We will appeal to the High Council on Coruscant for special dispensation to join the Republic, if they refuse I don't think I can stand by and watch another world burn, we should've done this years ago, but I had to be certain she'd be alright.." Malak nodded and followed Revan to the landing pads, nearby they removed the armor and placed it in a bag, carrying it calmly to the shuttle. Bastila approached as she lugged her own bag nearby, she rushed into the shuttle and nodded to Malak who smiled back and watched Revan at the consoles. The shuttle lifted gently into the night sky as Master Vrook watched with concern. *Revan and Malak have been acting strange lately... Perhaps we should have granted their request to fight the Mandalorians instead of threatening to expel them from the Order...* Revan smiled at Bastila's sleeping form as Malak chuckled.

"Malak, I've been researching, tell do these words make sense. 'Peace is a lie, there is only passion. Through passion I gain strength. Through strength I gain power. Through power I gain victory. Through victory my chains are broken. The force shall free me.'" Revan ran a hand over his tired face and looked up at his friend.

Malak sat down in one of the chairs and glanced at his long time friend, "Haha, did you make that up yourself."

"No, it is the Code of the Sith." Revan closed his eyes.

Malak suddenly looked very somber, "The words make sense, yet we cannot take the risk of falling. Look what happened to Exar and Ulic."

"I know my friend, I'm going to go get some sleep."

Malak nodded and quietly left the room.

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The High Jedi Council on Coruscant gathered in their chambers deliberating amongst each other.

"There is a growing shadow the dark side is casting, we must be wary of the visions, Revan and Malak may be good people and by all rights and honorable Knights but so was Ulic, so was Exar..."

The feminine voice trailed off and the woman looked sadly to the floor.

"Master Sunrider we must not dwell on such negative and dark times, we must look to the future and what we should do considering the Mandalorians. Revan is coming and he wants answers, answers to why he stand idly by while the attacks grow more daring, we need the answers, not just some reference to the darkness beyond..."

A murmur ran through the assembly as they looked at one another.

"We will not vote on the course of action to take against the Mandalorians."

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Bastila didn't know why but she felt strange when she woke up, she'd had a dream, but she couldn't remember much. *Something about a Star Forge and Mandalorians?* She shook her head in frustration as she slowly sat up, seeing Revan at the controls of the shuttle. A smile played on her lips. *Its so nice to have him so close.* As if on cue,

Revan turned and gave her a concerned look. "Is something wrong Bastila?"

Bastila's smile melted as she looked at him with confusion. *Could he sense my dream?* "I-I had a strange dream.." "

Bastila flushed slightly *This is ridiculous I am 15 I shouldn't be acting like a 5 year old running to daddy when I have a bad dream.* Bastila looked up to see Revan slowly walking towards her, he knelt on the floor before her and looked up at her with concern, running his hand along her head. "Do you want to talk about it?"

Bastila nodded and spoke in a shaky voice. "I- I don't remember much I know you were there but it was strange... you were wearing a black cloak and had this horrible mask, you were leading an army to destroy the Mandalorians... but there was something wrong with it all."

Bastila trembled as she looked over to Revan who had his eyes wide and was pale. "Th- That is a strange dream indeed Bastila... perhaps it was a vision from the Force?"

Bastila trembled and looked at her friend and master. "There was something wrong with you, I hope it wasn't true you were... cold... frightening..."

Revan sighed and leaned back. "Perhaps it is merely a warning or a tremor through the Force, be mindful of the- Okay I never understood that when I was told it either, just be careful Bastila, keep an eye out behind you." Revan suppressed a laugh as Bastila yawned and stretched, smiling at him with tired blue eyes. *Sometimes I forget she is a Jedi and far from a helpless little girl... no young woman.* Revan placed his hand on Bastila's shoulder and reassured her.

"Soon young Bastila you will be taught to use your Battle Meditation by the greatest Masters of our Order and for what it is worth, I am proud of you."

Revan slammed his hand down onto the table, drawing the glances of several of the other Jedi and startling Bastila. "Damn it how can they vote to not do anything? They won't even let us go to the front to aid

the refugees." Revan growled as he stalked to the center of the room, clearing his throat. "I would like you to all know that I can no longer serve the Jedi Order and be at peace, my heart aches with each death by the hands of the Mandalorians."

Bastila stared in mute shock as Revan continued a deeply passionate and moving speech, she almost wanted to go with him, but she knew she was too young. "The Mandalorians have once again crushed the Republic forces confronting them, they have taken nearly every world they attack within days. The Mandalorians decimate the survivors, anyone who attempts to surrender is brutally cut down, the women and children thrown into slavery to fuel their war machine." Revan stopped as several of the Council members entered the room, giving him disapproving looks. "I was raised in the Order and taught to live and die by the Code, I do not fear death, there is no death there is only the Force. I cannot stand by any longer while this suffering is allowed to continue I choose now to leave the Order and my studies and responsibilities here to fight this threat."

Murmurs and gasps sounded from the gathered Jedi along with shakes and nods of many heads.

"I have been told by the Council on Dantooine and also the High Council here that there is a larger threat beyond the outer rim and we must wait until it reveals itself to align with the Republic... There won't be a Republic if we don't do anything soon, they will crumble before the Mandalorian onslaught and be crushed by the juggernaut. I am sending messages to all the Enclaves for support, I will await anyone who wishes to join me in the fight against the Mandalorians on Taris. If there is a darkness growing beyond our ability to see, we must be strong and prepared, not torn from years of war with the Sith and the Mandalorians, we need to act now, we should have 5 years ago to end this threat. I can't stand by quietly anymore and allow people to suffer if it is within my power to help."

Revan turned to the solemn Jedi Masters and Council members gathered near the doorway, giving them a slight bow. "I apologize Masters but I am in no mood to speak with you about this." Revan began to walk out of the room until a hand stopped him, he turned to

see a middle aged and beautiful woman staring at him. "Master Sunrider?"

"Knight Revan be mindful of the darkness in your heart, fight it, the lure of the dark side can claim the strongest of us and what of your Padawan? "Do not make this decision lightly or in passion, Revan." Nomi Sunrider shouted over the murmurs of the gathered Jedi. Revan spun furiously to the Jedi raising his hand to point at her, "Do not lecture me on Passion and hasty decision. Was it not you, in a fit of passion that stripped Ulic Qel-Droma of the Force in his weakest moment when he was so very close to turning his back on the Darkside? That was cruel, Master. Just as it is cruel to stand by while the Mandalorians are given, given dominance over the galaxy. You think they will stop with just taking over the Republic? They will kill anyone who has ever opposed them and they will kill untold numbers of innocents to meet that end. You speak down to me as if I am a child but I have spent two long years thinking about this and the time for debate and uncertainty is over. Now, too late, is the time to act. This war may still be lost but we have to do something. I am through waiting and I am through with the Council's slow actions. The only thing needed for evil to triumph is for good people to do nothing... Will you stand against this threat as you did during the last great war or will you allow evil to triumph?"

The words cut the Jedi Master as her own painful memories of Ulic flashed through her mind. How broken he was as he wept over the body of his brother he had slain and how she had wept as well and stripped him of the Force, causing him even more pain. How Ulic had sought atonement even without the Force and had trained her daughter, the only reason Vima was the Jedi she was now and not a Sith. She had punished Ulic and his punishment could only be called what Revan had said it was. Cruel.

"Stand down, Revan."

Nomi said quietly, her own emotions conflicting. Revan narrowed his eyes, the ghost of a sneer crossing his features before it was gone along with the anger behind it.

"You fear them, don't you? Do I look like Ulic to you? Do I look like Exar? Will you say I am a Sith merely because I wish to protect the Republic?"

In disgust, Revan completely lowered his mental shields.

"Look upon me and say those things, Master. Look into my soul and tell me I am a demon and then strike me down with your sense of justice that would allow the Cathar to suffer. Allow the Republic to burn."

Revan could feel dozens of Jedi touch his mind and withdraw instantly. The only emotions in him at that moment sorrow for the loss of the Cathar. Sorrow and the barest hint of anger. It was no longer about hatred of the Mandalorians. It was about protecting the galaxy from their menace and it was that overlying duty that convinced the Jedi present to follow Revan. Nomi briefly touched Revan's mind and lowered her eyes from his figure high above her as if he was passing judgement upon her and not her on him. Too conflicted with the painful memories of Ulic and his ultimate demise she could only answer Revan with silence.

Assured that his point was made, Revan turned to Atris and noticed the conflict within her. Reaching out, Revan rested his hand on her shoulder and stared into her eyes.

"Join us. Join Malak and I..."

Feeling Atris touch his mind, Revan was met with the image of their friend, Ian Kenobi and knew what it would take for her decision to be made. She was still holding on to the Jedi Council's decision despite her own beliefs that they should act against the Mandalorians. She didn't believe in what the Jedi Council spoke of but could not turn her back on her way of life. It was weak but in the same time strong. She would not follow her friends, not unless Kenobi went. Even then, Revan could not say what Atris would do.

"I am going to fight."

Revan informed the gathered Jedi. In the distance he could see a Master moving towards him and frowned as the Master stood before him.

"Your lightsaber, Revan."

Revan looked out at the hand and slapped it aside, much to the shock of all the Jedi present.

"I'm going to need it where I am going."

Revan returned, leaving the stunned Master behind.

"You cannot carry that blade, Revan. It is the weapon of a Jedi!"

Pausing, Revan looked down at the elegant saber he had crafted and cared for since he had been Kreia's student. Taking the deadly weapon from his belt, Revan looked down at it with a frown as the memories of his life as a Jedi crossed his mind. The indecision was there only for a moment before he turned and tossed it to Atris. Unconsciously, Atris caught the weapon, staring at her friend with wide eyes. It was official now and no amount of disciplinary action could make Revan a Jedi again. He could never return to the Order.

"I can make another."

Revan answered hoarsely, his voice cracking with the weight of his decision. That lightsaber felt like a part of him and now he felt weaker, was weaker with its loss. Leaving without another word, Revan continued towards the Senate building where he had an appointment with the Supreme Chancellor. Pausing as he passed a shop, Revan quickly purchased what he would need to craft a new lightsaber along with the crimson crystal that the shop owner carried. The shop would meet the needs of many former Jedi that day as they trailed behind Revan and all would wield the new weapons as a symbol of honor, not shame. They may not have been Jedi anymore, but they could be heroes to the Republic.

Hundreds of the Knights of the Coruscant Temple followed Revan's presence in the Force. Since he was the first to turn against the Council's decision they naturally looked to him for guidance. In the

halls of the Republic Senate Rotunda the might of the newly outcast Jedi gathered as the Chancellor welcomed Revan and his fellow outcasts with open arms. A ship was immediately prepared with the facilities to house the hundreds of former Jedi that followed Revan's example.

Using a workbench in the landing hangar as they awaited the ship that would lead them to the war-zone, Revan constructed a new lightsaber and activated its crimson blade as he held it over his head and looked at his companions.

"Let this be a symbol to the galaxy that we will not allow injustice to continue." Revan shouted to the hundreds of cloaked figures around him. The Jedi all cheered, drawing support from their comrades and looking beyond the shame at no longer being Jedi. They could still make a difference in this war and that, in the end, was all that mattered.

"Not for Glory. Not for Honor. Not for Hatred. But for Justice, I do what I must." Revan finished to the assembled outcasts. Several other Jedi approached Revan and spoke to him as they began assembling weapons for the former Jedi present. Revan helped assemble nearly every weapon used by the Jedi there in that hangar and on the transport ship that took he and his former Jedi comrades to Dantooine.

As Revan left Bastila looked around frantically for the only person who could talk Revan out of his decision, but Malak was nowhere to be found.

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At the same time on Dantooine, the Jedi Knight Malak followed Revan's example and gathered as many Jedi as he could.

"Do not heed the words of the Jedi Council. The Republic will fail if we do not act now... Already the Mandalorians have taken three systems along the Rim. They will only grow more powerful with time..."

Ian Kenobi frowned as he crossed his arms over his chest and gave Malak a calculating look.

"Come stand with me. We will use our might to help the Republic in its time of need. Join Revan and I. Together, we will battle this menace."

That brought some surprise on the faces of several of the dozen Jedi present. Ian took the news in stride, knowing that Revan and Malak would be together on this. The only question he asked himself was if he was ready to leave the Jedi way of life behind him.

"The Jedi Council is wise, but they take too long to deal with this threat. We must act now to stop the Mandalorians."

Several Jedi joined Malak's side and Malak smiled weakly at one.

"I have heard of you. Your Masters speak well of you, of your skills in battle..."

Malak turned back to the other Jedi.

"Join us..."

He asked imploringly. Uncertain murmurs broke amongst the Jedi and Malak swallowed hard as he continued.

"The Jedi Council is wise but can make mistakes. History has proven this time and time again. The Council seems content to watch, to debate, while entire systems fall to the mandalorians. If we don't act now, there may be no Republic army to assist in the future."

Malak turned his dark eyes to Ian's and narrowed them thoughtfully as he read his friend for a moment.

"I sense you will join us... What are your reasons?"

Malak asked, trying to calm some of the other Jedi's uncertainties and knowing that Ian would make a good argument.

"The Mandalorians need to be stopped..."

Ian said more to himself than in answer to Malak. Malak nodded at his friend.

"You should trust in yourself, and in your instincts. It is within our power to end this war. And the Council chooses to debate behind closed doors while entire planets burn. Without us the Republic will be no more. And the Council... Their vaunted wisdom breeds only inaction. And that will lead to destruction greater than anything born of the Darkside."

Malak gave each of the Jedi penetrating looks.

"Will you let the Republic die? The Mandalorians wait along the edge of space... eager to crush us. Will you do nothing?" Ian as well as several other Jedi crossed over to Malak's side as a young woman looked on with a fearful expression.

"Wait, we can't do this. The Council has already decided. You should listen to their wisdom."

Malak gave the woman a long, blank look before he frowned and shook his head.

"My heart won't let me wait any longer."

Malak answered finally. The other Jedi at his side along with Kenobi nodded their agreement as they left Vrook's Padawan and the other Jedi that refused to join behind. In the courtyard of the Enclave the Masters of the Enclave confronted Malak and those that followed him and ordered them to return to their duties or hand over their weapons and give up the title of Jedi. None of the Jedi present left the courtyard and all turned over their weapons silently. Within a few short hours a Republic military transport landed in the plains outside of the Enclave and the former Jedi Knight Revan approached the academy, ignoring the odd looks he received from the inhabitants as he approached Malak, Kenobi and the other newly outcast Jedi. "Welcome to the war, my brothers and sisters."

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For two years the Mandalorians tore through the Republic unchallenged. The Republic forces scattered under the brutal onslaught of the Mandalores. In one month, that all changed. The jungle world of Onderon was one of the first to fall to the Mandalorians after they claimed its moon, Dxun as their own and all but enslaved the population of the world the moon orbited. The jungle world was also the first to be taken back from the Mandalorians. The Jedi had finally joined the war effort after two years of slaughter. The Mandalorians met the Jedi gladly, wanting to test themselves against the fables and mythic figures that had only heard tales of. Onderon fell from the Mandalorian's grasp in less than a week as the natives united and rebelled against their Mandalorian overlords. Dxun was another story. The Mandalorians seemed to have a deep connection to the jungle moon and did not give in. A brutal stalemate began in the thick jungles as the Jedi and Republic fought the Mandalorian warriors and the wildlife of Dxun. Onderon and Dxun had been what some would refer to as 'clean war.' The Mandalorians seemed to fixated on fighting the Jedi that the slaughter was reserved mainly to military Forces. The fact that Onderon had fallen so quickly and that Dxun was devoid of settlers helped that. Amidst the thousands of warriors and soldiers that fought against each other on that moon, one man stood out above all the others.

Silently, the armored man moved through the treetops, stalking his prey. Two green eyes looked through his crimson and obsidian mask as a deep scowl lit his face. It had been six months now since the fighting on Dxun began and almost seven since the Jedi had joined the war effort and already the effect was evident. The constant advance of the Mandalorian juggernaut ground to a halt under the Jedi. The Mandalorians had become enthralled by the Jedi and their power, ignoring the Republic forces and attacking the Jedi head on. Of a hundred thousand Jedi in the galaxy at the time of Exar Kun, only about half that had survived the initial rift in the Jedi Order and only ten thousand had chosen to fight alongside Revan. The Jedi Knight watched twenty armored Mandalorians move swiftly through the thick jungle to their fortress and his scowl deepened.

"Where are they off to in such a hurry"

He wondered as he quietly leapt to another tree and followed them. The young Jedi Knight soon discovered where the Mandalorian warriors were heading when he caught sight of a Mandalorian fortress hidden in the deep jungles. Taking a moment to scout the area, the Jedi Knight found several anti-air defenses and what looked to be an orbital Ion cannon. Using the Force, Revan could feel that there were thousands of Mandalorian warriors resting and training within the buried fortress and he could faintly sense the shield that protected the base from aerial and orbital assault.

"The only way in is on the ground..."

This was the last stronghold the Mandalorians held on the moon. Onderon had since joined their fleet with the Republic's in orbit and had successfully cut off retreat and reinforcement to the Mandalorians on the moon. The 'Siege of Dxun' as it became known had been bloody and of nearly two hundred thousand Mandalorians that had inhabited the moon at the beginning, Revan estimated that only three or four thousand remained, entrenched in the fortress before him. Until this moment, the fortress had remained hidden and the Mandalorians had struck from their hidden base, leaving horrendous casualties amongst the Republic's ranks. Of nearly a thousand Jedi that took part in the battle, two hundred had fallen in the six months of guerilla warfare. Revan could not help but admire the determination of his enemy, though a foreign feeling of hatred slowly began burning in him each time he came upon the mangled corpses of his comrades.

"No, I cannot hate. There is no emotion, there is peace."

Revan recited in his mind, using the Jedi Code to calm him, though it brought forth a new anger. Revan had met the Mandalorians on the battlefield and had seen firsthand what the Jedi Council refused to see, he knew that the Mandalorians were too strong for the Republic to stand against alone. The Basilisk war droids alone were too fast, too agile for the Republic gunners and fighters to shoot down. Only a Jedi could track and destroy the nimble Mandalorian craft effectively and even then with some difficulty. The twenty year old Jedi Knight moved to activate his homing beacon on his wrist communicator

before he suddenly stopped, pulling his hand away from the activation switch.

"No, if I do that, they'll trace it and be on me in an instant."

Of the eight hundred Jedi that remained, only a few dozen would be nearby to answer to the call and even Jedi could not stand against the thousands of Mandalorians Revan sensed within the base. Making a quick decision, the Jedi lowered himself from his perch on the tree overlooking the Mandalorian base and used the Force to speed his return to the Republic base camp.

"I can recall the Jedi spread over this moon and we can bring our full force along with the Republic forces to bear on the Mandalorians."

Revan winced slightly at the mental picture of the Republic forces on the moon. To say that they were pitiful would be an understatement. The men had arrived in the first days of the fighting without reinforcement due to some foolish debate in the Senate as to the cost and effectiveness of the lengthy siege. Revan snorted in disgust at the short-sightedness of the Senate. The Mandalorians had lost thousands of men and dozens of ships trying to break through the Republic blockade and though the Republic had lost nearly twice as many men on the moon than the Mandalorians, the losses in space were far more to the Republic's favor and the victory, the total destruction and defeat of the Mandalorian forces on the moon would be a symbol to the Mandalorians of the Jedi's resolve. What better way to break your enemy's will than to take what they have claimed as their own, to take the moon that the fierce, armored warriors had seemed to call their home. With pride as great as the Mandalorian's it would be a slap in the face and it would severely break their morale to know that their stronghold had fallen to the Republic. It would also show the Mandalorians the effect the Jedi could have on the war.

Sighing in frustration, Revan ran the countless battle plans through his mind, too distracted to notice the perimeter sensor he had tripped, or the ten Mandalorians that stalked him expertly within the cloak of their stealth fields. One man cannot bear the full burden of a war, or even a battle and this was to become painfully clear to Revan. Warriors and soldiers cannot suffer distractions on the battlefield and

as Revan planned for the coming battle, he was ignorant of the one that was already upon him.

The Force screamed a warning to Revan as the Jedi's eyes widened in surprise. Revan ducked below the invisible strike of the Mandalorian's vibroblade, pulling his lightsaber and activating its azure blade. The blade shot through the Mandalorian, tearing him cleanly in two as four other warriors appeared to challenge the Jedi Knight. Revan deflected the blaster fire that rained down on him from the distance, leaping to the treetops and slicing through the branches, allowing them to rain down on the Mandalorian warriors below.

"I should have known they were coming, I should have been more mindful of the here and now."

Revan's mind chastised himself. He could almost hear the voices of his Masters Kreia and Zhar joining the scolding as he leapt from the tree and descended on two dazed Mandalores. Revan chose to attack without his saber, kicking one Mandalore across his face and sending him to the ground and catching the other with his fist, knocking him unconscious. The Jedi had no wish to kill the Mandalorians, but he would if he had to. Vaulting himself from a tree trunk, Revan grasped a low hanging vine and rocketed to the treetops, away from his pursuers. The sound of a repulsor firing startled the young Jedi, who's main concern was escaping and relaying his position to his comrades. A Mandalorian swoop platform hovered above the treetops, carrying a dozen armored and burly warriors. The Mandalores immediately opened fire on the Jedi Knight and Revan was thrown to the ground by the concussion of a nearby explosion. The blaster bolts whizzed overhead as he lay on the ground, struggling to gain a painful intake of breath after the nearly twenty yard fall. Spots swam in the young Jedi's vision as he grunted with effort and pulled himself to his feet, feeling a blaster bolt tear through his thigh. Revan dropped to the ground and winced, reaching for his lightsaber, only to have a hard, metallic boot slam down onto his hand, no doubt shattering the brittle bones. "Over here" The Mandalorian shouted to his companions as several other warriors approached. Revan used the Force to dull the pain in his hand as he kicked the Mandalorian's legs out from under him and slammed his booted heel into the Mandalorian's throat, earning a sickening crack.

The other Mandalorians gawked momentarily, stunned by the swift movement of the injured man before one raised his blaster rifle and fired a stun blast into the injured Jedi. "Check him for comms and get him back to base camp." The Mandalorian's gruff voice snapped as two Mandalorians moved to disarm the armored Jedi. Revan's azure beamed saber was taken as a prize by one of the Mandalorians while his armor was stripped away, revealing the deep black of his Jedi robes. The Mandalorian captain at the base did a double take when his patrol and search team brought back a Jedi, not to mention which Jedi they brought back.

"Is that who I think it is" The Mandalorian asked in disbelief as he looked over the armor that was taken away from the young man.

"He wears his armor anyways." Another Mandalorian commented as he looked down in disbelief at the youthful features of the young man. "He's just a brat, I have a son as old as he... this is Revan" The Mandalorians nodded silently as they allowed themselves to look on to the young Jedi in respect and awe.

"We lost four men out there to him." A Mandalorian in crimson armor commented as he slowly lifted the demonic crimson and obsidian mask of the Jedi. "Who'd we lose" The Mandalorian captain asked as he examined the young Jedi laying on the floor of the Mandalorian compound.

"Intari, Daren, Harin and Amiel."

"Amiel" The captain asked in disbelief. The Mandalorian sergeant that spoke nodded.

"He was the best we had here aside from his old man."

The next week was a blur for Revan as he was mercilessly beaten by an older Mandalorian. The murderous rage burning in the older man was easily sensed by the young Jedi as well as the pain in the man's aura. Revan knew then as he was beaten for what seemed to be the hundredth time that this man had shared a bond of some kind with one of those he had killed.

"Look at me when I talk to you, Jedi" The man hissed as he struck Revan across the face with his armored hand. Revan spat the blood, turning his eyes to the man with something resembling pity.

"I. Pity. You. Old. Man." Revan said weakly through painfully earned breaths. He knew his ribs were broken and he felt as though every other bone in his body was following suit. Only the Force had kept him conscious during most of the beatings and he knew it frustrated his Mandalorian torturer to no end.

"Did you contact your Jedi friends" The older man hissed, accompanying his question with a swift and hard punch to Revan's gut. Had he not been chained to the wall, Revan would have doubled over in pain. The Jedi coughed violently as he cursed the disruptor field that surrounded the room, weakening his connection to the Force. Just as the Mandalorian was about to strike again, the fortress shuddered violently under a powerful explosion. The base's alarms blared loudly as the lighting flickered and shifted to red.

A Mandalorian in yellow armor rushed into the room, tossing a blaster rifle to the older man. "Garr, the generator's been destroyed. Some Jedi got through our scanners and sabotaged it. We need to move. Now" The younger Mandalorian shouted. The Mandalorian turned back to Revan and sneered as he pointed his blaster rifle at the young Jedi. "There's no time, the Republic and Jedi are destroying our turrets and overrunning our positions. Move it"

Growling in frustration, the Mandalorian fired a blast into Revan and took a moment to revel in the feeling of killing the man who had killed his son before rushing to battle. The younger Mandalorian gave the man a disapproving look before leading him to their defensive positions.

Revan's fists were clenched into tight fists as his face twisted in pain. The blaster bolt the Mandalore had fired had burned its way into his abdomen, causing the acid in his stomach to spill painfully forth and burn his insides. His legs would not move despite his body's wish to writhe in agony and his vision soon swam in red as he fought to remain conscious and reached to the Force to numb the pain, or heal it on some level. The Force disruptor was still firmly in place after the

loss of power and Revan knew that any assault on the fortress would be bloody and likely draw out for hours. Opening his eyes, Revan saw the switch to the disruptor field and reached to the Force, feeling it as if it were an echo, calling to him. The switch tremored for a moment, but did not move and Revan snarled in frustration as the pain shot through him in another wave. The young Jedi took that moment to reflect on his captors, recalling the angry exchanged his captor had with other Mandalorians that had 'stopped by.' He recalled the disapproval in their tones though they always relented, stating it was his 'right' according to their code to seek retribution. Revan slowly felt a fire within him. One that did not burn through his abdomen and he curiously reached for it, realizing it was hatred. He did not hate the man who had tortured him, he pitied him. What he hated was something much less obvious. He hated the Jedi Council. Each and ever last one of the Twelve Masters. None of them knew what it was like on the battlefield. It was true some had fought against Exar Kun and Ulic Qel-Droma, but none, none had fought against the Mandalorians, had seen the ravaged worlds they left in their wake and all for some warrior code and glory. The ones that had fought, were so detached from what was going on to even recall what it had been like and scolded him in a condescending manner as to the evils of fighting.

"I hate them." Revan struggled for his words as his vision darkened. He painfully shook his head as he looked down to the blood flowing freely from his stomach. How could they be so blind. The Mandalorians were slaughtering worlds to goad them into an attack. The Mandalorians wanted to fight the Jedi, so why keep them waiting? Revan knew that in a way he was giving the Mandalorians what they wanted, but what were his alternatives? To let another Cathar happen? He had seen the worlds the Mandalorians ravaged as a young Padawan, being sent on missions with his Master Kreia until she had finally had enough and left the order to try to help those worlds. He was later taken by Master Zhar and the Twilek had quickly proclaimed his ready for the trials of Knighthood. Revan's thoughts drifted to his friend, Malak and he wondered is his companion was here now, looking for him. He had known the tall Jedi Knight since they were both children and they had been like brothers, always causing trouble and always doing something to gain the ire of the Jedi Masters. A short laugh escaped Revan as he relived his

childhood antics with his friend before his consciousness slipped and he fell to the peace that darkness offered him.

Revan awoke in a Kolto tank. His eyes burned as they made contact with the thick fluid and he panicked momentarily until the soreness of his body made him think otherwise. The Kolto drained and the mask that fed him oxygen slowly dropped away as he stood shakily in the empty cylinder. A hiss sounded as the glass casing lifted away and he was greeted by the face of a young Republic nurse. The woman smiled warmly as he bowed.

"It is good to see you conscious, Commander Revan."

She greeted with his Republic rank as she pulled a small scanner and ran it over his body. Revan frowned as the unpleasant and bitter smell of the Kolto hit his nose. The young nurse laughed as she saw this and set the scanner to the side.

"It looks like you've made a full recovery, and now you have some more scars to go along with that one on your forehead." She said cheerfully, too cheerfully for Revan's liking.
"How many..." Revan trailed off.

Revan finally asked in a raspy voice, ignoring the nurse's confused frown.

"How many what, Commander?" The nurse asked in slight concern. A deep voice answered behind her, earning a startled yelp from the young woman. "Forty Jedi and five thousand men." Malak answered in a somber tone. The young nurse's carefree and happy expression instantly switched to a sad and solemn one as the two Jedi continued their conversation.

"Why didn't you just bomb it from orbit" Revan asked as he swallowed, ignoring the dryness in his throat and the crack in his voice. Malak looked at Revan for a moment, frowning.
"We needed you, Revan. You are a symbol for all the Jedi that follow you and the victory on Dxun would not have happened without you. You led us to their hidden fortress, we felt you through the Force and planned for a week on the assault." Malak answered, some annoyance in his tone.

"I'm not worth it, Malak." Revan answered after a moment's pause. Malak gave an uneasy laugh.

"It's not up to us, my friend." Revan smiled slightly at the joke. It was in fact, not up to them. By decree of the Jedi Order, all the Jedi that had joined Revan to fight, or had gathered on Taris were cast out of the Order and treated as exiles. The Senate controlled nearly all actions within the Republic military, making their actions ineffective and dangerously slow.

"Where am I and how long has it been"

Revan asked after clearing his thoughts of his increasing annoyance at the Senate and the Jedi Council. The answer he received caused him to look at his friend as if he were mad.

"Dantooine"

Revan asked incredulously, his voice taking on its old sound. Malak nodded, unable to hold in his devious grin, it had been nearly a month since the battle had ended on Dxun.

"I thought that when you recovered, you'd like to speak at the Jedi Enclave. We could always use the support..."

Malak added as he looked at his friend. Revan nodded, taking a deep breath.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to shower and speak with the men."

The nurse had no objections, though she told the young Jedi and Republic Commander to rest. Revan brushed her warning away and conversed with the fleet commanders, pleased to hear that the Jedi and Republic had seemed to rally after hearing of his capture and the sad state he was found in. It seemed the Senate had approved his official status as a fleet commander and had incorporated the thousands of Jedi that had rallied behind Revan into their ranks. The Senate had ordered Revan to take two weeks of Recovery on Dantooine, which the young Jedi fervently protested. Malak had calmed Revan, commenting that his generals were not imbeciles and that the Republic wouldn't fall in two weeks. Revan had relented

reluctantly and spend the first day of his forced vacation going over fleet movements and casualty reports. After only two days of going over the intelligence, Revan decided it was useless. The Mandalorians seemed to attack randomly, without any structure in their attacks. The assaults always brought panic to the Republic forces. Revan knew the Mandalorians used fear as their ally, it aided them just as much as their prowess in battle and their ability to remain cool and composed, stoic and detached from the horrors they unleashed on the battlefield brought a whole new meaning to the term, 'There is no Emotion.' Revan took one last look at the pile of datapads and holocrons before shaking his head, he'd have to restructure the entire Republic military and he'd have to find some way to incorporate the Jedi into those changes. Many would find it strange that a twenty year old man would be running the Republic's war effort, but Revan was no ordinary young man. The Jedi Knight had been a prodigy since he had joined the Order, absorbing all the techniques he was taught and drilling himself until he executed them with perfection. Revan was also frighteningly brilliant when it came to complex strategies and even subtle subterfuge. His ability to solve problems was almost legendary amongst his peers when he was a Padawan. He did not know what had driven him to fight the Mandalorians, he had to admit it did give him a thrill, a rush of adrenaline to fight, but he could do the same as a Jedi. He had tried to convince himself that he fought to uphold the Republic, but after only nine months in the war, Revan soon realized there was little to no strength in the Republic. They relied on numbers and leaned on the Jedi like a crutch. The young Jedi Knight found it pathetic to think about at times and soon threw his thoughts to recruiting more Jedi to fight along side him.

The sentiment in the Jedi Order to aid the Republic was vast, though to speak of it in the years following the war with Exar Kun and the rift that had formed in the Jedi Order was a taboo. The Jedi Council's word was law and the Council had so feared that another Exar Kun would rise that they began teaching their students to forsake all emotions. Compassion, love, anger, hate. They all seemed to lead to the darkside according to the Council. Though his professionalism as a Jedi was unmistakable, Revan often had his disagreements with the Jedi Council as to their slow response to the Mandalorian threat. All though his short life, the Mandalorians had burned the Outer Rim

and the Jedi as well as the Republic ignored this. After seeing first hand what the Mandalorians did to those worlds, Revan began to speak out, unknowingly drawing other Jedi to him. The young man was charismatic and passionate when it came to his speeches and he could draw in hundreds to listen to him speak. Some even thought that Revan could persuade a Wookiee that he was an Ewok. The Jedi had split, as the Council feared. Going into battle against the Mandalorian threat only after they had burned through the Republic. Many individual Jedi had joined the Republic to fight the Mandalorians, but alone they were ineffective. Revan had somehow managed to convince thousands of Jedi to flock to the Republic in what many viewed as their darkest hour while the Jedi Council preached out against the evils of embracing war and fighting. Revan sneered as he thought of the countless arguments he had with the Council as to the morality of inaction. To do nothing was to allow the destruction to go on. All he had heard from the Council to back their decree were excuses, excuses that help little to no basis. The Jedi would vaguely comment on a hidden darkness or would speak cryptically as to the involvement of the Sith and how they needed to remain strong.

"How could they not see"

Revan snarled aloud as he walked the silent halls of the Jedi Enclave on Dantooine.

"How can they not see that we weaken ourselves and invite destruction with pacifism."

Revan found that his fists were clenched into tight balls and that his footsteps were beginning to become unusually heavy. He had not taken the young Republic nurse's advice to rest and instead had spent the five days that had passed since his awakening catching up on what he had missed and going over what could be changed.

"Its not as if I have a choice! Who else is going to handle things? The Senate? They are too busy stuffing their faces and their pockets with credits to see what is going on. The Council? They are too afraid to do anything. Fear leads to the darkside... hypocrites."
Revan growled as his face twisted in his anger. The whites of his

eyes were nearly obscured by the bloodshot scarlet that shot through them. In contrast to his dark brown eyes against the red, Revan appeared menacing and it was no surprise that the few Jedi that passed by did not intrude on his dark thoughts. Even as a young boy, Revan had what some would call a traumatic life. No one had talked about it and no one really knew. Kreia, the Jedi Knight who had found Revan had never spoken of where she had found the boy who seemed to surpass any problem that crossed his path, all the Jedi knew was that there was a scar on the boy, a pain that seemed to rest within the Force. It was almost frightening that one so strong in the Force was not found until he was five years of age, but the Jedi ignored the implications, seeing his skills as a gift. It was strange to the Jedi that this boy, even young as he was and from whatever origins he possessed did not anger quickly or act rashly. Stranger still was his fervent belief that the Jedi should meet the Mandalorians head on and the anger that seemed to show itself after so many years of being denied. Revan had always been difficult at times when he disagreed with something, difficult as in he voiced his disagreement, but for him to physically take action was something that totally shocked the Jedi Masters. Revan closed his eyes as the thoughts of his childhood flooded his mind.

"How can any of them know what it feels like? To know that your own people are unleashing this kind of death and destruction while those that took you in allow them to destroy and murder."

Revan closed his eyes, taking in a deep breath. How could he tell anyone that he was a Mandalorian, born into their ranks and orphaned in his infancy. He couldn't, that was something even Malak did not know. Only Kreia, the one who had found him, sought him out, had known and only because she had seen him with the Mandalorians on that destroyed world fifteen years before and had seen his potential and had taken him. A sickening feeling settled into Revan's stomach when he thought of the hundreds of thousands of Mandalorians that had died on Dxun and Onderon and his part in that.

"To kill your own people... Jedi will never understand that."

The fact that he shared much of the Mandalorian's belief in honor and glory and that the fighting seemed to boil in his blood was almost

enough to drive him mad in the peaceful surroundings. His life until joining the Order had been a battle, difficult and unforgiving. He had developed an appreciation for that struggle in his childhood and the gap that formed during his time in the peaceful surroundings of the Jedi Order was what drove him, what drove him to be the best, the strongest and the smartest. If he could not prove himself on the battlefield, he would prove himself through his actions.

The *Krath Scythe* flashed into the Iridonian system and shot forward as fast as her engines would take her over the Zabrak world. Reading the ship as a friendly target the Zabrak orbital defenses ignored the ship and the hundreds of escape pods that launched from her. As the Iridonian sky filled with the streaks of artificial meteorites the Mandalorian ground forces moved through the high winds and the dust-storms that slowed their efforts and finally into the safety of the temperate forests that housed the Zabrak cities and surface air defenses. This force of Mandalorians was merely the vanguard to a much larger invasion force that would reinforce them as soon as the surface to air batteries were taken out.

From the bay of the *Krath Scythe* dozens of agile W-wing interceptors poured from her landing bays and moved towards the few Mandalorian ships that continued to skirmish with the Republic naval forces. Within the wedge-shaped fighters the Jedi pilots called heavily on the Force as they weaved through the Mandalorian fighters and Basilisks and fired their deadly laser cannons on the vital points of the lightly armored Mandalorian cruisers. Swarming the Jedi fighters, the Mandalorian flyers grew frustrated by their new foes ability to evade nearly all of their attacks. Within minutes the Mandalorian fighters were decimated by the arrival of the superior Jedi fighters and the much larger Republic fleet tore through the remains of the Mandalorian vanguard.

Passing along their orders the Republic officers moved from the *Krath Scythe* to their own ships and ordered their ships to divide into two equal forces and hide behind the shroud of the moons, not even bothering to send down ground reinforcements. Confused by the orders the Jedi chose to hold the breach instead, knowing it to be a vital point in the Iridonian defense.

On the surface the Jedi emerged from their pods, clad in a strange combination of Jedi robes and Republic armor. Moving as quickly as they could to assemble the swoop bikes and speeders brought now in their pods, the Jedi begun moving towards the Iridonian forests, to where they could already sense the battle starting. Those that did not have masks were forced to shield themselves by the Force, draining precious strength they would need in the coming battle.

Revan quickly assembled the swoop bike he had stored within his escape pod. Thanking the Force for his foresight to wear a mask the Jedi climbed on the completed bike and powered its engine, shooting away through the dusty surface of Iridonia and weaving his way through the temporary shelter of the rocky canyons littering the world.

Malak and Kenobi along with several other Jedi struggled to assemble the parts to their speeder within the raging storm and took much longer than their companion to begin moving away from the dust storm. Sweeping across the world's surface with only the thin protection of their cloaks and armor, the Jedi did not arrive in a massive wave as Revan had hoped, but in scattered and small groups.

High above in the world's orbit the Jedi watched with growing dread as the Mandalorian fleet appeared on the edge of their sensors and began slowly approaching the breach that they protected. Unanimously the Jedi fighters agreed to follow the lead of Talvon Esan and fell behind the skilled pilot as they separated and formed into small units, awaiting the Mandalorian force.

Seeing the gathered Jedi the Mandalorian ships launched their fighters and Basilisks and moved ahead, the long range cannons of their cruisers extending their reach to the Jedi fighters. Before they could break formation the Jedi were overcome by the sheer mass of the Mandalorians and struggled to maneuver within the battlefield. An impressive flash of orange marked the death of a Jedi as they weaved between the swarming and heavily armored Mandalorian craft.

Seeing the Mandalorians descend upon the Jedi, the Republic navy moved in from each side much too early for the Mandalorians to

concentrate solely on the Jedi. Seeing the incoming threat the Mandalorian's heavy ships broke away, ignoring the Jedi fighters that weaved around them and scored direct, but minor hits. The Republic fleets quickly converged and began exchanging fire with the heavy Mandalorian craft as they launched their own fighters.

Seeing that they were being overwhelmed and that the decoy had failed, Talvon Esan ordered the Jedi to break and attack the orbital stabilizers of the Mandalorian ships. With the Republic ships targeting their weapons and shields, the Jedi were able to slip in past the Mandalorian's defenses and knock out several of the ship's stabilizers as the shields strained under the weight of the Republic navy's fire. Seeing the Jedi attack the Mandalorian ships with no regard for their own safety the Republic fighters followed suit, destroying the Mandalorian heavy cruisers within minutes of the opening volleys. The Mandalorian fighters continued the battle, fighting furiously in the face of their losses. Talvon Esan frowned as the Mandalorian cruiser he was shooting at listed and fell away to reveal a Mandalorian dropship streaking towards him. Calling on the Force, Talvon banked his fighter hard and attempted to dodge the ship, only to be clipped by the larger vessel and sent into a deadly spin that ended with his fighter colliding with the wreckage of the cruiser he had just attacked.

On the surface the Mandalorian Basilisks ripped past the breach in orbit and descended upon the Iridonian cities. Few surface defenses met this threat as Mandalorian ground forces surged from the rocky wastelands and into the Iridonian cities. Killing indiscriminately, the Mandalorians moved quickly into the Iridonian cities, their warriors meeting the Iridonians head on.

Enraged, Iridonian warriors appeared from all sides, clad completely in their armor as they rushed towards the Mandalorians. The Mandalorians raised their blasters and fired, killing many of the incensed Zabrak warriors and continuing to fire into the fleeing civilians. The first of what would soon be many lightsaber blades pierced the dusty battlefield as the former Jedi apprentice Nisotsa wielded the crimson-bladed weapon crafted by Revan on the *Krath Scythe* and she deflected the Mandalorian blaster bolts back with grace worthy of a Jedi Master. Seeing the Jedi brought surprise and strength to the Iridonian warriors as they moved forward again into

the Mandalorian ranks. The Mandalorians, seeing the Jedi and knowing that their challenge to the Jedi Order had finally been met converged on Nisotsa.

The blonde former Padawan soon found herself surrounded and panted heavily as she struggled to maintain her control.

"If you're surrounded, run."

Revan's voice echoed through the young former Jedi's mind as she twisted and dodged a Mandalorian warrior. The warrior paused in surprise as he looked on what could only be a child but continued his strike, seeing the young woman fell one of his comrades. Seeing the warrior charging her, Nisotsa lowered her weapon and deflected the Mandalorian's blade, only to feel the armored warrior collide into her with bone-crushing force. Crying out in pain, the Padawan fell to the ground and lay motionless as the Mandalorian recovered and lowered his blade to the Padawan's chest. A flash of red and a trail of orange marked the path of Revan's saber as it cut through the Mandalorian's heart. Moving forward, Revan rushed headlong into a dozen converging Mandalorians with a war cry as he dodged their fire and lashed out, his lightsaber striking each with graceful and powerful movements. Taking a moment to catch his breath, Revan looked over his shoulder at the smoldering remains of his swoop bike before effortlessly deflecting a blasterbolt back to its owner and killing another Mandalorian with a strike through his weapon that continued into his torso. Hundreds of Zabrak warriors collided with the Mandalorians in the sound of crunching armor, crossing swords and tearing flesh. Blasters were abandoned as the Iridonians hacked away at the Mandalorians in rage. Revan and several other Jedi that were in the area shuddered unconsciously at the power of that hatred but quickly cast their feelings into the Force, concentrating on the battle. Sparing a glance at the young former Padawan behind him, Revan quickly lifted the girl's body in his arms and rushed back from the battlefield, hiding her unconscious form within a undamaged Iridonian home that he thanked the Force had a terrified family within.

"Please watch over her."

Revan asked. The young Zabrak woman who Revan could only think was the wife of the house nodded as she motioned for Revan to lay the girl on a bed. Revan did so and activated his lightsaber, rushing through the door and using the Force to push him well beyond a human's natural speed as he leapt over the heads of the Iridonian and Mandalorian combatants and descended into the chaos of the battlefield, driving his way deeper into the Mandalorian ranks.

Across the forest the former Jedi Knights Malak and Ian Kenobi stood side by side with half a dozen other Jedi as they ran headlong into a horde of Mandalorians. The armored warriors fired their blasters at the Jedi, only to have the deadly energy return to them as the Jedi deflected the shots back. Unable to penetrate the line of Jedi the Mandalorians threw grenades and pulled their vibro blades, preparing to kill what would remain of the Jedi. To their surprise the tallest of the Jedi raised his hand and the grenades were sent flying back to them. Scattering as quickly as they could, twenty of the Mandalorians were consumed by the blasts of their grenades, their armor doing nothing against the deadly thermal detonators. Disoriented the other Mandalorians were met by a line of crimson blades that sliced through their armor as if it were air and left only a trail of bodies in their wake.

Xaset Terep twisted his swoop bike in a wide arc as he avoided the rockets raining down from a Basilisk war droid above him. Scowling in annoyance, the young former Jedi held out his lightsaber and sent his swoop bike into a line of Mandalorians. Unwilling to fire on their own kind the Basilisk landed, releasing several more Mandalorians into the fray. Xaset ignored the sounds of bending metal and rending flesh as his swoop ripped through the Mandalorian foot soldiers and reached out with his lightsaber, slicing away at the Mandalorians until a blasterbolt from behind struck his shoulder and sent him from the swoop in a roll.

Landing on his feet, Xaset did not see the blade of the armored warrior, his head rolled away from his body and an armored Mandalorian knelt to claim his lightsaber as a prize. The scenes were repeated a thousand times all over the harsh world as many Mandalorians and Zabrak fell. With the arrival of the Mandalorian

reinforcements, the Jedi on the ground met their weakness as they were decimated from the sky.

"Get that ship!"

Ian shouted to Malak. Looking skyward with a squint, Malak saw a Basilisk war droid hovering above them and firing down at another group of Jedi nearly. With a feral roar, a blood-soaked Malak rushed across the battlefield, pushing his way through a line of Mandalorians with his brute force and leaping high into the air. Throwing his lightsaber out, Malak rolled in the air and landed with the Force's help, turning and raising both his hands as he sent out a powerful wave of Force energy that knocked over a group of five nearby Mandalorians who were quickly struck down by several Zabrak fighters.

Malak's lightsaber spun as it came to rest within the cockpit of the Basilisk and the deadly war droid fell from the sky like a rock, landing on top of a destroyed Zabrak building. No longer armed with his lightsaber, Malak quickly called the nearest weapon to him and rushed forward into a challenging Mandalorian. side-stepping and hitting the Mandalorian full-force with his armored shoulder plate, Malak turned his borrowed Vibrosword downward and drove it into the weak point of the Mandalorian's armor along the neck. The Mandalorian gurgled and writhed as his foe stepped over him and continued onward, killing several of his Mandalorian brothers in a similar fashion.

Ian Kenobi saw Malak hacking away at the Mandalorians and tossing them around like dolls and had to find some dark humor in the scene as a Mandalorian was sent flying backwards by Malak as the tall former Jedi tackled him into a group of his fellow companions. Malak followed through by using the Force to activate the Mandalorian's grenades and quickly rushed away as they were consumed in a violent explosion.

"Malak!"

Ian shouted, calling a fallen Jedi's lightsaber to his hand and throwing it with all his might towards his friend. The saber landed in Malak's hand and the vibroblade was abandoned as the tattooed former Jedi twisted and spun within the ranks of the Mandalorians, clearly using

his impressive physical strength and size to his advantage. Kenobi was so caught up in Malak's fight that he did not sense the danger closing from behind him until the last split-second. Dodging to the side, Ian felt pain blossom in the side of his face as he dropped to the ground and looked up. The taste of blood filled his mouth as a Mandalorian rose his blade for a killing blow. Using the Force, Kenobi sent the Mandalorian off his feet and rolled to his side, activating his saber and rolling its active blade into his foe. The Mandalorian cried out in pain but fell silent quickly as he joined many of his Mandalorian brothers that day.

Revan found himself alone and surrounded by a field of Mandalorian and Zabrak bodies. Looking down on his work, Revan deactivated his saber and panted heavily as the corpses of the Mandalorian's armor continued to glow orange from where his blade had felled them. Reaching out with his senses, Revan could feel his Jedi comrades still fighting and swallowed several lungfuls of air before breaking off in a sprint towards the nearest sign of battle.

"You think you can just come here and take these people's lives away from them?"

Revan roared in challenge to a group of seven Mandalorians that were raiding a destroyed house for food. The bodies of the house's occupants lay at their feet, cut down without thought and left to die. Revan's eyes dropped to the body of a young child before he turned his masked features back to the Mandalorians.

"A Jedi..."

One of the Mandalorians stated, noting Revan's lightsaber. Before he had time to act his head rolled away and his comrades shouted to one another as they pulled their weapons and were cut down swiftly. Breathing heavily as he stood over the bodies of his foes, Revan felt his eyes blur with tears as he knelt beside the body of the Zabrak child and closed its dead eyes. Taking in the scene around him, Revan took off in a sprint powered by rage and drove into a nearby Mandalorian encampment, throwing the armored warriors about like toys with his power and cutting them down as their bodies fell at his feet.

Across the harsh surface of the world the former Jedi Knight Malak looked down from the treetop he hid in to the Mandalorian squad moving through the forest floor below. Turning his eyes to Kenobi and the two other Jedi that were nearby, Malak made a motion with his hand and dropped to the ground silently behind the Mandalorians. The first warning the armored warriors received to the danger they were in was the snap and hiss of Malak's lightsaber that was followed quickly by a Mandalore's pained cry.

As the Mandalorian squad was decimated, Malak furrowed his brow as he sensed Revan nearby. Kenobi as well as the other Jedi felt the surge of power in Revan's aura and all immediately took off to find their unofficial leader.

What they found was beyond their expectation. Revan stood over the bodies of forty-seven Mandalorians, his crimson saber burning in his hand as he panted heavily and wheeled on them.

"Move it, now!"

Revan shouted taking off in the direction of yet another group of Mandalorians. Malak, Ian and the other Jedi gaped at the sight as they came to the realization that Revan had slaughtered the entire encampment by himself. Snapping out of their shock, the Jedi rushed after their leader and were soon met by the flashing lights of Mandalorian blasters and the form of Revan crushing the Mandalorians around him as if they were insects. Within Revan the anger, the outrage at the loss of innocent lives was not satisfied and only grew with each stroke of his blade.

Throughout the rest of the night Jedi, Mandalorian and Zabrak met on the battlefields of Iridonia and cut one another down mercilessly. As the Iridonian sun rose over the carnage the Jedi and Iridonians saw one of the most beautiful sights of their entire lives. They saw that the Republic navy had taken victory in space and controlled the skies. Over the next week and a half the Mandalorian encampments were destroyed from the air as Republic ground forces coordinated with Iridonians and Jedi and quickly brought the Mandalorian forces on Iridonia down to nothing. After two weeks of nearly constant fighting Iridonia was free of any

large Mandalorian threats and the scattered survivors of the Mandalorian force were hunted down by the Iridonian military while the Jedi and Republic withdrew to their ships to count their losses.

The Republic army took few losses on the world's surface and in space the Republic navy had managed to overcome the Mandalorian assault fleet with few losses thanks to the efforts of the Jedi that had held the breach and distracted the Mandalorians long enough for them to strike. The Republic navy's inability to seal the breach before a significant amount of Mandalorian reinforcements could get through cost the Jedi and Zabrak greatly. Tens of thousands of Zabrak warriors lay dead with thousands of Iridonian civilians adding to the losses.

As for the Jedi. None of those that stayed to defend the breach in their fighters survived the battle and on the surface a third of the Jedi that had followed Revan and Malak to this war were now one with the Force or so badly wounded they would never fight again. Despite the heavy Iridonian and Jedi losses the Republic claimed this battle to be one of their greatest victories and the Jedi were all praised amongst the ranks of the Republic military as heroes. The Iridonians too looked on the Jedi as heroes and thanked them for their help in holding the Mandalorians at bay. Many Iridonians knew that without the sacrifice that many of the Jedi had made on their homeworld they would be lost.

Reaching a familiar structure, Revan peered through the doorway as he knocked. The cool eyes of a young Zabrak man met his and he frowned as the Zabrak continued to stare at him.

"Are you the Jedi that was here before?"

The young man asked. Revan nodded, glad he was still wearing his mask. The young man nodded slowly before reaching out and grasping Revan's hand in a warrior's handshake.

"Thank you for fighting alongside my people."

"Mother is grieving now but- Thank you again, Master Jedi."

Realizing that this was the woman's eldest son and that her husband was likely dead, Revan nodded grimly as he turned to leave. Behind him he could feel the eyes of the Zabrak youth following him as he moved amongst the piles of burning Mandalorian corpses and the grieving and enraged population of the Zabrak world.

In his mind, Revan knew how he had reacted when he had left the Zabrak household after Nisotsa had awakened was a mistake but he could not deny the results of his anger. He was alive and many, many Mandalorians lay felled by his blade. As Revan thought back to the strong young Zabrak mother he felt tears roll down his cheeks and pulled off his mask to wipe them away angrily.

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"What are the estimated losses on Serreco?" Revan asked wearily. The young Jedi he had spoken to before sighed and shook his head.

"Forty percent of the garrison and twenty Jedi."

Revan closed his eyes and took in a steady breath. "*This is insane, the battle began only a few hours ago and we've already lost nearly half our forces.*" "Ian, prepare the men, we're leaving." Ian Kenobi, the young Jedi Revan had been greeted by minutes before bowed and made his way to the communications console before stopping and looking curiously at the new arrival.

Jedi Master Vrook Lamar stood silently before Ian, his face a mask of stoicism. "We are accompanying you."

The Jedi Council had become curious as to how the war was being fought. Though it was in their nature and the Republic's to ignore a problem, they could not ignore the fact that a fifth of their Order had rallied under one young man. Revan turned slowly, his masked face weary, though he spoke with a bit of passion in his voice. "Who is we, Master Vrook"

Vrook merely took a step to the side to reveal a young girl of sixteen. Revan's eyes widened at the sight of the girl he had run into on Dantooine. "Are you insane? How many missions has she been on?"

Revan snarled, causing Bastila's head to immediately snap to the former Jedi Knight. Vrook sighed as he looked down to Bastila. He did not want to take her along, but the Council thought it would help the development of her Battle Meditation if she were to witness a battle or two. "This is her first..." Vrook sighed, wishing he could take back the words as Revan nearly fell over.

The Republic commander composed himself and looked down to Bastila. "You stay on the ship." He stated as if he were the head of the Jedi Council. Bastila nodded meekly, this was unknown territory and she had always been taught by the Jedi to blend into the background and avoid confrontation, though her blood seemed to boil as the young man all but ordered her to stay behind.

"I can take care of myself" Her mind snapped indignantly as she listened to her Master speaking, more like arguing with Revan.

"I can't believe this" If Revan had not been so terrifying in his armor, Bastila would have thought he was pouting. "There's nothing I can do about it, the Council's decision stands and if we need to, I am under orders to speak with your commanders or perhaps the Senate" Revan shook with anger, though it was far from murderous he could not help but smile at the mental picture of Vrook being sucked into a black hole.

"Maybe we should make a quick stop by the Maw and..." Revan's dark thoughts ceased as he stared into two azure fires. He could see the annoyance burning below the surface and found himself staring at her. Bastila shifted when felt his eyes on her. She had difficulty comparing the menacing man clad in crimson and obsidian armor before her to the handsome young man that she had spoken briefly to on Dantooine a day before. Revan suddenly turned away, crossing his arms over his chest and staring intently at the holo of Serreco. "Since you've chosen to go over my head, Master Vrook I would appreciate your council as to the welfare of the refugees..." Revan sighed. The Senate seemed all for helping the refugees, if a holocam was on them. *"More worried about their disgusting careers than people starving and dying..."*

Revan made a noise that could only be described as a growl. Under his guidance, the Mandalorian advance had ground to a stop. The three gaping holes in the Republic from the Mandalorian's initial invasion were slowly closing and the Mandalorians occupying those worlds dug themselves in, preparing for a long, drawn out war and a worthy challenge. The Republic was slow to catch its breath as the Senate saw their worlds as no longer in danger. The Republic had, in the nine months since Revan entered the war, nearly undermined all he had accomplished. Revan had practically begged the Republic for his own fleet and had combined the bulk of the ten thousand Jedi that had joined him in that fleet. It amazed the Jedi to no end how the Senate could be so uncaring and blind to the plight of their own people as long as they had credits to stuff into their faces. Revan shook his head of the thoughts and was surprised when Vrook nodded agreement to his assignment.

"That would be acceptable, the Council is concerned with the welfare of the Refugees from your war." Vrook added pointedly. Revan sighed and motioned to his men to prepare to depart.

"General Kenobi..." Ian turned and set down the container of holos he was carrying.

"Yes, Commander" He asked, absently tugging on his cloak.

"The forces at Serreco are taking heavy losses and have dug themselves in. It will primarily be a ground war... like Dxun..." Ian winced slightly at the mention of Dxun. He had been the one to find Revan. He recalled Malak nearly knocking him over as they found Revan lying in a pool of his own blood in that interrogation chamber. Never had he seen someone so battered and he paled to think of what had happened to the other Jedi that were missing in action. The young General was pulled from his thoughts as Revan continued his briefing.

"I need to gather our forces, we cannot afford to be cut off like the Mandalorians were on Dxun. I'm sure you remember what happened to them."

"Killed to the last man." Ian nodded, trying to fight the deep sense of foreboding he was picking up from Revan's serious tone.

"Our fleet is over Taris and that is nearly two days from here... Serreco is only seven hours from here... and about thirty from Taris..." Ian again nodded understanding. Sighing heavily, Revan's stance slumped slightly.

"I... I need you to take a dropship and as many Jedi as you can to reinforce Serreco. Malak is taking half the fleet from Taris to reinforce Onderon. There was word that the Mandalorians are planning to launch an assault in the next week and we cannot ignore that, especially with all the help and all the resources Onderon can offer." Ian bowed and added in an understanding tone.

"And you need to command the fleet."

Revan nodded solemnly. "You will be there, on your own for seventy hours. I can't promise you anything else except that I will be there in seventy hours."

Ian nodded, knowing Revan had no choice and departed, taking a Republic dropship and several dozen Jedi as well as a thousand men to reinforce Serreco. Revan watched his General leave, knowing that the time was being wasted.

"Lets move it"

He shouted to the other Jedi and Republic soldiers. Bastila and Vrook found themselves on Revan's flagship several minutes later and after nearly an hour of loading, the ship broke away from Dantooine and entered hyperspace, en route to Taris and the Republic and Jedi expeditionary Force, stationed over the city planet. Revan turned from his thoughts and the hyperspace field that had been occupying his view to see Vrook glaring at him. It had only need fifteen minutes since they had jumped into hyperspace and the Jedi Master had been occupying his time silently watching Revan and his men. Wincing, Revan walked over to the Jedi Master who could destroy his reputation in the Senate by withdrawing the meager Jedi support that had formed since he had rallied a fifth of the Order nearly a year before.

"Master Vrook, this is Lieutenant Korso, she will show you to a room."

Vrook nodded, satisfied. He had been planning on challenging the younger man to a verbal sparring match, but peace and quiet and a well deserved show sounded more inviting to the Jedi Master and there was the fact that he did not like the way his Padawan was staring at the armored Exile. Revan motioned to Lieutenant Korso and turned back to Vrook, only to see the Jedi Master's glare had shifted to his Padawan. Following the glare, Revan saw two azure fires that unnerved him more than a thousand Basilisks. Revan tilted his head slightly in a bow and watched the young girl suddenly start out of her thoughts. Shrugging mentally, Revan turned and removed the mask from his face, setting it in a pouch that lay hidden in his cloak. The former Jedi Knight pulled back his hood and took a deep breath, resisting the urge to cough as the recycled air hit his lungs. Revan looked down at himself with a frown. A month floating in a Kolto tank did not help his physical fitness. The Jedi quickly left the bridge, intending to find one of the Republic cruiser's recreation room and training. Revan stopped near the bridge's doorway and strained to hear what Vrook would say to his Padawan. Bastila frowned as she watched the retreating form of Revan.

"I wonder where he is going..."

The Padawan was torn from her thoughts as she heard her Master clear his throat. Bastila turned and paled slightly when she caught the look of barely contained rage on Vrook's face.

"Are you alright sir" Lieutenant Korso asked the Jedi Master. Vrook's glare softened to a scowl as he turned to the young woman, sighing and offering a neutral expression which was as close to a smile the aging Jedi Master ever got.

"I am fine Lieutenant, why do you ask"

The Lieutenant frowned, not wanting to say what Revan had put her up to saying but wanting to see the reaction firsthand. "Well for a minute there you looked like you were constipated, I could escort you to the ship's infirmary. The healers should be able to fix that right away."

Vrook stared at the young woman in open shock, his mouth hanging open before he caught himself. After getting over the shock herself,

Bastila fought not to burst into a fit of giggles and looked at the Lieutenant with pity. "*Master is going to kill her...*" A deep laugh sounded in the hallway and Bastila turned to see Revan lying on the floor near the bridge's entrance, laughing hysterically. Vrook growled towards Revan and looked back to the Lieutenant. Seeing her shift under his cold glare, Vrook was satisfied and waved the comment off, making a note to get back at Revan. Revan stood and wiped his eyes, watching the Jedi Master, who's face had taken on a deep red leave with his Padawan in tow.

"I probably just made that girl's life. I hate to think of how stodgy and arrogant she'll turn out with him as her Master. I wonder why she looks so familiar." Revan smiled as he caught the small smirk on Bastila's face as she followed her Master from the bridge. *"At least she can appreciate an excessive joke."* Sighing, Revan made his way to his ship's recreation room, breaking into a series of advanced katas and fighting techniques.

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Several hours passed and Bastila let out a frustrated sigh, tossing her datapad on her bed and turning from her stomach to stare at the bulkhead. The idea of seeing the Mandalorians first hand and being in the same room as people like Revan and Malak and Kenobi brought a thrill to her though it did little for her self esteem. The constant scolding of her Master over the years and how the other Jedi initiates had mocked her constantly for being brought in later than themselves brought constant doubt to the young girl. Turning her thoughts inwardly, Bastila groaned. She had constantly had trouble learning the techniques and Battle Meditation was no different. Bastila's eyes glistened as her thoughts drifted to where they always had for nearly a decade, to her father. Vrook had constantly scolded her on thinking of her past too often but she could not help it, she missed him too much. As it always did, thinking of her father also made her think of her mother. Scowling slightly, Bastila snarled in frustration, sitting up and swinging her legs over the side of her bed.

"I may as well find a training room. Master did say this time should be dedicated to studying..."

Bastila's frown deepened. No matter how hard she tried, she could never concentrate and focus as well as the others her age. She was nearly three years behind the others when she arrived and they always rubbed it in her face. The young Padawan soon found herself standing outside a recreational room on the Republic cruiser and looked down at her loose fitting Jedi robes.

"Well at least I can train decently in these."

Ignoring the slight disarray in what would normally be her sleep clothes, Bastila entered the recreational facility and sought out a dueling room. Walking into the first room she saw, Bastila immediately stopped and flushed slightly when she caught sight of Revan. The former Jedi Knight had discarded his armor after training in them for two hours, favoring his obsidian Jedi robes. Bastila turned to leave but the Republic commander's voice stopped her.

"Dammit, three day. How are they going to hold out for three days" Turning slowly, Bastila watched the Jedi curiously. Revan was wearing only his black pants and knee high boots. His tunic was lying in a pile near his armor and Bastila was granted a very nice view of his well tones physique. Flushing at her own thoughts, Bastila turned her attention to the stream of battle plans the man muttered. She soon became aware that Revan was in some type of trance as his body moved through advanced katas she could only dream of completing. The former Knight's azure blade hummed through the complex maneuvers meant to train a Jedi's reflexes in combat and Bastila seated herself on a bench as she listened to the man's rambling begin to form into a complex battle plan.

"If I divide my forces on Serreco and Dxun I leave Taris and the entire Meridian sector open to invasion... If I leave too many ships there I could forfeit the coming battle..." Bastila listened intently to the former Jedi as he pondered aloud his thoughts. "I could always cut off the Perlemian trade route... it's the only hyperspace route that leads to Taris and through the Meridian sector..." Revan trailed off as he suddenly became aware of another presence in the room. Cursing himself for being so distracted, Revan ceased his kata and turned to see two blue eyes staring at him intently. "Padawan Shan? Its been a while."

Bastila jumped with a start, flushing. "Commander Revan..." She replied as she stood and bowed. Revan frowned and narrowed his eyes.

"How long have you been there, Padawan" Revan asked calmly, fuming inwardly to himself for not noticing her presence. Training always had a calming effect on the former Jedi and he had been so lost in his thoughts and training routine that he wouldn't have even sensed Malak enter. Revan's eyes narrowed further as he caught Bastila shifting uncomfortably under his gaze and flushing as much as her Master had on the bridge. Bastila glanced at her chrono, her eyes widening when she realized she had been watching Revan for nearly an hour. Looking like a Gizak caught in a swoop's headlights, Bastila gave Revan a pleading look.

"I- I must have been lost in my thoughts, I have to return or Master Vrook will... be unpleasant." Bastila winced. Searching for an excuse was more difficult than she thought. Revan suddenly smiled warmly to her, tilting his head.

"I suppose, if he isn't still in the infirmary..." Revan's smile shifted to a smug grin and he heard a small giggle come from the Padawan with him. Bastila placed her hand over her mouth, looking around as if the mere sound would draw the wrath of her Master. Seeing this, Revan burst into laughter, shaking his head and reveling in the peace and contentment he felt at that moment. It amazed the young Knight that this one girl could make him forget what he had seen and what he had to do in the end.

"So, Bastila... is it alright if I call you that" Bastila nodded, smiling slightly. It seemed like it had been years since someone had called her by only her first name. Revan returned the smile, walking over to his armor and pulling his tunic over his head after wiping the sweat from himself with a workout towel.

"*Damn.*" Bastila cursed to herself as she slowly walked over to Revan.

"Tell me Bastila, why are you here" Revan asked as he lowered the setting on his lightsaber to a safe training level.

"I cam to train but your training methods... distracted me." Bastila felt a blush forming on her cheeks again and willed it away, hoping Revan did not see the faint pink of them. Revan smirked slightly and Bastila cursed herself.

"Training eh? How good are your reflexes" Just as she was about to answer, Bastila felt the Force warning her and threw herself to the side to avoid the azure beam that shot from Revan's hand. Bastila looked at the former Jedi in confusion before she saw him advancing again.

"Not bad, how's your form" Revan struck low, slashing his saber and was pleased to see Bastila leap over his attack and back away, drawing her own weapon. A pale yellow beam shot from Bastila's weapon and the Padawan quickly fell into her most comfortable fighting stance, preparing for Revan's next attack. Bastila quickly shifted her weight and shot to the side, blocking Revan's thrust and spinning as she swung her saber, colliding with Revan's azure beam. Revan used his strength to Force Bastila's blade to the side and instantly shifted his weight, spinning the blade and throwing Bastila off balance, tapping her with the low intensity blade on her shoulder.

"That is a common mistake, even amongst Jedi Knights and Masters. Always avoid a saber block." Revan's voice held no condescension, in fact it held a bit of respect that Bastila thought misplaced. She had always been belittled by her teachers and to have someone like Revan impressed with her technique was almost too much for her to handle. Fighting the urge to grin, Bastila nodded and prepared herself again for Revan's attack. Revan performed a similar maneuver and struck Bastila from the opposite side, pleased when she only locked with his blade for a split second before spinning away and delivering a kick, which be blocked easily.

"Good, now. I am going to try something a little different so be mindful." Bastila nodded, enjoying the duel and the fact that Revan was allowing her to explore her own talents instead of keeping her restrained to a simple set of fighting techniques. The randomness of his attacks was a little awkward to the young Padawan and his superior size and strength as well as his speed was difficult to keep up with. Bastila watched in momentary shock as Revan turned from

her and used a nearby wall to vault himself into the air. Acting on instincts, or some would say the Force, Bastila dropped to the ground and moved her saber over her head in a wide arc, blocking Revan's downward strike. Revan smiled slightly, impressed that she was able to block such an unexpected attack.

"Very impressive, Bastila." Revan remarked. Bastila smiled and nodded her head, preparing herself for another attack. Revan grinned widely and obliged, charging for her and dropping to the ground, rolling across the floor as his saber moved in a barely visible blur. Bastila jumped back and furrowed a brow at the strange attack before she caught sight of what Revan was truly doing. Revan's blade suddenly ceased its light show as Bastila felt his booted foot sweep under her, knocking her on her posterior. Bastila quickly rolled away and arched her back, kicking her legs out to vault herself to a standing position. The Padawan barely had time to block Revan as he struck first on her left side, then her right. Twisting to the side, Revan prepared to lunge for his opponent when Bastila smirked and dropped beneath his attack, kicking his weapon hand to the side and bringing her saber into his mid section. Revan's eyes widened slightly as pain shot through him. Looking down he saw Bastila's hilt against his abdomen and groaned slightly. Bastila's victorious smirk was replaced with a confused and then horrified expression. Revan coughed violently as he looked over to Bastila as she deactivated her weapon and backed away.

"You. Forgot. To. Change. The. Settings." Revan dropped to his knees and clutched his mid section, closing his eyes as he drew on the Force and slowly lost consciousness. Bastila dropped her saber and brought her hands to cover her mouth as she gasped.

"How could I have been so foolish..."

She had been so lost in her thoughts on the way to the training room that she hadn't changed the setting of her weapon and Revan had started their duel so abruptly that the thought didn't even cross her mind. Quickly getting over the shock and mortification, Bastila rushed to a comm system and called frantically for medics to come. The Medics arrived within moments and quickly took Revan away, asking Bastila to calm down and speak with her Master.

"Force, what if he doesn't survive"

Bastila closed her eyes, willing away the tears at the thought. She was so caught up in her concern that she did not even realize she had bested one of the best swordsmen in the entire Jedi Order or that she had potentially killed the only man who could defeat the Mandalorians. She didn't even take into account the fact that Vrook was likely going to skin her alive and feed her to Firaxan or that this might destroy the Jedi's support in the Senate. Not wanting to endure the accusatory looks of the ship's crew or the scolding of her Master, Bastila rushed to the ship's infirmary, watching in mute horror as the healers fought to stabilize Revan's condition.

Vrook had been shockingly understanding. The Jedi Master had not even glowered at Bastila when she had finally told him what had happened. Vrook merely stood in the Infirmary watching Revan floating in the Kolto tank. The aging Jedi Master sighed as he watched his Padawan's sleeping form in a nearby chair. He knew he should scold her for her actions and for the strange way she was reacting towards Revan but he knew she was young and he had been young himself once. Vrook's eyes glazed slightly at that thought. He knew he was using that as an excuse more times than not for the fact that he could just not keep up with his Padawan. She was intelligent, brilliant really and her largest flaw seemed to be the lack of confidence. Vrook had constantly scolded her, belittling her in the hopes that he could drive her past that flaw but it only seemed to convince her more of her ineptitude. Sighing, Vrook looked over the form of Revan. It had been two days and Malak had already departed after having a few choice words to say to Bastila. The towering former Jedi had been surprisingly angered by accident and had fixed his cold glare on Vrook, likely thinking it was some Jedi plot to bring what they referred to as the 'lost ones' back into the Order. Vrook shook his head of the dark thoughts.

"No, Malak was a Jedi..."

Vrook could not deny the look of loathing he received from the man though and he knew that somewhere, Malak was harboring his hatred as it seemed many of the young did these days.

"Master Vrook..."
Vrook turned to see the young Lieutenant that had shown he and Bastila to their quarters looking at him with concern.

"I... know this may not be the best time but there's a message from the Jedi Council... They are ordering you to return with Bastila to Coruscant immediately."

Vrook nodded solemnly, turning from the woman and walking over to Bastila's sleeping form.

"She's going to hate me for this..." Sighing, Vrook gently lifted the girl and carried her to a transport, taking her from all the chaos that had engulfed the Outer Rim.

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Revan awoke a week after his injury, pulling himself to a sitting position and ignoring the protest of his still tender abdomen. Frowning slightly, Revan stood shakily and walked to a nearby nurse, who nearly fell over in shock. "Please Commander, you must rest."

Revan stared at the woman before shaking his head and speaking. "How long?"

"Precisely one week." The woman responded. Revan nodded and looked around the medical room, not sensing Vrook or Bastila. His search was violently cut short when he turned back to the nurse and snarled.

"One Week" The nurse backed away and nodded slightly. Revan's eyes glazed for a moment in deep thought before they snapped back to life.

"What is our position?"

The nurse frowned. "We are holding over Taris, Commander."

Revan did not heed the nurse's warnings as he rushed to the bridge, clad in his medical clothing. The former Jedi immediately shouted to his officers to prepare the fleet to reinforce Serreco.

"To hell with the Meridian sector." The ships arrived two days later to find the forces on Serreco cornered and nearly wiped out. Revan led the assault against the Mandalorians, tearing mercilessly through their position and within a few hours, the battle had died down. What Revan found when he searched for his men brought a sickening feeling to him. Only a few hundred men had survived out of the entire garrison and the reinforcements and of all the Jedi sent there, only a dozen had survived, including the man he had brought reinforcements to four days too late. Ian took one look at Revan, a look that said everything. The war was no longer a clean war. All around the decaying bodies of civilians lay and Revan nearly gagged at the sight. Serreco was a hollow victory, a slaughter would have been a better term. Surprisingly, Revan's hatred did not include Bastila. She had been the one ordered by the Jedi to accompany him and it was their involvement that had done this. Growling with frustration, Revan kicked a Mandalorian's helmet and stormed away, ignoring the blood that seeped through his abdomen and ran down his armor. His own blood.

The Senate wasted no time commemorating the Jedi for their victory at Serreco. The civilian losses had been horrendous and had only started after Ian arrived. The Mandalorians had cornered the Jedi and the Republic and began executing the native population of Serreco to goad the Jedi and Republic into fighting. Those that tried, died and the planet had been nearly a total loss. *"No more distractions."*

Chapter 3 – The Mandalorian Wars Pt 2

Revan looked up for only a moment as the sky burned with Basilisk war droids. "*How the hell did I ever get myself into this?*"

The Jedi shook his head as he looked out over the rocky surroundings of the desert-like world the Mandalorians had occupied. The world was nothing more than a planetoid and Revan wondered how such a pathetic rock of sand and dust was so vital to the war effort. Shaking his head, Revan turned as he heard a turboblaster turret firing a volley into the sky. Several brilliant flashes in the distance caught the former Jedi's eyes before he turned his attention back to the fighter he was trying so desperately to repair. Somehow, his forces had managed to fight the Mandalorians back the Mandalorians and had dug in to the small planetoid, setting up hastily constructed batteries to keep the endless stream of dropships and Basilisks away from the surface. Revan sighed as he looked over the detestable rock that didn't even have a name. The only reason he was here was because a stronghold on the planet could give a strategic platform for the Mandalorians to strike Ithor. The Senate failed to see that their pathetic lives were soon to be at risk. That is what they were becoming to the former Jedi Knight. Pathetic. To sit around, bickering about how much money they had while worlds burned, to ignore the pain and suffering of the galaxy while others fought and died and were torn to pieces. Never in his life had Revan feared anything, but he slowly felt fear settle into him as he thought of what the Galaxy would become with such people ruling it. Revan snarled as a blaster bolt came down on his position, obliterating a nearby turret. Revan growled in frustration as he looked at the mangled circuits of his fighter. "*We can't let them have this world!*"

Revan quickly made work of his fighter and ran a diagnostic, snarling when it did not respond. "*What the Hell!*"

Revan impatiently looked skyward again to see the battle was dying down, at least the aerial battle. The Jedi had left Malak in charge of the orbital fleet, hoping Malak could at least shoot at what he saw. Malak may have been powerful and an impressive fighter, but he seemed to have great difficulty seeking out his foes. Throwing the loose component he had been working on down in frustration, Revan

turned his thoughts and drive to the ground battle that was soon approaching. A flash of blue eyes and a smiling face came to Revan's mind and the former Jedi shook his head. "*What the hell is wrong with me? Why can't I stop thinking of her?*" The battlefield was no place for such distraction, but facing being overrun and destroyed by his enemy, Revan could only dwell on the young girl he had befriended.

A shout caused Revan to turn his attention to a middle aged woman and an Echani warrior. "Yusanis? Arren? What are you doing here?" Revan asked.

He was surprised to see the skilled Echani warrior and the outcast Jedi Knight. It had been nearly a decade since Arren Kae was thrown out of the Order for as the Jedi called it, 'pulling a Bindo.' Revan shook his head of the thoughts as he took in the Echani that had forsaken his honor and family for the sake of the Jedi Knight he stood with. "We've lost the orbital defenses, Malak is ordering a retreat..."

Revan was silent as he stared at the Echani warrior and his fellow outcast. "*Malak ordered a retreat?*" Malak was not one to run from a fight and whatever it was that was making him run must have been serious. "Where are they falling back to?" Revan inquired.

Yusanis looked enraged and Arren looked sullen. "Eres III, the Mandalorians have begun landing Basilisks and are burning the Xoxin fields... the garrison there was slaughtered and they are shooting down whoever tries to flee." Arren replied in a solemn tone.

Revan released a long and steady breath. Malak was going to attack them head on, just his style. "Where's General Kenobi?" Revan asked, pulling himself from his thoughts. It had been nearly a year since Dxun and there was still no end to the war in sight. The Mandalorians seemed to have a death grip on the worlds they held and their armies seemed almost endless. The fact that the Republic and the Jedi failed miserably to reinforce Revan and his forces did not help. The Republic military was too concerned with losing political targets to actually see that losing military targets were much more vital. The Jedi Council was content to have him at their whim by threatening to call on the Senate if their wishes were not met. The

Jedi constantly sent observers and used their influence to discredit Revan with the Republic. Revan was not blind, he knew that they were afraid of him. Revan represented something that the Jedi feared, he represented another option to their students. The former Jedi Knight knew that the thought of removing him from power or discrediting him likely crossed their minds.

"Power."

The word seemed to send a chill up his spine. He hated power, he hated it when people looked to him for answers to questions he could not begin to fathom. He hated to be responsible for the deaths of his men, like he was responsible on Serreco. He hated the fact that men and women died to save him on Dxun. He hated the fact that he was fighting his own people. It sickened Revan to no end each time he struck down a Mandalorian before he had been wounded by Bastila. Bastila had opened his eyes to something.

"It needed to be done."

No longer was he sickened by killing, he simply closed his mind off from the pain, he detached himself from what he was doing. Killing his own people. It simply needed to be done for the greater good. Some would argue more atrocities have been done in the name of the greater good than in the name of evil but Revan found himself simply not caring. Worlds died while he fought the moral implications of his war. It was his war. Before he had joined, the Mandalorians met no challenge and simply burned the worlds they conquered into ashes and left their cities as glassy craters. The Jedi had the gall to blame him for the escalation of violence in the war. They simply refused to see that the Mandalorians despised weakness and respected power. If he met them on the battlefield and succeeded, then they would be broken and they would surrender. If he failed, they would still respect him for fighting and perhaps in the end not view the Jedi and the rest of the galaxy as weak and inferior and perhaps begin to respect them.

"How long until we get reinforcements?" Revan asked, annoyance clear in his tone.

Yusanis actually grinned in response as Arren replied for him. "Telos and the Echani are sending reinforcements. The Telosians are under the command of Admiral Saul Karath and the Echani are to transfer command to Yusanis as soon as they arrive."

At this news, Revan breathed a sigh of relief. An explosion and distant blaster fire drew him from his relief. "Well I suppose we should get back to the war." The other two warriors nodded agreement and followed Revan from the now useless fighter.

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Sixteen year old Bastila Shan looked down at the image before her in satisfaction. She was sure it was the image she had seen tattooed to Revan's upper right arm. She had been too busy staring at him and his amazing fighting style that day in the recreation room where she had wounded him to notice it, but they had sparred since and she had curiously asked him about the strange mark. Revan had instantly closed off of whatever they had been discussing and had left, but not before she had seen enough of the mark to draw an accurate picture. Bastila slowly made her way to the Jedi archives on Coruscant. She had been transferred to Coruscant after Cathar and much to her delight, Revan made frequent visits to the Republic capitol world to speak with the Senate and the Jedi High Council. Jedi Master Atris sighed slightly as she saw the young woman enter the archives. It was an ongoing joke within the Council that Bastila's sharp attitude could rival her own, something her fellow Jedi Masters found amusing to no ends.

"Oh yes, we don't always meditate and curse Revan behind those doors..."

Snapping from her annoying reverie, Atris offered a small nod as Bastila smiled to her and bowed deeply.

"What can I do for you, Padawan Shan?" Atris asked wearily. Bastila handed the sketch she had drawn of the tattoo and waited patiently as Atris furrowed her brow at the drawing. "Is this some kind of joke, Bastila?"

Bastila frowned, not knowing what to say. Atris sighed and shook her head, handing the curious Padawan her drawing back. Atris turned and after digging quietly through a pile of datapads handed the datapad to Bastila.

"It's a Mandalorian symbol for a conscript. A forced member of their army and a member of the Clans. There are subtle differences for the Clans. Ordo clan uses a snake-like symbol while the Fett clan uses a Bantha skull..." Atris frowned slightly, looking over her console for a moment before finding the raven-like symbol. "Interesting..." Atris muttered to herself as she compared the two symbols. "This is the clan symbol of the Raven Clan."

Bastila frowned slightly. "Raven Clan..."

Atris nodded, suddenly interested in her work. "Yes they were said to be the only Mandalorians who were not blind to the Force. Mandalore is rumored to be from that clan. They were nearly wiped out seventeen years ago when they assaulted an unknown fleet of alien ships beyond the Outer Rim. It is unclear how exactly they were destroyed, but only a few dozen survived that battle. They were said to have scattered and been absorbed into the other Clans afterwards..."

Atris trailed off, turning her attention to her beeping comm link.

"Atris..." She answered, hearing the last voice she expected to her on the other end. "Atris, its Ian."

Atris' face turned red slightly as she trembled, her fact shifting to a small scowl. "What do YOU want?" She snarled into the communicator. Bastila backed away slightly, surprised and confused as to the Jedi Councillor's response to the other's voice.

"Malak is bombing the Mandalorian positions on Eres III and Revan is missing in action along with Yusani and Knight Kae... The Republic is refusing the send reinforcements to their last known position and if Revan's position falls... we may loose Ithor and the Echani sectors... I thought that might concern you, Atris." Kenobi finished, his voce calm and collected. Atris frowned slightly. If the Echani sector fell, it would

directly effect her since she was an Echani and the Ithorians were a peaceful race that would be crushed beneath the Mandalorians.

"What about the Iridonians?" Atris asked after a moment's hesitation. A deep sigh was heard from the other end of the comm link.

"The Iridonians are allying with the Ithorians and are gathering in the Yulant system. If we loose anymore harvesting worlds like Eres III, there is no telling how many will starve in the next few years..."

"What are the Echani doing?" Atris asked, confused that they would not be standing alongside the Iridonians and Ithorians.

"The Echani and the Telosians are sending their Forces to the Wayland system. Revan was trying to keep the Hydian Way secured from there, but the Mandalorians are overrunning them and we've lost contact..."

Bastila's eyes widened slightly at the news she was hearing. She knew Revan had been in the forefront of the Republic and Jedi forces, but she did not know he would be so exposed. A sudden chill ran up her spine when she mulled over all the things that could have happened to her friend. She remembered hearing about Dxun and Serreco and she could not keep the images of Revan being tortured and beaten to death from her mind. Atris sighed, shaking her head slightly.

"What do you want from me?" She asked tiredly. Bastila remained silent, watching the strange way the conflicting emotions passed over the normally stoic Jedi Master's face.

"We NEED help, Atris. We've lost over half of the Jedi already and we're estimating that we'll lose another two thousand within the next week. Revan may be too proud to say it but this war can't be won without the help of the Jedi Council... We need more people and the Council is sure doing their best to keep us from being reinforced." The former Jedi General added, his voice rising with the accusation.

For her credit, Atris looked surprised. "What do you mean?" She asked, shocked and appalled.

"Don't even try. The Council has been constantly sending their little puppet Vrook out here and he's been discrediting us before the Senate and the Republic military. Do you realize that Revan has not been reinforced since Dxun? The Senate delays all his battle plans and only battles he or Malak or myself are directly involved in actually hold any results."

Atris' face scrunched, in anger or confusion, Bastila did not know. The Jedi Councillor answered in a calm and collected tone. "I do not know what you are speaking of, Ian. But I assure you that I will find out soon enough."

Atris cut the communication as her eyes glazed over slightly. "Seven thousand..." She said below a whisper, though Bastila had heard. The thousands of Jedi sent to Revan were slowly being reduced to a handful and even the stubborn Jedi Master could see the implications. Turning her head to Bastila, a flicker of surprise shot through her blue eyes before she shook her head and dismissed herself. "I am sorry Padawan Shan, but I must speak with the Council immediately."

Bastila nodded numbly, a feeling of dread settling in her stomach. *"What if the Jedi don't support Revan? What if what Kenobi said was true?"*

The idea of her own Master deliberately sabotaging the Jedi's war effort horrified Bastila to the point of her own mind closing off the possibility. "No, Master would never do that."

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Sitting in his chair before eleven of his fellow Jedi Councillors, Vrook Lamar sighed heavily as Atris replayed the communication from Ian Kenobi.

"We cannot fight... I've... seen what happens when Jedi fight. I saw the remains of those worlds the Mandalorians burned. If we are to remain strong... we cannot allow ourselves to be ruled by passion. We can't go into this war unprepared and there are not enough Jedi to end this war now that Revan has effectively lost nearly a tenth of our manpower."

The other Jedi Masters silently agreed, though many felt the need to challenge the Mandalorian threat. Vrook settled himself in his seat and shook his head. He would not risk his Padawan in a war that could be won by the Republic.

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Ian Kenobi stood on the bridge of a Republic troop carrier, sighing and shaking his head as he looked over the gathered Iridonians and Ithorians. Holding the Yulant system and its rich agricultural worlds was key to preventing the suffering of the Mandalorian wars to spreading into the Core worlds. The Outer Rim and Mid Rim burned while the Core worlds remained unscathed. His lip curling in disgust, Ian stalked quietly to a meditation chamber, intent on seeking the Force's comfort. Revan had ordered him to keep his position and Malak was too busy burying the Mandalorians on Eres III under his ship's turboblasters to be of any help. Revan's position was a last stand against the Mandalorian advance and if his position fell... Ian knew the hastily gathered Iridonians and Ithorians would stand little chance against them. The former Jedi let out a silent plea to the Force that the Telosians and Echani would reach Revan in time. If Revan was lost, he knew the war would be lost.

A week passed and the bloodiest fighting the Mandalorian war had seen since had died down. Revan emerged with the Echani and Telosians triumphant as he successfully held off a much larger force. The Mandalorians had resulted to conscripting prisoners from their worlds along with their families. It seemed the endless armored warriors were slowly meeting their limit. The Core worlds still remained out of reach for them as Revan and Malak reinforced their positions with volunteers from the Iridonians, the Echani, the Telosians and the Ithorians. The Republic had managed to deploy the bulk of their fleet in an effective defensive pattern along the various hyperspace routes only a year and a half after Revan had suggested it. It appeared the losses on Eres III and Revan's stand had spurred the Senate into action. The Mandalorians had lost a bulk of their military and the hastily gathered conscripts held neither the skill nor the fighting experience of their previous comrades. The Mandalores still held firm and the worlds under them did not fall without blood, blood of their people. After a month of liberating nearly extinct planets,

Revan had ceased the campaign, disappearing from the sectors of war along with Malak. The Mandalorians took this precious time to gather and strengthen their forces, though they knew a plan was being formed by their cunning adversary.

Revan was rumored to have been spotted near the Jedi Enclave on Dantooine and on Manaan, though the sightings were unconfirmed and his vessel was spotted near Tatooine, though it was gone before any Republic forces or Jedi could trace them. It seemed that as the months slowly passed that Revan had vanished and that the Mandalores had dug themselves in for a bloody stalemate. Wherever Revan went in those several months was unknown to all but those who had gone with him. The Jedi Council and the Senate had met with him once, each refusing to support his increasingly violent actions in the war and each scolding the young former Jedi for his actions. When Revan and Malak did return, there was something about them that unsettled those closest to them. They no longer joked with the men and were often sealed away in their quarters or training themselves. Whatever they had found seemed to change them, harden them.

Revan stared silently into the star field before him. It had been a week since his five month quest for the Star Forge ended and it had ended in a bitter defeat. The Star Forge seemed to require vast reservoirs of darkside energy to activate itself and the massive Rakatan device remained dormant, orbiting the Rakatan sun. Snarling in annoyance, Revan hastily retreated to his quarters, looking over anything he could to find a clue to unlocking the Star Forge's power. The massive factory was a relic of the darkside and he had known there were many others, like on Korriban or Dxun. A brief shiver ran up Revan's spine as he fought the feeling of dread those places stirred within him. Beneath the foliage, Dxun held something he feared and he did not wish to ever confront the true darkness of that moon. How he had not seen it while he was there he would never know but one thing was certain, he would never return to Onderon or Dxun if he had a choice. Korriban had sent another chill within him, a thrill of sorts. The world was dead but it still held the echoes of its former Lords, the power there if you could find it, but not enough to unlock the Star Forge.

As Revan's eyes scanned the various datapads, one world, one name seemed to call to him. "Malachor V..." The Mandalorians feared that world, almost as much as he feared Dxun. "We need to go to Malachor V..."

Revan muttered to himself. Mandalorians feared nothing and whatever was on that world that would cause the Mandalorians to isolate that single world and ban it would end this seemingly endless war. Revan knew he had to act, he barely had a thousand Jedi left in his ranks and his forces were not much better off. With the help of the Telosians and the Echani, Revan was able to liberate dozens of worlds, though what he liberated where worlds of corpses. It seemed the Mandalorians ruled an empire of death. Whatever the Senate was doing was not enough to protect itself, whatever the Jedi Council was doing was not enough to protect the Republic they had sworn to uphold was not enough. They were simply incompetent and could not offer strength in the face of adversity. Revan's Mandalorian blood boiled and he finally understood why the Mandalorians despised the Republic too much. War had made him strong enough to see the weakness of the Republic, how it allowed its outer edges to crumbled while corruption ruled and blacked its heart. There was something seriously wrong with the Senate and the Jedi Council. "No!" Revan shouted, throwing the datapad away. "I can't think like that, this is what I am fighting for!" The words seemed to scorch his very soul. "*This is what I am fighting for?*"

What was the point of trying to save someone who didn't even make the effort of saving themselves. The Republic was on the verge of collapse and it had done that to itself by avoiding war for so long and not being prepared. The Republic had invited destruction. "There must be another way..." The Star Forge wasn't enough, hell it didn't even work and the Senate refused his requests for aid. There was only one thing Revan could do and the thought sickened him to no end. He had to stand before the Jedi Council and beg for their assistance, otherwise the war would never end.

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"The darkside is strong in this place. I can feel its power... Is this wise? Once we pass beyond these doors we can never go back... The Council will surely banish us."

Malak's words rang through Revan's mind as he knelt with his eyes downcast before the Jedi Council. He could feel their intrusive mind probes and almost see the smug smiles they hid behind their stoic masks. They were right and they knew it. He needed them. "You should have thought of this before you defied our wishes, Revan." Master Vrook said with surprising calm. Apparently seeing the proud former Jedi that defied the Council and went to war against their every order was enough to sate the man's temper. Revan heard a snarl and the movement of a cloak before heavy footsteps sounded beside him and left the room. Malak it seemed did not have the patience to kneel before his former Masters, even if he himself admitted to needing them. Revan turned his head upwards, still kneeling before the twelve Jedi Councillors.

"I need the Council's full support... I need you to convince the Republic to give me more men. I NEED more Jedi." Revan replied, catching the mirth hidden in several of the Jedi Master's eyes. Trembling with anger, Revan cast a dark glare at each of the Jedi Masters through his mask and was surprised to see the humor vanish.

"You've tasted the darkside..." Vima Sunrider gasped as she stood from her seat.

Revan remained kneeling, staring at the red haired Jedi Master. "Whatever do you mean *Master Sunrider?*" Revan asked in a tight tone, secretly reveling in the look of horror on the woman's face. "*If I had given in to the darkside the Star Forge would obey my commands, to despise someone for allowing death and suffering to go on is not the darkside. How ignorant of them.*"

Several of the other Jedi Masters stood as well, uneasily taking defensive postures. "You are no longer a member of the Jedi Order, Revan. You cannot ask us to help you with YOUR war."

At that, Revan had enough, tearing his mask from his face, Revan glared openly into Jedi Master Atris' face. "My war? My WAR! Do you think just because I am one of them that this is my war!" Revan

screamed at the Echani Jedi Master, ignoring the confused look he received. Revan stood abruptly and spat on the floor as he glared at each and every one of the Jedi Masters. "We die because of you. The Force will not forget that when it is your time to answer." Revan turned and left the room, his cloak billowing behind him.

"I think we have made things worse..." Jedi Master Kavar added quietly. Master Zhar and Vandar nodded silent agreement as they took their seats, startled by Revan and Vima's sudden outbursts.

"What makes you think he has fallen, Vima?" Master Dorak asked after the Council had settled into their seats after the exchange with the former Jedi Knight. The Jedi Councillor wore a solemn expression as she turned her eyes to the dark-skinned Jedi Master.

"I remember my mother telling me how it felt when Ulic fell... I felt that in him, the bitterness, the despair... He will do something drastic and if we are not prepared... it could have serious consequences. We should take his council under advisement, we have ignored the Mandalorian threat for too long."

Several of the other Jedi Masters offered snorts of disagreement with her words. "If he has fallen as you say, nothing can save him. That one was always too proud-

"Yet he knelt before us, yet he all but begged us for help." Zhar interjected, cutting Master Vrook off. The Council let out a collective sigh. Whatever was stirring in Revan's mind one thing was certain, they all dreaded to hear it.

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Revan stormed through the Jedi Temple, his hands gripping tightly to his mask as he glared at the floor. *"Do they want us to lose this war? Do they want the Republic to fall?"* The former Jedi Knight sighed, heading for the Room of a Thousand Fountains. *"Perhaps I can relax before I die."*

The Republic Commander mused as he seated himself in the lush gardens and began a calming meditation. Malachor V had not been what he had hoped, the world was dead and after seeing the barren

terrain and the dangerous storms that covered the lifeless rock, Revan knew why the Mandalorians chose to restrict the world. Sighing heavily, Revan continued going over his options.

"I can attack the Mandalorians head on, but that would likely destroy what is left of my forces... I could move my troops in a defensive pattern but that would only allow the Mandalorians the time to regroup and mount an effective counterattack, which would mean certain victory for them..." Shaking his head, Revan removed his armor and placed it in a neat pile beside him. *"I could always draw them into a trap... but how could I draw the bulk of their Forces into a trap... and how can I spring this trap. The Mandalorians have at least four times as many men as I do and with less than two thousand Jedi left..."*

A frustrated sigh escaped Revan as he opened his eyes from his meditation and thoughts. The Coruscant sky had dimmed some, though it was never truly dark on the city planet, Revan knew it was night and that he had spent several hours meditating and going over pointless strategies. "Maybe I can make a bomb." Revan mused aloud.

"That wouldn't be such a bad idea." A voice said from behind him. Revan turned calmly and gave a subtle nod to Ian Kenobi.

"Did you try as well?" Revan asked, knowing the former Jedi General had been in some of the hardest fighting of the war alongside him.

Ian shook his head, crossing his arms over his chest and looking to a nearby fountain, admiring its beauty. "It's not worth it. What point is there to go before them and have them rub it in your face that you should have listened?"

Revan smiled slightly at that comment, nodding agreement. "A bomb them. So what shall we call this doomsday weapon?" Revan joked, not taking his fellow outcast seriously.

"The Mass Shadow Device..." Ian replied. Revan furrowed a brow, looking at the slightly older man before standing. "Don't tell me you've already got something? I knew you were efficient Ian but Force!"

Ian shrugged. "I have an Iridonian in my Ithorian tech crew, he says with four core drives from four Republic ships he can make a gravity well the size of Yavin."

Revan brought his hand to his chin in thought, mulling over the news. "If we can draw the Mandalorians into an asteroid field... no they would never follow us in there..." Revan frowned slightly, shaking his head as dozens of possibilities passed through his mind. "I take it this device isn't picky about what it swallows?" Revan asked. Ian nodded his head and frowned as well, not knowing how to lure the Mandalorians into a trap. "I have an idea..."

Revan muttered after a few moments. Ian looked over to his comrade skeptically before Revan slowly rolled up the sleeve of his tunic, revealing a raven crested tattoo. "This is the symbol of a Mandalorian Conscript. Any who bear this mark or the mark of any Mandalorian can challenge Mandalore..."

Ian was silent, staring at the mark on Revan's bicep. "I can allow them to capture me and then challenge them. If I win I can order them to surrender and if they choose to torture me I can tell them our forces are gathered around Malachor V. You can use the Mass Shadow device to destroy the forces they send there and we can end this in a single stroke!"

Ian remained silent, his gaze fixed on the Mandalorian crest tattooed to his friend's arm.

"You're a Mandalorian?"

He asked after Revan's plan had been explained. Revan sighed heavily and nodded once. Ian returned the gesture. "I always wondered why they respected you. I suppose you all think alike."

Revan gave Ian a sour expression before the older exile shook his head. "No point in arguing. We can't change what is, only what will be." Revan took a deep breath and allowed it to pass from him as a shudder ran up his spine.

"I have a bad feeling about this..." Ian commented. Revan snorted and nodded agreement before the older man bowed to him and departed.

"I am going to die." Revan shook his head at the thought. *"I am going to die, slowly..."*

Snorting at his own dark humor, Revan rose and turned to leave the peaceful gardens when he sensed someone's eyes on him. The former Jedi turned and stared in the direction of a nearby tree and shook his head.

"It's been a while hasn't it?" Revan said a bit too loudly. Bastila sighed and came from her hiding place, staring at the armored man.

"You know you look awful in that don't you?" Bastila teased. Revan smirked slightly, though the weight of what was about to happen was distracting him from the peace he felt in Bastila's presence. Revan turned, unaware of the wistful smile on his face and glad he still wore his mask as his jaw dropped slightly.

"What the hell are you wearing?" Bastila smiled sheepishly, turning slightly to Revan could see the light brown, form-fitting silk-like outfit she wore. Revan shook his head, trying to block out how much Bastila had changed in the several months since he had seen her.

"What do you think?" Bastila asked, a gentle flush rising to her cheeks.

"..."

Bastila frowned slightly at the lack of response and was about to speak her mind when Revan suddenly motioned to her to follow him. With a small scowl, Bastila followed the former Jedi until he finally led her to a waterfall and small stream. The area was deep within the Temple gardens and Bastila could not sense any Jedi nearby.

"This... this is beautiful..." Bastila sighed as she took in the stunning and private view of the Temple gardens. Revan nodded slightly, his mind still playing over the guarantee of death and torture in his near future.

"As are you..." Revan replied quietly as he lowered his hood and removed his mask. Bastila flushed slightly and stared contently at her friend for a moment. The months since she had seen him last had

taken their toll. Revan's skin was pale, too pale to be considered healthy and Bastila could clearly make out the worry lines in his young face.

"Who are the Bloodravens?" Bastila blurted out suddenly, not knowing anything else to speak of. Bastila cursed herself mentally as she saw Revan tense. Bastila had immersed herself in studying the strange tattoo on Revan's arm and had discovered something that brought a bit of pride to her. Atris was wrong. The symbol was not that of the Raven Clan but of the Bloodravens. The texts she had read were vague at best and as far as she could tell, the Bloodravens were merely a family, a sub-clan in the larger Raven Clan. Bastila watched Revan's face for any signs of a response and was shocked to see his wary expression.
"I have never told anyone this before, Bastila."

Revan muttered as he slowly rolled the sleeve of his tunic up to reveal the obsidian Raven superimposed over a crimson shield. "The Bloodravens where a Clan of Mandalorians that could wield the Force. They don't really know where the power came from but it was said that each member of that Clan could use the Force with little to no training, meaning they held an unbelievably powerful affinity to the Force. The Bloodravens acted as Mandalore's personal guard and there were only allowed to be thirty at a time, selected from birth that would pass to adulthood. After Ulic Qel-Droma defeated Mandalore in their duel, Mandalore pledged himself to the Dark Jedi and allied with he and Exar Kun. The Raven Clan, which was where the Bloodravens came from, where wiped out and only a few dozen lived beyond Exar Kun. The Bloodravens where decimated as well and only two survived. A man and a woman... and they had a child before they were killed by a Jedi Knight. This Jedi Knight had killed them in defense though she did not know she was trespassing in Bloodraven territory... She later found the child... he was only five at the time... and she saw the potential within him. She saw the potential in him to do good instead of evil and she took him back to her people to teach him the ways of the Jedi only to abandon him a decade later to fight his people once more..."

Bastila stared, wide-eyed at Revan as he told her of who she could only presume to be his parents and what had befallen them as well

as the way he had become a Jedi. The young Padawan felt a heavy weight settle in her stomach and looked to the ground. She had been given to the Order by her parents while he had his parents taken away by the Order only to be taken in by the one who had killed them. "Do you hate her?"

She asked timidly. Revan sighed and sat back, staring at the waterfall and allowing the gentle flow of its waters to calm him. "Mandalorians are taught not to hate. Jedi are taught not to hate." Bastila frowned at the analogy but said nothing. "To a Mandalorian, honor is everything. Kreia was a better warrior and defeated my parents in battle and deserves the honor that comes from that. She raised me from the age of five on and taught me of the ways of the Jedi. Mandalorians do not kill for some bloodlust or anything else so sinister. It is their pride, they glory that they seek. Few of them still hold true to the ways of their people as they should, to the roots of their honor, but it is always there, keeping them in check."

Revan slowly sat up and looked over to Bastila, who had seated herself beside him and was staring at something only she could see. "That is what is so strange about this war... It is as if there is something behind it, manipulating and driving the Mandalorians. Mandalores rarely waste their time killing innocents and when they do there is always a purpose. They would obliterate an entire planet of innocents if they thought a soldier was hiding amongst them simply because they hate only one thing. Cowardice. They want their enemy to know that they will die regardless of where they hide or run to simply for want of an opponent that will fight back. The worlds they ravage are left to those amongst their own ranks that have no honor and desert, living off the native populations... pirates and slavers... the Hutts, the Exchange, even Czerka."

Revan sighed heavily. "There is always someone who is willing to take advantage of someone else's misfortune, that is what disgusts me, that is what I am fighting to stop..."

Bastila remained silent, allowing Revan to speak. She knew he had been holding this in all his life and that he had placed a lot of trust in her to tell her, even if her own curiosity was the catalyst for this situation. Revan trusting her enough to tell her these things touched

her in a way and she smiled softly as she reached over and brushed her hand across his face. Revan jumped with a start, staring at Bastila for a moment with a questioning expression. "What-

"Shhh." Bastila answered as she continued to stare into his tired, yet still passionate green eyes.

"I never knew anything about your past but you knew everything about me... now I see why you did not tell me." Bastila answered softly, watching his eyes shift slightly. "That must have been difficult to live with and to relive it each time you kill one of your own..."

Bastila trailed off as a tear shimmered in her eyes. "Why do you understand me so well? We've only known each other what? Three years and I've barely seen you..."

Revan answered in a miserable tone. Bastila continued to stroke the side of his face, brushing a stray strand of hair back. Slowly, Bastila moved closer to him and brought her other hand to his face, brushing her lips against his softly as she kissed him. Bastila felt Revan stiffen in response before he groaned quietly and returned the kiss. After a moment, he broke away gently and sat up with a troubled expression.

"What's wrong?" Bastila asked softly, frightened she had placed their friendship at risk by her bold move. Revan stared at the endless blue of her eyes and allowed his own misery to reflect in his.

"We can't have this, Bastila. We can only be friends." Bastila frowned slightly, not knowing what to say but relieved that he was not angry. Revan stared at his eighteen year old friend, suddenly feeling a pang in his chest that made him feel as if he were going to collapse. He would be dead soon, either by the Mandalorians or by the Mass Shadow device and would never have to deal with the consequences, while Bastila... He did not know what love was and was not some fool who chose to declare something he was taught to never feel or to hide, but he knew he would never take advantage of Bastila as he was tempted to for the briefest moment when she had kissed him, he would never dishonor her by putting at risk, all she had sacrificed her parents and youth for. He was not selfish enough to ask her to

choose him over the Jedi and he would die before he even considered that.

"Are you angry with me?" Bastila asked, seeing his glazed expression and startling him from his thoughts.

"Of course not!" Revan snapped, grinning. "I actually am rather flattered that a lovely young lady such as yourself would consider a lowly Supreme Commander of the Republic and Jedi Fleet such as myself."

Bastila stared at Revan, expressionless for a moment before smiling and slapping his shoulder playfully. "You're teasing me!" She chided.

Revan chuckled softly, reveling in the peace he felt at that moment. "My deepest apologies, Princess Padawan!"

Revan replied as a mischievous glint lit his eyes. Revan stiffened as he spoke, preparing for the coming attack.

"Revan!" Bastila gasped, slapping him across the face. "How many times have I told you NEVER to call me that?"

Revan smirked as he rubbed his red cheek. "The real question is how many times have I listened?"

Revan dodged the next blow and was soon rolling around the garden, laughing and teasing his friend, trying to ignore the guilt that was gnawing at him for not telling her he would not be there for her.

"I am doing this for her, I can't let the Mandalorians win."

A shudder racked Revan for a moment as he stared into Bastila's eyes. He loathed to think of what would happen to her if the Mandalorians conquered the Republic. "Commander." Revan stood and looked in the direction of the voice, eyeing Bastila for a moment. General Kenobi soon approached in a run, slowing to a stop as he caught his breath. "The Mandalorians are attacking Duros..."

Revan nodded and turned to Bastila, giving her an apologetic look before sprinting away with Ian. Bastila frowned as she watched the two former Jedi race away, hating to be left behind and hating that her friend was risking his life.

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"Have you seen the suffering of those who starve because of this war? Have you seen the look of despair in a mother's eyes when she looks to her children and tells them their father is dead? Do you see your friends and comrades falling around you and know that no matter how hard you try, no matter what you do, nothing will help them? Have you seen the bodies, oh so many bodies that have been broken and destroyed or the ruins of those once great cities and races that now burn because of your inaction? Have you seen anything besides the mounds of credits you pile before you and shove in your fat faces?"

Malak roared to the Senate advisors as he stormed past them with a look of hate painted on his face. None of the Senators spoke as the former Jedi left them. A week had passed since Revan and Malak had driven off the Mandalorians over Duro. The world's once glorious orbital cities now lay in ruins, silent graves of countless Duros, Republic soldiers, Jedi and Mandalorians. The Mandalorians were far from weak and were far from defeated as the Republic had thought and Duro had been their first strike against a core world. What had enraged the former Jedi Knight more than anything was that the only reason the Republic even considered doing a damn thing about it was the amount of money lost in trade and destruction and not of the millions of lives lost.

Revan shook his head in disgust before leaving the suddenly speechless Senators. Never had Revan spoken to the Senate in anything close to disrespect and the Senators watched the respected and charismatic leader follow his friend's path. "I can't believe I risked my life to save the likes of you." Revan spat acidly as he passed through the doorway, leaving the Senators even more shocked by his behavior. "Malak!" Revan called after his friend's retreating form.

Malak spun and stared at Revan with rage in his eyes. "Why are we even doing this! The Mandalorians are right! We should let them die!"

Revan nodded before his common sense could stop him and sighed. "I don't understand how anyone... the Senate, the Jedi Council... can be so... detached from what is happening... I have seen it, felt it in each of those battles. Do you feel it too?"

Revan asked his friend, relieved when Malak nodded. "The silence that follows a battle... it always amazes me. To the Jedi those battle echo pain and death and they can hear or see nothing beyond that... but they have not been there, they can't see what is before them... Did you feel it? Even on Dxun I felt it. Something is manipulating the Mandalorians, something that seeks to weaken us... the Jedi and the Republic... and they are succeeding."

Malak grunted before narrowing his eyes and looking over a nearby balcony, staring towards the five spires of the Jedi Temple that lay across the walkway from the Senate rotunda. "There was always weakness... this is something else..."

Revan nodded his agreement. "On Korriban... have you ever wondered what happened to the Ancient Sith and their Empire? To have all that knowledge and... power lost to sand and wind seems..."

"Impossible?" Malak finished as Revan shook his head.

"No, it seems too convenient. We know that the true Sith did not die out in the Great Hyperspace War a Millennium ago, they were merely weakened. We know that Exar Kun found remnants of those that followed Naga Sadow on Yavin IV. The Massassi Temples and the primitive descendants of those ancient Sith..." Malak seemed to pale slightly as Revan paused. "I heard a rumor that the Sith pressed the Mandalorians into this war... A young Mandalorian prisoner with a mouth too big that was killed by his comrades... but still. Where would these Sith come from? Those that followed Exar Kun died in the bombardment of Yavin or were killed by the Jedi... Perhaps the first Sith Empire never collapsed as we thought?"

Malak coughed suddenly, turning from the view of the Jedi Temple and processing the thoughts he and his friend exchanged. "Those are dangerous thoughts..."

Revan smirked and shrugged. "As dangerous as seeking out the Star Forge and the ruins of the Trayus Academy on Malachor V?"

Malak turned and gave Revan a scolding look. "You walk a fine line my friend... We... walk a fine line..."

Malak finished, turning from Revan and glaring at the Jedi Temple. "Look at them over there, content to sit in their spires and watch the galaxy die... If what you say is true, then they were right, Revan. Perhaps we should not have gone off to war... perhaps these Sith are lurking beyond their vision and preparing for the attack. Force knows this war had nearly destroyed a fifth of the Order..."

Revan nodded, crossing his arms tightly over his chest as he stared indifferently towards the Jedi Temple. "Do you feel how much we've changed? Three years ago we were nothing more than newly Knighted children wielding a weapon that was too heavy for us and now..." Revan paused, turning his gaze to the deep canyons that lined the Cityscape as the echoes of pain and misery that existed a few kilometers below brushed his senses.

"Now we are stronger than we could have dreamed..." Malak whispered, following Revan's gaze as his face shifted to a mournful expression.

"As my Master used to always say. 'It is conflict that strengthens us, Padawan!'" Revan replied with a forlorn expression.

Malak snorted and shook his head. "Kreia always was a bit eccentric..."

Revan laughed as he slapped his hand on Malak's shoulder, causing the taller former Jedi to lurch slightly. "I think that is a requirement for being as Jedi Master, my friend."

Malak allowed a ghost of a smile to play on his lips as he and Revan turned, leaving all thoughts of the Republic and Jedi behind and occupying their thoughts with the coming battle.

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"Mandalore!" A young Mandalorian Elite shouted as he rushed into the bridge of Mandalore's flagship. The Mandalorian leader turned his armored form to the approaching Elite and nodded as the Mandalorian bowed at his wait and brought his right fist over his heart in a salute.

"Speak." The silver armored man spoke, his voice tearing through the deathly silent bridge.

"Scouts have reported that Revan has landed on Kuan in the Taroon system... His forces are minimal and it appears to be a scouting mission."

Mandalore smirked beneath his silver mask as he stared at the Mandalorian Elite. "What are you waiting for? Send a dropship and a squad of battlecruisers at once!"

Mandalore turned from the man as he saluted. "Yes, Mandalore!"

The Elite vanished from his leader's sight and Mandalore smiled as he looked over the starfield. *"I wonder if Revan will allow us to capture him... He would be the most valuable of hostages. It's a shame he's not a Mandalorian."* Mandalore's head dropped slightly as he thought of killing such a worthy opponent. *"We will see if he's worthy... I can only hope for his sake that he has the honor to die in battle and not be taken prisoner."* The Mandalorian leader smirked as he thought of how quickly the war would end with Revan's death, though part of him regretted killing such a worthy opponent another was thrilled at the idea of defeating him. *"We will see..."*

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"Commander!" An anxious Republic soldier shouted as he ran into the small Republic encampment on Kuan.

Revan looked up, nodding to the young soldier as he brushed dust away from his robes. "Yes Corporal?" The former Jedi asked as he adjusted the focusing lens of his newly constructed lightsaber. The azure crystal gleamed brightly in its casing and Revan quickly snapped the pieces together, preparing to assemble a second lightsaber.

"We've finished our patrols and the men are rejoining the fleet..."

Revan nodded as he quickly and expertly assembled his second lightsaber, placing a ruby red crystal in the hilt and sliding the mechanism into the saber's hilt. "Very good."

Revan looked up to the young man sadly. "You should leave as well."

The young Corporal frowned as he looked around the encampment. "But sir there are no others here..."

The Corporal trailed off as Revan tilted his head. "Are you implying that I cannot defend myself?" Revan snarled. The Corporal backed away and shook his head. Revan nodded. "There's a fighter on the third landing pad, I will be taking the transport." "*You'll be needing its speed.*" Revan added to himself as the Corporal saluted and scurried away. The fighter soon blasted away and Revan sighed, checking his newly assembled lightsabers and rubbing his hooded head in thought. "I wonder how long I will have to wait."

Revan's eyes scanned the small encampment in irritation. Luckily this wouldn't be a costly trap for the Mandalorians but he did dread being tortured once more by them. The young former Jedi stretched in his armor and checked the small shield that lay strapped to his bicep. "*Oh I am not going to make this easy.*"

The former Jedi smirked as he began typing false reports on a datapad about the border world's adequacy as a hidden base, making certain to mention the fleet's secret base on Malachor V. Revan chuckled as he shook his head. The datapad would not be convincing, but since the Mandalorians had never discovered his men were attacking from Taris and that he would be found along with the datapad, he suspected the Mandalorians would fall for the trap. Ian had told him he needed three days to complete preparations on the Mass Shadow Device and his fleet would be assembled in full force over Taris within another day of that. "*I only have to hold out a week... I've done that before.*"

Revan nodded silently to himself as he made his way to his transport, purposely damaging several key components to the ship's drive and takeoff repulsors. "*No such thing as overkill when it comes to*

subterfuge." The former Jedi made certain his sabotage was not so obvious before pulling a hydrospanner and hastily patching the damage. "*I doubt the Mandalorians would think a warrior to be a great engineer.*"

Revan chuckled, rising from the floor and walking back to the small encampment, making certain that the base's computer core was wiped before sticking his lightsaber into the device. "*Overkill, I know.*" Revan chastised himself, searching the base to make certain his plan would not be *too* believable. Just enough that Mandalore would not suspect a trap. It would make sense that Revan would choose Malachor V for his headquarters. The Mandalorian's paranoia of the rocky world was well known and Revan suspected Mandalore would be most displeased when he learned of the location. "*I suppose I should make it look like I was doing actual work.*"

Revan activated several construction droids, making certain that they began building perimeter defenses and a sensor perimeter before heading to the Base's command area and leaving a notice for the base's next commander that the droids were set to automatic. The former Jedi slowly paced the office, making certain the base's long range scanners were conveniently malfunctioning.

"I think this is a little too obvious..." Revan groaned as a beep sounded from the scanner console. Revan walked to the device as a Mandalorian scout ship appeared, nodding to himself as he rushed to the hangar to *repair* his *damaged* transport.

An hour of waiting brought the Mandalorians. Revan rushed from his transport and retreated into his base, heading for the command center to send out a false distress signal before he leapt to one of the rooftops and waited. A dozen Mandalorians came into view, their weapons raised as he looked over the base. Revan levitated himself with the Force and landed softly before them, smirking beneath his mask as he bowed his head. Several blaster shots came towards him and reflected harmlessly from his energy shield as the Republic Commander raised both his hands, sending six of the Mandalorians flying into the air. The remaining six watched in awe and horror as their friends were thrown upward by Revan's power, vanishing from their sight. Two lightsabers came from Revan's robes and to his

hands as the azure and crimson beams ignited, signaling the return of the battle. Revan rushed a Mandalorian, slicing through his blaster rifle and continuing through the man's body as he deflected several shots back to two other armored warriors. Revan leapt over a hail of blasterfire and dropped onto the shoulders of one of the three remaining Mandalores, driving his azure beam straight down the man's head and into his spine. Revan leapt from the falling warrior's shoulders and spun through the air as he brought his crimson saber through another Mandalorian's helmet. The final Mandalorian threw away his blaster, only to find his lower body and Vibroblade on the ground and his torso following before darkness took him.

Revan's head snapped to an approaching blaster bolt and his azure saber flicked the offending blast into the distance as a scream sounded from the attacker. The Jedi broke into a sprint, using the Force to propel his body upwards. Three years of war had hardened the once skillful Knight into a tool of death. Dropping to the ground, Revan used the Force to speed up his movements as he cut his way through dozens of armored Mandalorians.

"Where is he?" A Mandalorian commander bellowed as he grabbed a younger officer by his breastplate. The Younger Mandalorian simply stared blankly at his commander as a lightsaber cut its way through the dropship's bulkhead. Revan rose slowly from the hole, allowing his shield to deflect the blaster bolts away from him. His boots hit the floor with a thud as he calmed his breathing. He estimated that he had killed somewhere around a hundred Mandalorians in nearly two hours of fighting. The Mandalorian commander motioned to another Mandalore and Revan watched as a forcefield activated around him.

"Activate the gas vents." The Mandalorian shouted to his security officer as he watched Revan tap the field with one of his lightsabers. Sighing, Revan took a deep breath and attached his lightsabers to his belt, seating himself on the floor and crossing his legs as he slowly levitated and a barely visible blue field surrounded him. The sound of metal twisting alerted the Mandalorians that their plan had not worked. The forcefield collapsed, sending the poisonous gas through the bridge, though the Mandalorians were unaffected within their armor.

"Activate the stun pulse." The Mandalorian shouted as Revan stood and walked towards him. Revan's left arm raised as the commander was thrown across the bridge and into the dropship's command console. The console exploded in a flash of electricity as the deadly energy coursed through the commander. Revan quickly sidestepped a thrust from a Mandalorian warrior, allowing the warrior's momentum to take him to the ground. Revan brought his knee into the back of the Mandalorian's neck, breaking it instantly as he pulled his azure saber and deflected the blasterfire away from his failing shield unit.

A heavy hum vibrated through the bridge of the vessel and Revan frowned as a bright blue light filled the room, sending all the Mandalorians to the ground.

"Sithspit." Revan cursed as numbness threatened him. The Jedi looked around quickly for the control console, only to have another stun pulse tear through the bridge and bring him to his knees. Revan quickly pulled his false datapad from his cloak and code-locked it before another pulse sent him into darkness.

"Well I suppose that worked." Revan muttered to himself as consciousness escaped him.

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Mandalore's hands tightened into fists as he read the casualty reports. The Republic position had been taken and ransacked, but all tactical information had been destroyed prior to their arrival. The only value that came from the raid was an encrypted datapad that would likely take days to break and Revan. Mandalore's fists tightened even further. Revan had killed a hundred and seventeen of his men in three hours on that rock and he came out without a scratch on him.

"A worthy warrior..." Mandalore scoffed at the thought. True, Revan had killed many of his men in battle and his battle strategies had ground his advance to a halt but what kind of warrior disgraces himself by being captured. He had even received a report that the Mandalorians that captured him gave him the option to take his own life to spare his honor. The refusal had been a slap in the face to the warriors who beat the Jedi till he fell unconscious. That led to another problem. When the Mandalorians had stripped the Jedi of his armor

they had seen the mark of the Bloodravens on Revan and if that were the case, he needed to be punished. It sickened Mandalore to think of torturing the man to death but he knew it was an insult to his people to allow Revan to live. The man was responsible for the death of millions of his own kind and for that, he needed to die the traitor's death.

A week of tortures yielded no information from Revan. Even cutting away the mark of his dishonor had done little to get a response from the Jedi as they tore the Bloodraven symbol from his arm and burned the bleeding wound shut before beating him again. The warrior's resolve and his resilience impressed and frightened the Mandalorians as they tried to break him. Revan merely stared at them with pity as they beat him and burned him and whipped him.

Revan groaned inwardly as he awoke in his cell, staring at the small voice that had interrupted him. The Jedi hissed slightly as he shifted, feeling the broken bones of his ribs digging into him. Revan loathed to think of how long he'd have to spend in a kolto tank should he survive. He had learned that one of the Mandalorian codebreakers had accessed his datapad and that Mandalore was preparing to strike Malachor V. The thought brought a smile to Revan's lips though the smile was accompanied by a groan as he began coughing up blood. "*Must've punctured a lung...*"

A group of armored Mandalorians entered the prison area and stepped into his cell, kicking the barely touched food away as they approached the former Jedi. "On your feet."

Revan sighed, pulling himself to his feet as two Mandalorians restrained him and the doors to the cell opened to reveal Mandalore himself. "It's about time. Making an important guest wait for a week is considered very rude in some cultures." Revan smirked as the Mandalorian leader trembled with anger. Mandalore pulled Revan to his feet, taking his left arm and pulling it to the cell door, slamming the door on Revan's arm, shattering the bones.

Revan winced, but only grunted as he was struck in the face by the Mandalorian. "What a disgrace. You a Bloodraven?" Mandalore kicked Revan as his body dropped from the blow, backhanding him

across his temple with his armored gauntlets. Revan felt spots swimming in his vision as a sharp pain entered his chest. Looking down through blood-filled eyes, Revan saw Mandalore digging his hand into his solar plexus as he repeatedly dealt blows to his stomach. Mandalore finally stopped as his prisoner spurted blood against his silver armor. Dropping Revan to the floor, Mandalore delivered one last kick to his side before speaking. "Revan Bloodraven, you are found guilty of treason to your people." Revan coughed as he fought to regain control of his body's spasms of pain. Mandalore sneered and brought his metal boot into Revan's shattered arm, twisting his heel back and forth as Revan fought to keep from crying out in pain. "You still remain silent? Perhaps you can retain your honor."

Mandalore lifted his bloody boot from Revan's arm and motioned to his guards to hold Revan. How the binds had left his hand, Revan did not know as he looked down to his shattered arm.

"It can be fixed. A healing trance or two... damn this collar."

A blinding pain shot through Revan as his vision sparked white for a moment. Only the iron grasp of the two Mandalorian guards kept him from falling on his face as he heard the hum of the Force-whip. *"Damn."*

Revan cursed as the whip hissed through the air and connected once more with his back. The whip slid slowly, the energy encasing it eating through his flesh as painful volts of energy shot into him. *"Soon the battle will begin... maybe then I can die in peace."* A sudden feeling of dread entered Revan. The Mandalorians would strike in full force against Malachor V and that meant that the ship he was in would fight as well.

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"Good morning, Bloodraven." Mandalore spoke in a mockingly sweet tone as Revan was dragged onto his ship's bridge. Spots swam in Revan's vision as he was knocked against the side of the head with a blaster rifle stock and was struck in his abdomen. Mandalore signaled to his guards to back away.

"I wanted you to see something..." Mandalore trailed off as Revan fought to regain focus and looked up. The viewport of the Mandalorian battle cruiser only showed a hyperspace trail and Revan involuntarily coughed as he wiped the blood with his now free hands.

"What, the beauty of hyperspace?" Revan asked in a tight tone. Nearly a month at the hands of Mandalore and his tortures was eating away at the former Jedi Knight and he was having quite enough of it.

Mandalore chuckled without humor as he turned his back to Revan and stared through the viewport. "Patience, your suffering will soon be over, traitor." The hyperspace trail soon gave way to a starfield and what looked to be a tiny gray-green orb. "Welcome to Malachor V."

Mandalore motioned to his guards to bring Revan closer. The Republic commander was roughly led to the viewport where he watched in fascinated horror. *"That wasn't part of the plan..."* Revan thought to himself.

"It seems the Jedi and the Senate sent reinforcements here a few days ago, according to my scouts. I hear your friend Malak protested fervently... It was so very easy to track them here." Mandalore gloated to the captured Jedi commander.

"They're too close to the planet! What are they doing here?" Revan's mind began calculating his options. *"Only one thing I can do."*

Before either guard could react, Revan had broken from their iron grasps and had disarmed one of his vibroblade. Mandalore heard the movement and spun in time to see his two guards fall to the ground in a lifeless heap. For being tortured for nearly a month and nearly broken, Revan was surprised how well his fighting instincts came into focus.

"I challenge you, Mandalore." Revan snarled. Mandalore stiffened and turned to the rest of his crew as they lowered their weapons.

Mandalore laughed outright as shook his head. "Very well, fool." Mandalore removed his weapons and set them on the ground before

approaching Revan and taking a fighting stance. "If you believe you can kill me with your bare hands." Revan threw his stolen vibroblade away and took another stance, ignoring the sight of the Mandalorian fleet charging the Republic and Jedi positions.

"Fools, why do they wait until now to fight?" Revan snorted to himself in disgust. *"Likely to take credit for ending the war."* Revan's capture had sent a shockwave through the Jedi Order and the Republic. Especially when it was discovered by a spy that he was being tortured to death. The sudden loss of their hero spurred the Republic's painfully slow decision to send more soldiers into battle as well as increased pressure on the Jedi Order to take action. The Jedi had agreed to send as many Knights as they could to safeguard the new Republic forces. Not wanting to admit that nearly half the Order was ready to leave in order to save Revan.

Revan charged Mandalore, trying to keep his broken arm as far away from the Clan leader as possible as he struck out and kicked the armored man with his boots which thankfully he was allowed to keep on. Mandalore staggered, either from the blow or shock, Revan did not know.

"After all..." Revan grinned to himself. *"How dangerous is a man who's been tortured to the point of near-death."*

Revan moved swiftly, finding a new appreciation for Mira's care as his body protested each movement with a shot of blinding pain. The former Jedi could feel the Force on the edges of his senses and tried to ignore the Force-dampening collar's effect on him. Being cut off from the Force was nearly as unbearable as the tortures themselves. Revan sidestepped Mandalore's considerably slower attack and wove an intricate pattern around the armored man as he swiftly struck loose portions of his armor and where he believed to be weaknesses. It seemed Mandalore's confidence was beginning to wane.

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From the bridge of the Ravager, Ian Kenobi watched in horror as his fleet approached Malachor V. The Republic had sent a detachment along with the Jedi to hold Malachor V. Apparently, some genius in the Senate thought the Mandalorians would move against the base

and that the best strategy would be to wait in orbit for the Mandalores. The Mandalores came, and in force. Ian groaned as he caught sight of the massive Mandalorian fleet, already engaging the much smaller Republic and Jedi Forces.

"Someone didn't get the battle plan, apparently."

Ian scoffed as he ordered his fleet to move to help protect the new Republic and Jedi Forces.

Malak scanned the battlefield, glaring at the newly arrive Republic vessels.

"What the hell are they doing here:

He practically shouted as he slammed his fists into a console.

"Now that the war is almost over, they decide to battle?"

Malak asked no one in particular as he sent various orders to his forces to try to protect the inexperienced Republic fleet over Malachor. The former Jedi sobered slightly as he caught sight of the Mandalorian fleet. Basilisks swarmed Republic ships and tore into Malachor's atmosphere. Mandalorian battlecruisers charged the inexperienced Republic forces head on, driving into them and scattering the terrified soldiers. The Jedi had seemed to reserve themselves to fighters which Malak was thankful for. He had only discovered that the Republic and Jedi were going to reinforce them and he did not know the fools would take it upon themselves to choose where and when the forces arrived.

"Tell them to get out of Malachor's gravity well... Where are the Interdictor ships, we need their field generators or we're done for!"

Malak and Ian had discovered that an Interdictor ship could use its gravity well projector to cancel out the effects of the Mass Shadow Device and were glad that the Mandalorians refused to use the heavy battleships.

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Mandalore blocked Revan's kick and reached out, grasping the Jedi's broken arm. The Mandalorian leader tightened his grasp and pulled as hard as he could, satisfied when he heard the bone pop from its joint. Revan staggered from the pain and barely avoided the punch Mandalore threw towards him. Mandalore laughed as Revan backed away. Revan took a moment to regain his senses and channel the pain, which was easily being replaced by anger. The former Jedi spared a glance out the viewport to see the Republic and Jedi forces that had joined his fleet being devastated and Malak and Ian's forced nearing them.

"This ends, now." Revan snarled as he leapt over Mandalore and dropped behind him. Mandalore turned around, a surprised expression on his face as Revan grasped a tube to his helm and tore it free, backhanding the Mandalorian with his undamaged arm. Mandalore fell, gasping for breath as he struggled for breath. The leader tore away his damaged silver helm and charged the former Jedi, close lining him and bringing his metal boot down on Revan's sternum. Revan could only feel the blinding pain as his breastbone cracked under the Mandalorian's force. Mandalore panted heavily as he looked down at the fallen Jedi with smoldering eyes. "You are finished."

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Ian Kenobi turned from the viewport as he watched the last of the Republic's capitol ships sent to help them be destroyed. Casting a pained look at his Iridonian tech, Ian gave a single nod as the Ravager shuddered from the assault of the Mandalorian Basilisks.

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"Any last words, Bloodraven?" Mandalore snarled.

Revan felt his body convulsing violently from the strain as Mandalore twisted his armored boot deeper into his damaged body. Revan licked the blood from his lips as he forced his body to respond. Mandalore felt Revan shift and before he knew it, was on the floor. Revan's booted heel dropped onto Mandalore's throat, crushing his breathing passage. Revan struggled to his knees and grasped

Mandalore's head, whispering in his ear as he snapped the Mandalorian leader's neck with his last ounce of strength.

"Watch your future's end." A bright light suddenly filled the room, originating from Malachor V. Mandalore's last sight was of a massive shockwave consuming his fleet before he heard a distinct pop and his vision darkened. Revan resisted the urge to vomit from the physical trauma his body had gone through. Turning to the nearest Mandalorian he snarled as he forced himself to stand.

"Get this damn collar off of me!" The Mandalorian nodded and activated the collar's release. Revan wished briefly that he did not give the order as the death and pain of all the Jedi, Mandalorians and Republic soldiers being crushed by the Mass Shadow Device assaulted him. White and red flashes of light assaulted Revan as he doubled over, clutching the sides of his head and screaming inaudibly as the pain washed through him and the Force.

Malak staggered slightly as the death and destruction reached his mind, forcing himself to block the pain, Malak called on every ounce of strength to block the death being transmitted through the Force. Elsewhere, others were not so fortunate. Arren Kae was crushed in a single instant by Malachor V's gravity along with the thousands of Jedi, Mandalorians and Republic soldiers that reinforced them. Her ship being crushed into unrecognizable debris and her body being lost in that final battle of the Mandalorian wars. Yusani searched frantically and to no avail for his lover throughout the survivors.

Ian Kenobi dropped into unconsciousness the instant the Ravager sent the signal to Malachor V. The pain and death in the Force was too much for the General to endure and the Force simply left him in that moment to spare his life. The Republic crews under Revan, Kenobi and Malak tried frantically to move their ships away from the shockwave that engulfed the bulk of the Mandalorian fleet and destroyed their allies. The Mandalorians retreated or surrendered, too shocked at the destruction they had seen to risk losing any more of their people. The Mandalorian wars and the Mandalorian people were destroyed in that single instant the Mass Shadow Device was activated.

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The former Jedi Knight, Revan awoke two days after the battle of Malachor V on board his flagship. The former Jedi had been unconscious and under the constant care of the healers as they tried to stabilize his condition. What greeted the former Jedi's eyes was not something he would ever purge from his mind. All around him in the sickbay were dozens of former Jedi that he fought beside, all either unconscious or sickly and weak.

"What?" Revan managed to groan as he forced himself to sit up. The bone-knitters had seemed to do an excellent job restoring his shattered arm and broken ribs and he could feel the shark pain in his shoulder that told him his arm was no longer dislocated. Seeing the chaos around him, Revan forced himself to stand and cleared his head of the painkillers, allowing the Force to purge his body of foreign substances and damage. Several hours passed before Revan trusted himself enough to travel.

Malachor V lay before him, shattered into thousands of pieces though its atmosphere remained surprisingly sustained. Revan eyed the officers on his ship as they silently stared at the mass of destroyed ships before them. Never in all his years fighting and traveling had Revan seen such destruction and he paled when he thought of the millions of bodies that lay crushed in those floating hulks.

"Force what have we done..." Revan whispered as he felt a hand lay reassuringly on his shoulder. The former Jedi turned to see his best friend staring solemnly at the debris.

"What we had to." Malak said softly as he turned and left Revan to see what he had already saw too much of.

"Murderer!" Yusanis screamed as he threw a punch at Revan. Revan allowed his comrade to strike him, all too aware of the man's anger at the death of his lover. It had been a week since Revan had awoken and the fleet was still digging through the remains of the Mandalorian and Republic fleets over Malachor V.

"This is all your fault!" The Echani General snarled as he lunged for Revan. Revan made no move to defend himself as he allowed his

once trusted friend to release his anger and pain. A week of treatment had healed his already damaged body and the pain his old friend was unleashing on him was hardly comparable to that of the tortures he had endured during the war.

"Yes, it is." Revan said quietly as the enraged and grieving Echani warrior struck him again. Revan turned his eyes to meet Yusanis' azure gaze.

"Arren was my friend you know." Revan said in a tight tone, his anger towards his now former friend rising. A week of recovery and being accused of mass murder by the loved ones of those who had died and the tortures that had nearly broken his mind had struck something dark within the former Jedi, something he was beginning to like since it dulled the pain and hopelessness. Yusanis breathed heavily from exertion and rage as he glared at Revan.

"If I ever see you again, only one of us will leave alive!" The respected warrior snarled as he left. Revan allowed himself to silently watch the man's retreat, promising himself the same thing. Betrayal was something that he would never abide and the pressures of the Senate and Jedi Council were weighing heavily on him. The Senate wanted him to stand trial for not informing them of the Mass Shadow Device, the Republic wanted to make him a god for saving them and the Jedi wanted to strip him of the Force and exile him. Never in all his wildest dreams did the former Jedi Knight think that saving the Republic would make him so hated.

"So be it." He snarled, turning to see his friend, Ian Kenobi, entering his quarters. "What is it?" Revan snapped, eyeing his friend warily. Ian had the look of a lost child and Revan was surprised by the look of betrayal and hurt the man sent him.

"I—" Ian began, shaking his head as he looked absently at the bulkhead. "I can't feel the Force..."

Resisting the urge to back away from the man in horror, Revan crossed his arms over his chest and stared at the man. Part of him sympathized with the man's plight, knowing all too well from his imprisonment what it felt like to be separated from the Force.

"I cannot do anything for you, my friend..." Revan said regretfully as he watched the devastation sink in to his friend. "The Council..." Revan began, wincing at his own words. The Council would likely damn him like the plague, what would they do to one who had served alongside him. Revan was not arrogant enough to assume that Ian served under him, the General had bore much of the weight of the Mandalorian wars and had saved him dozens of times already. "The Council may know what is wrong with you... I- There is nothing I can do." Revan whispered.

Ian nodded and turned to leave. "The Council wants us all to stand trial for the deaths of all those Jedi..." Ian said quietly over his shoulder to Revan.

Revan shook his head. "I will never bow to them or their foolishness."

Revan snarled, surprising Ian with his anger. Much to both former Jedi's shock, Revan continued. "They are worthless, all they do is sit in their spires waiting for a problem to solve itself or waiting to find someone they can blame all their problems on. Do you think Exar Kun's fall was his own doing? Do you think Ulic Qel-Droma's fall was his own doing? They are hypocrites and liars and they deserve no such respect. I will see them dead before I kneel before the."

Ian turned abruptly and stared at his fallen friend. "You can't mean that, what about Bastila? What about Master Zhar? What about all those you left behind? Would you be willing to fight them as well?"

Revan looked up into Ian's eyes, his brown eyes burning with contempt though Ian did not know where it was directed. "I am nothing but a murderer to them." Revan hissed. Ian remained expressionless as he watched the rage play over on Revan's features. He had seen this in Malak and many of the other Jedi as well. After fighting this brutal war they had been called murderers and criminals when they did what they had to end the Mandalorian slaughter, resulting in the death of the Mandalorian people.

"When someone tells you that you are something long enough... sometimes you begin to believe it..." Ian said thoughtfully after a long and uncomfortable silence. Revan sighed, shaking his head.

"I am a murderer." The former Jedi wanted to tell his friend those words but he could not, he had fought with himself over his decisions in this war, How many of his friends had he seen die or had buried because of this war. How many had died because of decisions he had made. The weight of the war and all those deaths came crashing down onto him as his body and mind shook with guilt and anger. "I can't change the past, Ian." Revan muttered. Ian nodded and turned, leaving his friend to contemplate his own path. "But I can change the future..."

Revan whispered as his chamber doors sealed. The Republic Commander wiped the blood from his mouth and stared at his armor that lay in pieces on his bed. His mind briefly wondered what had become of the red-haired girl that had saved his life but the thoughts were lost as anger and hatred filled him. The Republic had taken it upon itself to relocate any survivors of the Mandalorian's slave ranks to Nar Shadda and the girl was likely dead or enslaved on the smuggler's moon thanks to their carelessness.

Weeks had passed since the final battle over Malachor V and Revan had still not returned to the Jedi. Ian Kenobi had returned only to be stripped of his place in the Order and cast out, as Revan had predicted, like a plague. The Jedi Exile and former General chose to go beyond the Outer Rim to center himself. The Republic and the Core Worlds had long since sickened him and he had a sudden desire to be as far away from the Jedi and the Republic as possible. Revan had called all those that had survived Malachor V to follow him on a crusade beyond the Outer Rim to find and destroy the remnants of the Mandalorians as they scattered and fell into disarray. For a year, Revan, Malak and the Jedi and soldiers that followed them searched unknown space finding only a series of dead worlds, graves to some unholy crusade to end all life. Revan had felt that the Jedi were right when they spoke of an unseen threat beyond the Outer Rim but he was abhorred when he discovered the truth...The Massassi Sith, descendants of the Ancient Sith Brotherhood of Darkness. The same Brotherhood led by the Sith Lords Marka Ragnos, Tulak Horde, Ludo Kresh, Lord Kaan, and Ajunta Pall.

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"Damn the Council."

Revan snarled. The former Jedi had since unlocked the Star Force and poured its mechanical might against the Massassi, stopping them in their tracks by sheer number. Revan harbored his hatred of the Jedi until it finally exploded. Leaving behind the Massassi and their dominion of unknown worlds, Revan turned on the Republic, allying with the remnant Sith of Exar Kun and claiming the mantle of the Dark Lord of the Sith. The Mandalorian and former Jedi did not want to admit it, but the Massassi scared him to death and he knew he needed the power to stop them. An empire where he drew each and every battle plan and one where he controlled the forces seemed greatly appealing to the former Jedi. *"If I have to be a Dark Jedi or the Dark Lord of the Sith, so be it."* Revan muttered to himself as he ordered his fleet to attack the Republic. The battle hardened Jedi and soldiers under him followed readily, disgusted as much as the Dark Lord at the weakness of the Republic.

"Things need to change..." Revan reasoned. *"The weakness needs to be purged to we can be strong and repel these invaders."* It was not a moral issue for Revan. The Republic needed to be replaced and what took its place needed the power to respond immediately to a threat and not hide in its Senatorial apartments or spires hoping the demons of the universe would go away. There was another reason behind his motives, Revan knew. He wanted the Jedi to pay. He wanted them to change as well. The Jedi had long since adopted the stance of non-aggression and pacifism in conflict, fearing another Exar Kun. *"I'll show them what to fear."*

Revan's mind snarled as he drew out plans to move against the Outer World planets of Belkadan, Helska, and Bastion. Malak had protested weakly of the invasion and Revan had admonished his apprentice by removing his jaw. Many began to believe that Revan had lost his mind after seeing him cut away his childhood friend's jaw. In a way, they were right.

"Fear commands loyalty. I want you to do what I say, not what you want." Revan had roared as he left Malak's broken body lying on the deck of his vessel. Things had never been the same between the two old friends, not surprisingly. Malak had wanted to ignore the and

leave them be, saying that it would be years, possibly centuries before they began moving against the Outer Rim and known space. Malak had wanted to return to the Republic and ignore the problem, something Revan would not abide in his maddened state. The now Sith officers and Masters said nothing, unwilling to bring the wrath of Darth Revan upon them. The officers also knew that Revan had taken part in the few brief ground engagements with the Massassi. Whatever Revan had seen had pushed him over whatever balance he held and shaped him into a ruthless and tactically frightening genius.

Seeing Malak's punishment and the lengths at which Revan would go to shape his empire drew the loyalty of his followers, if not the respect. Revan was always one to fight alongside his men and take part in the actions. As Revan's flagship drew on the Republic world of Belkadan, Revan again proved that he was not willing to ask his men to do what he did not as he took a fighter and attacked the Republic orbital station and defenses. Belkadan was taken within hours without a significant loss of life and the people were allowed to keep their own government. The Jedi responded immediately, allying with the Republic against the Sith. Revan outright laughed at the action.

"So afraid to fight, yet now when it is I you fight you rush into it... Foolish, hasty. I am not the threat, though you are right to fear me." Revan eyes the ruined Republic positions of Belkadan and shook his head as he talked aloud to himself. "I will break you and you will become strong. You will be worthy to live." Revan turned and stalked away from his bridge darkly into a shadowed corridor, ignoring the apprehension his bridge crew felt at his strange behavior. They had long ago pledged loyalty to Darth Revan and the Sith and knew that Revan was not a weakling, or one to suffer fools.

"And so the Jedi Civil War begins." Revan mused as he prowled the corridors of his vessel. All kindness and light in his life had given way to darkness and malice. All softness and joy was replaced by jagged edges and grief. The Dark Lord of the Sith seated himself in his dimly lit quarters reading the civilian casualties from his attack. "What difference does one more life make? I am already a mass murderer to them. Why should I even care?" Revan asked himself in his dark quarters. A brief flash of a smile and a brown-haired, blue-eyed

young woman dressed in the most ridiculous outfit he had ever seen crossed his mind before it was brutally crushed by the memories of death and suffering he had seen in his years fighting.

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Shortly after the battle at Belkadan, Malak had been captured by a taskforce of Jedi trained for that express purpose, hunting down the Dark Lord of the Sith, and bringing him back alive. *“The incompetent fool doesn’t deserve being rescued.”* Revan thought to himself as he stormed down the halls of the Galactic Courthouse with two Sith Acolytes in tow. Revan turned to his two disciples and cried out, “Let’s go free poor Malak. Perhaps he’ll take my advice from now on when I warn him about rash actions... and we can show the Republic that they have no hope against us.”

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“Malak, why have you betrayed the Republic?” A fat twilek senator asked, leaning forward in his seat so he could better survey the war criminal.

Malak’s metallic voice rang out from his cybernetic jaw, “Stopping us now will be like standing at the bottom of a mountain, trying to stop an avalanche. You are puppets of tradition pretending to be important. The coming Golden Age has no place for you. Your Republic is an empty self-indulgent diversion... signifying nothing. The lost glory of the Sith will turn all of your supposed accomplishments to dust.”

Suddenly the door’s burst open and Revan followed by the two acolytes stormed in, “Excuse me. Might I join the discussion? I’ve got something I’m sure you’ll find interesting.”

Malak turned his head and caught the lightsaber that was thrown to him by the Sith Master, “It’s about time, Revan!”

Revan laughed a cold, hollow laugh, “Didn’t Master Arca teach you patience, Malak? My Master Zhar was always trying to get me to learn.” Revan walked up to stand beside his apprentice on the raised platform in the center of the courtroom, “The Sith Empire will rise again, and we are the spark. The flames will wash over the crumbling

Republic and consume all your works... Establishing the glorious days of a lost Golden Age, far greater than any of us can know."

With these words said, the doors to the courtroom once again swing open and reveal the robed forms of Jedi Masters Zhar and Dorak. "Revan, I must speak with you!"

Revan smirked beneath his mask, "Go ahead, Master. We seem to have a captive audience. You know what, I could use you, Master Zhar; you could be a great ally to our Sith brotherhood."

Zhar slowly shook his head and stared at his former apprentice with a mixture of sadness and horror, "You know I must say no."

"A pity, you fought me once, Master Zhar, and *bested* me before I left to fight the Mandalorians. Why don't we try it again, a rematch? Only this time we up the stakes, if you beat me, I will return with you and undergo whatever training you wish to give, but if I win, you agree to join the Sith brotherhood and work at my side." Revan crossed his arms over his chest and glared down at his former Jedi Master.

"You know I could never bow to the evil Sith ways." Zhar said emphatically.

Revan merely waved his hand, "Whatever, we can work out the details later." With that said Revan activated his ruby red lightsaber and leapt for the Jedi Master. Zhar, faster than many believed possible, drew his emerald lightsaber and blocked the blow. Feinted left, and swung at his apprentice's head. Revan merely blocked the green blade with his cortosis gauntlet, and leapt back to the center of the courtroom.

Zhar lowered his blade slightly, "I beseech you to reconsider your actions and return with me. Stop this game of bullying the galaxy-- It's beneath you and beneath contempt!"

Revan shook his head and Zhar dashed forward causing the two blades to lock. Dorak sensing something was about to happen moved quietly behind the other Jedi Master, "Join me, Master Zhar."

Zhar shook his head and eyed Revan beneath the two crossed blades, "This is not the end, Revan. You and I will fight again... perhaps not for a very long time, but I will defeat you."

Revan laughed that cold laugh and dropped his lightsaber and ducked around the stunned Jedi Master, and calling Malak's lightsaber to him with the Force spun around and cut off Zhar's head. Grabbing his original lightsaber as he rolled he returned to his feet to stab Dorak in the chest, causing him to slump to the ground gasping for air. Then he hissed out, "Words. Go on to your higher plane, teacher. The galaxy is mine now."

Chapter 4 – Return of the Sith

The former Echani General and current leader of the Echani people in the Republic Senate, Yusanis sighed wearily as he walked into his Senatorial apartment. In the fourteen months since the end of the Mandalorian wars, the Senator spent most of his time caring for his daughters and seeking peaceful resolutions to war. The Mandalorian wars had changed him as they had all that fought in them. The once feared Mandalorians were reduced to refugees, forced to work as mercenaries and bounty hunters to make a living. The Jedi had lost nearly a fifth of their number and what remained behind after Revan's disappearance beyond the Outer Rim were uncertain of where their place was in the universe.

Taking a moment to linger outside his youngest daughter's room, Yusanis sighed, staring at the sleeping teenager. "*I don't think they know what danger they are in...*" Yusanis took a deep, calming breath. He had recently been pressing the issue of the Echani joining the Republic and Jedi's war effort against the newly emerged Sith threat. His old friend had already taken twenty systems along the rim and was moving even further, threatening to engulf the Echani and their allied worlds. Making his way to the kitchen area of his apartment, Yusanis made a cup of Jawa juice and seated himself on a chair in his common room to review the latest movements of the Sith fleet.

Yusanis awoke to a pair of glowing crimson eyes. "What the—"

"Threat: Cease all movements or be terminated." The rust-colored droid responded, leveling a blaster rifle on the Echani. Yusanis calmed his breathing and eyed the assassin droid as it stood motionless across from him.

"Like my new toy?" A deep voice cut through the dark room. Yusanis' breath caught for a moment before he turned his wide eyes to the armored man standing in the dimly lit hallway with his arms crossed over his chest.

"Revan..." Yusanis breathed.

Revan remained motionless, staring at the Echani. "Do you remember your promise?"

Yusanis nodded, standing. His rise ceased as the assassin droid charged its blaster.

"HK-47 Stand down." The droid's eyes flashed as the blaster rifle powered down. "Now then, lets discuss this new bill before the Echani as to what actions are to be taken against the Sith Empire." Revan started as he stared down at the Echani Senator through his mask. Within his mask, the advanced sensors woven into the crimson and obsidian mask picked up the increased heartbeat of the Echani as he looked down to the datapad he had been reading before he dozed off.

"What do you want, Revan?" Yusanis asked in a tight tone.

Revan turned his head from Yusanis and looked towards the area of the apartment his children slept in. "I want you to pass a new bill, Yusanis."

"I can't do that!" Yusanis snarled.

Revan raised an eyebrow beneath his mask as its sensors picked up one of the Echani's children stirring. "Do you wish for me to bring the full might of my fleet upon your people?" Revan hissed.

Yusanis glared at the Dark Lord. "Let them come!"

Revan laughed eerily as he turned from the Echani. "If you don't..."

Revan turned in time to see HK-47 move to restrain the enraged Echani. "You haven't fallen so far that you've forgotten your honor have you!" Yusanis nearly yelled, frightened to wake his children with his rising voice.

Revan laughed loudly, shaking his head. "I give you another option... fight me, tonight. You and I. Your death will be all I need..." Revan motioned to HK and turned to leave, stopping as he neared the doorway. "Meet me on landing pad 34-A In the Alpha-89 docking port..." Revan turned and gave Yusanis a pointed look through his mask. "Come alone and tell no one. If you do... I will go room to room in this house and kill each of your children... all but your precious Brianna. She, I will take with me."

Revan stalked towards Yusanis, glaring into his hateful blue eyes. "And she will die very slowly if you cross me, I can assure you."

Revan turned to leave, but Yusanis' voice stopped him. "If I fight you... will you leave them be."

Revan's shoulders dropped slightly. "I will..." His voice was barely a whisper, but Yusanis heard and nodded, standing and leaving the room as Revan and HK-47 vanished.

"Query: Master, why do you give the meatbag Echani a chance to escape?" HK asked.

Revan chuckled at the usage of the term 'meatbag.' Ever since hearing Malak arguing with the assassin droid and the droid referring to him as a meatbag, Revan had programmed the rust-colored droid to continue using the term when speaking to any type of organic lifeform. "Curiosity my metal friend. I wish to see if he still holds to his honor. If not I'm sure you wouldn't mind killing about six miniature meatbags?"

HK's eyes gleamed with hope at the promise of eradicating more life. "Request: May I kill the miniature meatbags anyways, Master?" HK asked hopefully, or as hopeful as a droid could ask.

Revan shook his head firmly. "Only if he does not come alone." Revan scowled towards the droid. *"Sometimes that thing is a little too sadistic."* Revan scoffed as he waited on the landing pad. A strong wind swept through the obscure spaceport, causing his cloak and robes to flutter. Turning, Revan saw Yusanis slowly approaching, clad in his Echani armor.

"No one knows I am here." Yusanis snarled as he pulled his double-bladed Echani Brand from his sling.

Revan tilted his head in acknowledgment and turned to HK. "HK prepare the ship for departure." HK's eyes dimmed slightly in disappointment as it boarded the small transport and prepared the ship's preflight protocol. "You and I have a promise to keep, Yusanis."

Revan activated his crimson saber, stalking towards the Echani Senator like a feline preparing to pounce on its prey. Yusanis let out a war cry and charged Revan, striking air as the Dark Lord vaulted himself upwards. Yusanis' eyes followed the Dark Lord as he rose into the air before he spun and brought his double-bladed sword to deflect Revan's crimson blade. Revan kicked off the ground to add speed to his dodge as Yusanis skillfully slashed for the Dark Lord's form. Revan twisted away from the counterattack and spun his saber, thrusting backwards and hearing a choked gasp from his opponent.

"Yo- You're better." Yusanis coughed as he sank to his knees and his blade dropped from his hands.

Revan made no move to acknowledge as he held his saber in the same position. "Goodbye, my friend."

Yusanis coughed as he fell forward and his vision darkened. Revan turned and drove his saber into the man's heart swiftly to cease his pain. He eyed the wound he had made through the man's stomach and sighed as he called Yusanis' Brand to him. The Dark Lord tested the weapon for a moment before driving one of the blades into the landing platform.

"This should remain with your family..." Within moments, the Dark Lord had vanished into his transport and the transport was shooting into orbit. Nearby a scavenger looted the famed war hero and Senator before throwing his body over the platform and watching it fall into the Coruscant undercity.

Darth Revan eyes the news holo with a vicious glare as it revealed the current affairs of the Republic. *"And in other news, The Echani Senator, Yusanis' body was recovered from the Coruscant undercity, stripped of all valuables and killed with what appears to be a lightsaber. Reports state that a dark figure was seen fighting with the Echani Senator on a landing pad and many believe it to have been a Sith. The man leaves behind six teenage daughters who have been taken into the care of Jedi Master Atris of the Jedi Council."*

Revan continued to glare at the holo. *"If I ever find who desecrated his body..."* Revan clenched his fists tightly as he turned his smoldering gaze to a nearby guard.

"Prepare my fighter." Revan snapped. The guard hastily saluted and vanished. The holo continued and the Dark Lord calmed slightly at the news. *"The Echani government had officially cut all ties with the Republic as their worlds have been to decay into a bloody civil war. The passing of Senator Yusanis marks the end of the shaky truce the Echani crafted to view the Sith threat."*

"At least something went as planned." Revan snarled as he stalked to the corner of his room and activated his assassin Droid.

HK-47's eyes flashed as he powered up. "Exclamation: Master! How wonderful to see you! Is there someone you would like me to kill?"

It had been a week since Revan had returned from Coruscant and he had heard rumors of the Mandalorians attempting to regroup under a new Mandalore. Eyeing the silver armor that only the true Mandalore could wear, Revan snarled. *"It is my right to be known as Mandalore... Only I, or someone I appoint can be called Mandalore."* Revan turned to his assassin droid and smirked darkly. "Yes, there are quite a few, HK." HK's eyes gleamed in anticipation as Revan began stating off his demands. "Lelin-Der of Serroco has been a bit troublesome... he will have to go immediately. Mimas Yoon of Corellia is also being quite the bother." HK sealed the targets deep within his memory core, preparing for it to be erased. "There is also the matter of the new Mandalore. Find him and kill him." Revan stated firmly. HK acknowledged and prepared for Revan's next command. "You did a fine job capturing those Jedi..." Revan complimented his creation.

HK's eyes again shined with pride as Revan wiped the assassin's memory core and programmed the targets. No matter how useful HK was for capturing Jedi, there were other things that Revan needed done and HK-47 was one of a kind. After he finished his programming, HK swiftly vanished form the room and boarded a transport, preparing to assassinate his new targets.

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"Why don't we just kill them all?" Malak's mechanical voice cut through the silence of the torture chambers of Korriban.

Revan turned to his apprentice and former friend with a contemptuous look beneath his mask. "Because, fool. True power is not having your enemies lying at your feet dead and broken, but having them stand by your side, willingly." Revan leered for a moment at the torture cells that contained nearly a dozen Jedi that had been individually captured in their newly captured territory.

"What if they lie? What if they are not loyal?" Malak questions.

Revan turned to his shadow and smiled. "Because I know how to break Jedi." Malak shuddered despite himself. "Keep your friends close..." Revan began, causing Malak to tense. Revan elbowed Malak's ribs painfully, causing the apprentice to grunt and turn a glare to his former friend. "And your enemies closer..." Revan finished as he waved Malak away. "Now leave me, I must get to know our new apprentices."

Malak turned and left quickly, casting one last glare over his shoulder. The message in Revan's words was clear and he no longer blamed his old friend. "*One day I will return this favor.*" Malak ran his hand across his metallic jaw covering and scowled mentally. If Revan would view him as an enemy, so be it. "*Its not like I'm your friend.*" Malak ignored the pain that settled in his stomach at those words. He had thought he had cleansed the love he held for his childhood friend through the hatred he felt at Revan's betrayal of him. "*His lesson.*" Malak corrected mentally. The Sith Lord let out a mechanical sigh as he rubbed his aching side.

"Must have broken a rib with that blow..." Malak said aloud, only to feel the burning hatred return and block out whatever pity or sorrow he felt when looking at Revan when a machine and not his own voice spoke. Revan had returned to the way he had been during the Mandalorian wars, distant and detached. Malak would have been concerned if he had viewed Revan as a friend, but he merely shrugged the thoughts away. The Dark Lord's mental condition was none of his concern. Revan had made it clear what his position was when he had taken Malak's jaw and called him a coward and a traitor for wanting to run from the Massassi.

"And look what he is doing now, exactly what I said!" Malak's internal voice chanted. *"Someday, Revan you will lie broken before me and I will be certain that my debt to you is repaid."* Malak stalked through the corridors of the Sith academy, stopping momentarily to observe a young and powerful student strike down one of his classmates before the academy's Master.

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Jedi Padawan Selene Arkesh moaned slightly as she awoke. It had been a week since she had been captured by Sith while on a mission with her Master. The Sith had seemed to appear out of nowhere and had killed her Master and knocked her unconscious. The following days had been filled with beatings and taunting. The doors to her torture chamber opened to reveal a young man. The young man smirked as he eyed the human female.

"Hello there, dear." He called out in a sickeningly sweet tone as he stalked towards the woman and caressed her cheek. Selene felt her skin crawl at the man's touch and felt bile rising in her throat. "I was sent to torture you... but I can think of something that may be a little more pleasurable for the both of us..." The young man eyed her hungrily and Selene resisted the urge to scream. The sixteen year old Padawan struggled violently against her restraints as the torturer ran his hands over her. "Come now, its better if you don't fight it... for you anyways." The man added with a smirk as he tore away the Padawan's tattered robes. "I will break you and you will bow to me and beg for whatever scraps I choose to give you in the end." The man sneered.

He had been an interrogator in what remained of the Sith Empire of Exar Kun before Revan had taken control and found that he enjoyed his work. Especially when working with female prisoners. The man held no fear of reprisals. Malak had given him free reign to use any means he deemed necessary and even though it was a crime to rape in the Sith Empire, he knew nothing would happen to him. The interrogator took a moment to eyes the Jedi Padawan hungrily. She would be broken by the time he was finished and would either not remember, or not care. The man laughed maliciously as he gave the Padawan a forceful kiss. "Now be a good little Jedi and submit." He

hissed as he continued to tear away the girl's tattered robes. Weary from struggling and tortures, Selene screamed and was struck violently across the face. "That's not very nice, I have very sensitive hearing you know. I was going to be easy on you..." The torturer paused as he smirked and eyed the girl. "But now I think I may be a little rough."

The Padawan screamed as she tried in vain to break free of her restraints. The Force-disruptor collar on her neck keeping her from calling her constant companion's aid. "We have laws for a reason..." A voice thick with malice echoed through the chamber. Selene felt the torturer's painful caresses of her body cease as his body tensed. "We are not animals... Men... should only know the touch of one woman... and women should only know the touch of one man... That is what separates us from animals."

The armored form of Darth Revan stepped from a shadowed corridor as his masked features stared into the torturer's face. "L-Lord Revan...Malak gave me permission to use any means necessary and I thought..."

"You thought that meant you could violate the oath you took to me?" Revan snarled.

The torturer leapt from his position over the teenage Padawan and stood at attention before the Dark Lord. "No, my Lord."

Revan stood motionless as he stared at the torturer. The Jedi Padawan stared through blurry eyes at the Dark Lord of the Sith. "Continue." Revan stated calmly.

Selene let out a strangled sob as the torturer shot her a lecherous look. "With pleasure, my Lord."

As he prepared to tear what remained of Selene's tattered robes, Revan cleared his throat. Turning to the Dark Lord with a questioning expression, the torturer froze. "My Lord?"

Revan crossed his arms tightly across his chest and leaned against the wall. "This is a torture chamber is it not?" The torturer nodded to Revan's question. "And you are a torturer are you not?" Again the

man nodded. Darth Revan uncrossed his arms and held out his left hand. With a snap, Selene's collar dropped from her neck. "Funny... I thought you were a rapist."

Selene instantly broke free of her bonds and pinned the torturer within a second. "Women are so much better at administering pain than men... did you know that?" Revan asked the torturer. "Padawan Arkesh?" Revan questioned softly.

The girl turned her confused eyes to the Dark Lord. "R- Knight Revan?" She asked his old title.

Revan walked to a nearby locker and pulled out a set of obsidian Jedi robes and a matching cloak. "Get dressed, Padawan." The Jedi Padawan cautiously rose and quickly made her way to the locker, Relishing the feel of clean clothing though she had the urge to shower and scrub her skin till she bled. A loud thud reached her ears and she turned to see Revan pinning her torturer to the block she had resided moments before, speaking lowly to her torturer before he grasped the man's jaw tightly and squeezed. A loud pop was heard as the man struggled violently and cried out in pain.

"I will stop when she asks me to." Revan had whispered to the man before he unleashed his unholy knowledge of tortures against the man. Selene heard Revan snarl to the man, something along the lines of. *"If you wish to be an animal, I will slaughter you like one."*

The Jedi Padawan watched with morbid fascination as Revan pulled the torturer apart piece by piece, surprised that the man still lived after several hours. The entire time she remained silent, watching the horrific display of savage dismemberment until Revan stopped and turned to her. Two blue eyes wide with fear stared back at him and Revan slowly nodded his head as he turned back and removed another piece of the torturer. The man's convulsions did not cease, but the pained cries he made did. Moments later the convulsions died down to a sudden jerk before they became nothing. Selene knew the man had never lost consciousness until that final moment that Darth Revan had snatched the life from him. She did not know why she did

not try to stop him, but looking at the mangled body she felt no sympathy for the beast.

Darth Revan flicked his bloodied gloves for a moment to clear them of some of the mess before he turned to the Jedi Padawan. "I do not wish to break you... I wish to convert you..." He said with a sickening calm to Selene. After seeing him tear the man who was preparing to rape her to shreds and then to hear him directly address her, Selene was in near hysterics.

"So I can be like you?" She cried as she felt helpless.

Revan tilted his head slightly as he looked into her blue eyes that reminded him so much of another young woman he knew. "I just murdered that man... Violently. What difference does that make? I am already called a mass murderer but tell me this... What difference does this man's death make?"

Selene crushed her wish to fall to her knees and cry as she looked into Revan's masked features and eyed the blood that seemed to be splattered across his armor. "He can't hurt me... or anyone else again..."

Revan nodded. "Good, you're learning." Revan walked to the doorway and stopped for a moment. "The Jedi and the Republic would have allowed that man to live... throwing him into exile for his crimes or locking him away for only a year or two... Does that fit your view of justice?"

Selene found herself shaking her head. She turned her eyes to the Dark Lord as he turned to her. "I have the power now to end such things... Do you want that power?"

Selene's eyes widened slightly. He was asking her to join him, willingly. "I- That is the Darkside..."

Revan calmly pulled back his hood and removed his mask, causing the girl to gasp. She had seen Malak once, as well as the other Sith Masters that were disfigured by the Darkside and what she saw when she looked at Revan was not what she had expected. His skin was pale, likely from being hidden from all light within his armor and his

face drawn and tired, but still handsome and somewhat young. His eyes were a deep brown, though red seemed to cloud them, giving him the look of utter exhaustion. "Do I look like I bathe in the darkness?" Revan asked in his deep voice.

Selene stared at the Dark Lord for a moment before turning away and wrapping her arms across her chest."...No." She whispered.

"That is where you are wrong." Revan's voice said calmly, but with hidden malice. Selene turned to see a vicious scowl adorning Revan's handsome features. "I am a mass murderer and one of the most evil men you will ever meet... But I still believe in honor and that is why I spared you that... thing's touch." Revan motioned to the pile of body parts and blood that lay motionless in the room. "I am fighting a war, Padawan. One I will do anything... almost anything to win." Revan sighed as he stared at the girl. "I have a friend... Bastila Shan. I want you to tell her that I am beyond hope. I want you to tell her that I have fallen."

Selene gasped. She had met the arrogant Padawan a few times during her stay at the Jedi Temple but was far from her friend. "Wha-Why do you want me to do that?" She asked.

Revan's face took on the weary look once more as he looked away from the young girl. "Because I don't want her to be foolish and believe she can save me... or capture me. You have witnessed what I am capable of and my only other offer is your immediate death." Revan took a threatening step towards Selene. The Padawan instinctively backed away. "I want her to hide in some hole with the rest of the Jedi to spare me the trouble of having to eliminate her."

Revan did not voice his desire to not see her fall. He had been tortured for weeks by dreams of Bastila falling in battle against his forces or of her being captured and tortured by the likes of Malak and the man he had killed a short while ago.

"I-" Revan took another threatening step towards the young girl. "Do you want to die?" Selene shook her head. "Do you want me to do to you what I did to that man over there?" Revan motioned to the torture slab. Selene again shook her head furiously. "Then what is your answer?"

Selene stared with wide eyes at the Dark Lord. "I will tell the Council... and Padawan Shan what I have witnessed here, today."

The Dark Lord was silent for a moment before he nodded and pulled his hood over his head, replacing his mask. "Good..." He said, apparently satisfied. The Dark Lord reached into his armor and produced a small datapad. "These are directions out of this facility and this..." Revan pulled a lightsaber from his cloak and tossed it to the Padawan along with the Datapad. "Completes your disguise."

Selene took that moment to eye her attire, gasping to herself when she realized she looked exactly like a Dark Jedi.

"Your ship is waiting." Revan said quietly as he bowed mockingly to the terrified Padawan and vanished darkly into the shadowed corridor. Selene gulped as she attached the lightsaber to her belt. Making her way through the Sith complex, she quickly found the ship set aside for her and left Korriban behind her. The Jedi Padawan did not take the time to relax until she had reached hyperspace.

"Why would he want Bastila Shan to think he is evil? From what I've heard she hates him more than he hates the Jedi..." Selene sighed as she tried to keep her minds from her imprisonment and her Master's death. "I will do as he asked..."

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"What significance is Telos?" Malak questioned as he followed Revan swiftly down the corridors of the Leviathan.

Revan turned to his Apprentice and smiled coldly beneath his mask. "They are to be made an example, Malak. Don't do anything unnecessary."

Malak seemed taken aback for a moment before his eyes narrowed. "What do you mean, an example, Revan?"

Revan resisted the urge to sigh as he spoke in a business-like tone. "The Telosians have been far to giving in the Republic's military. They have proven to be a nuisance and one that I will no longer tolerate. I want them gone."

Malak took in the information calmly. "So you want me to destroy them?" Malak asked.

Revan laughed that cold heartless laugh. "Yes...the Telosians have vast resources and manpower... They would make an excellent addition to my Empire. A Republic officer... I believe you know him. Admiral Saul Karath. Has asked how he can show his support to the Sith Empire. I want to you secure Telos' resources and I want you to make certain his priorities are in check. Do what must be done, I trust that you will not hesitate."

Malak nodded, as a truly evil plan began to form in his head. *I think I'm going to be destroying a planet today.* "Does it really matter if I reduce the entire planet to rubble?" Malak's mechanical voice asked eagerly.

Revan felt his lip curl into a sneer, and he looked at his dark apprentice beneath his mask, "Do what you see fit, Malak. We have enough resources one way or another."

Malak's mechanical laughter answered the Dark Lord.

"Be mindful, Malak. I would prefer to have the resources of Telos at my disposal but I will accept whatever you deem necessary. The Star Forge is more then capable of providing us our immediate needs."

It was always so much more enjoyable and simpler to annihilate his enemies totally than try to convert them like Revan. He has seen his master waste hours of precious time that could be spent killing Jedi trying to convert them. Through the horrors and pains he forced upon them, they had fallen and willingly followed his Master. It still confused Malak how they could be so completely loyal to Revan after torturing them for so long, but he asked himself why he still followed Revan. *Power, Revan is possibly the most powerful Force user since the times of Exar Kun. He is possibly even more powerful than the former Dark Lord himself. But that is what truly frightens us, that the Massassi Sith, the remnants of the true Sith, are able to defeat our forces so easily.* Malak knew that Revan held more power than him, more power than he could imagine.

Revan watched as his apprentice silently stalked off the bridge of the flagship, *He is going to betray me soon. His honor will only go so far and he is on the brink of insanity as it is.* "Lord Revan." Revan turned, raising an eyebrow to the approaching Dark Jedi. The Sith shifted nervously for a moment under the cold gaze before Revan's head tilted slightly in acknowledgment. "We have captured another Jedi prisoner. We were going to go ahead and torture her but she said she knew you personally." The Dark Jedi stated emotionlessly.

Revan chuckled, unnerving the Dark Jedi. "Show me to our guest then." *I wonder what pathetic Jedi Master they have captured this time. Either way I'm sure that it will be amusing.*

Revan was led to the Leviathan's landing bay where he boarded a transport, returning to his own flagship. To Revan's surprise he spotted a young Jedi Padawan being led towards him in binders.

"Padawan Offee..." The Padawan gave Revan a slight nod, surprised when he struck her painfully across her face. It had been five years since Revan had last seen the Padawan, the two had been friends back in the days before Revan had left for the Mandalorian Wars.

"Take her to the 'guest' rooms." Revan hissed. Barriss's eyes widened as she was dragged away and into the all too familiar torture cells. Hours later found her in Darth Revan's presence.

"Why are you here?" Revan asked calmly.

Barriss pulled angrily against her restraints. "I did what you asked, I can't go back to the Jedi now. They banished me like the plague, I was so angry, I felt that power that you spoke of. I desire to be a Sith."

Revan raised an eyebrow beneath his mask. "Oh?"

The girl seemed to be pleading to him with her wide blue eyes and Revan found himself curious to the questions lying beneath. "They said that what I told them about you was a lie and that you had no honor." Revan tensed slightly at the poorly veiled respect he heard in that statement. "They wanted me to see a mind healer... They kept asking me questions, again and again about my Master and-" The

girl's breath seemed to catch at the mention of her deceased Master. Revan stalked towards the girl, eyeing her.

"What do you want, Barriss?" *The girl doesn't have a trace of the darkside on her, yet those pathetic Masters deemed it necessary to send her, a Padawan to spy on the Dark Lord of the Sith. I will show them what I am capable of. They truly underestimate my resolve. I need the Republic's resources to defeat the Ancient Sith.*

Revan asked, startling the Padawan by using her first name.

"I want to follow you... I want that power you spoke of..." Revan gave the Jedi Padawan a calculating look. "I will ask many things of you..." Revan whispered. Barriss merely stared back at him in defiance. Revan chuckled darkly. "I want you to beg." The Dark Lord hissed. Barriss's brow furrowed in confusion, unable to track the movements of Revan's hands as he pulled a small vibroshiv.

"Rev- Ahhhh!" Her words were cut off by a scream of pain as Revan dug the small cutting tool into her painfully.

"You want to learn that power?" Revan snarled as he continued to cut away at the Jedi Padawan. Her screams beginning to rack with sobs as her small frame shivered and convulsed. Then as suddenly as the pain was there, it vanished. Revan brought his masked visage inches from Barriss's face and waited as her blue eyes fluttered open. The eyes were filled with confusion and hurt as Revan laughed maliciously. "I warned you and the other Jedi to go hide in a hole until I was finished." Revan snarled. "Now I will not let you go until you are dead, or mine!"

"Please! –" Revan placed his gloved hand over her mouth. "Shhh..." Revan chided. Removing his hand, Revan was pleased to hear only the girl's ragged breathing. "I am no fool, Barriss. Why did they send you?" Revan questioned as he wiped the blood from the vibroshiv and glanced at the girl. Her once confident eyes had filled with terror and betrayal. "Not answering?" Revan shook his head mournfully. "You will..."

He promised as he allowed his hand and the torture implement to hover over the girl's bloodied Padawan robes. Barriss gasped as the blade dug into her flesh once more. "You will beg me to listen."

The next few hours were nothing but pain for Barriss. As Revan had predicted, she begged and pleaded with him to stop. The unshakable Jedi resolve being shattered under his torturous hands. "Spy..." Barriss gasped through the pain. She had already confessed things to Revan that she would never tell another soul. Part of her felt peace at ridding herself of the lies and frivolities of her short life but another was mortified that this man, who she had felt the smallest respect for, had shattered her image of an honorable Lord and held her deepest secrets. Her fears, her dreams and her very life were all in his hands. Revan's painful ministrations ceased instantly as she heard the vibroshiv being placed on a nearby table.

"Tell me something I don't know." Revan said in an amused tone that made Barriss sick to her stomach.

"Is he actually enjoying this?" Revan quickly grasped the stray thought and smiled. "I am so enjoying our time together, Barriss. But I do have other matters to attend to." Revan eyed the bloodied teenager for a moment before shaking his head. "Tomorrow, we will continue our discussion." The Dark Lord stalked from the room and Barriss released a breath she did not realize she had been holding when she heard the mechanical locking of the door.

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Darth Revan coughed violently as he leaned over the refresher, releasing the last of the sickness that clenched his stomach. His hatred of the Jedi had multiplied substantially after hearing the words leave her mouth that she was sent to spy on him. *"A sixteen year old Padawan. A little girl sent to spy on the Dark Lord of the Sith. Oh how far the Jedi have fallen."* Revan turned his eyes to his mirror and sneered as his hatred rose. Utter disgust had filled him. Not at his own actions, but at what the Jedi had done. Some small part of him had never accepted that they were the careless and emotionless robots he had accused them of being. That minuscule part had died as she whispered his suspicions. He did not regret the pain he had

caused Barriss. It was a lesson to her. She would either hate him, or the Jedi for what had happened and that hatred would release the power she had asked him, begged him for. He had given her what she wanted. Revan leaned over the refresher once more, fighting to swallow the rising bile as he closed his eyes tightly.

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Hours passed and Barriss groaned in pain and apprehension as Darth Revan returned to her cell. "Where were we?" Revan asked lightly as he looked over the Padawan. "Ah yes, you were about to tell me how you planned to spy on me..." Barriss resisted the urge to cry as Revan lifted the vibroshiv and stood over her. Her blue eyes took in the dried blood of the small knife that she knew was her own and she looked pleadingly into Revan's mask.

"Bastila!" She screamed. The sudden jerk in Revan's stance told her she had hit a nerve. She began telling him the indignant rage Bastila had when she had delivered her message and how the Padawan insisted she held no feelings for Revan. She told him how Bastila's once dull and tired blue eyes has shined with anger as she spoke of Revan's deeds.

Glad that he still wore his mask, Revan leaned back against the wall for support to the emotions that threatened to cripple him. "She hates me then..." Revan whispered to Barriss.

The Padawan nodded eagerly. "That is what you wanted... isn't it?" Barriss asked, curious as to the strange stance Revan had assumed.

"Yes..." Revan hissed angrily. There was deafening silence between the two until Barriss finally spoke.

"Is it?" She asked bravely. Revan looked as if he would explode with rage but to both their surprise he threw the vibroshiv to the floor. The Dark Lord lingered for a moment, staring at the girl.

"Are you a Jedi or a Sith?" Revan asked finally. Barriss stiffened. She knew that her answer would seal her death or her damnation.

Taking a moment to collect herself, she stared at the Dark Lord with something resembling pity as she whispered to him. "I am a Jedi."

She did not see the frown under Revan's mask as he turned from her. "Then I can do nothing for you, foolish girl."

Revan stalked into the dormitory of the Sith interrogators on his flagship with a sneer on his face. "*It doesn't matter what happens to her!*" He snarled to himself as he eyed the Sith soldiers that stood stiffly at attention before him. "I have a young Jedi girl that needs some sense knocked into her..."

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Revan stared indifferently at the smoke-filled atmosphere of what had once been Telos.

"Malak has certainly been busy..."

The Dark Lord muttered dryly as he shook his head. Deciding that training would be the best form of meditation, Revan settled into a private training room and pulled an ancient holocron from his cloak. Taking a moment to look over the holocron reverently, Revan depressed the switch to see the barely distinguishable image of an ancient Sith Lord. Having spent weeks secretly studying the holocron of Tulak Hord, the Dark Lords already remarkable skill with the lightsaber had improved a hundred times over. The technique of the ancient saber master was strange to the Dark Lord and defied all he had learned of lightsaber combat from the Jedi. It felt strangely natural to infuse himself with the Force and follow the odd techniques of the ancient Sith Lord. Launching himself into a deadly kata, Revan strove to perfect the art that had he had long ago mastered.

Two weeks passed before Revan's curiosity got the better of him and he returned to the cell he had left Barriss Offee. Telos had been a disaster. Most of the Telosian Security Force had been absent when Saul Karath had launched his assault alongside Malak on the world and all that was gained was another martyred world for the Republic to gain support. Malak had escaped unscathed of Revan's wrath along with all those who had been involved. The Dark Lord knew that

in time, war would weed out those who lacked the resolve to do what had to be done.

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As Revan entered the dimly lit torture chamber he paused, eyeing the mangled corpse that lay strapped to the torture slab. Sighing, Revan shook his head as he walked towards Padawan Offee's corpse.

"Too stubborn..." Revan sighed. The Dark Lord cocked an eyebrow as he caught sight of the angry bruises that ravaged the girl's neck. The dark blue and purple contrast against her dead pale skin and Revan knew she had been dead for only a few hours.

"Perhaps you did not know when to be silent..." Revan ran his hand across the girl's face, closing her now lifeless gray eyes. "Another casualty of the Jedi's failure."

Revan snarled as he tore the restraints that held the girl's body and lifted her corpse in his arms. For some reason beyond his control, all Revan could see when he looked into her lifeless face was Bastila, and the thought drove him to his breaking point as he carried the girl's body to a transport and burned her remains on the planet below. Revan watched the ashes rise from the pyre as he spoke softly. "She would be eighteen now... Only two years older than you..."

Revan knew he was not an elder at his twenty four years, but what he had seen had seemed to age him by decades. His youthful and fit body was weary and pained. Nearly all his actions caused a pain to clench his body or mind and he dropped to his knees as he stared at the burning fire. "This is what has to be done..."

"Even if I am ready to kill... Can I?" It had never been a question for him during the Mandalorian wars. He simply weighed the pros and cons of a battle and made the most efficient and tactical decision while the soldiers died. He would fight alongside them in the thick of battle, but countless thousands he had fought beside lay rotting on those worlds or were blasted to ashes while he continued his war across the galaxy. But now he was killing children. That was what the Jedi seemed to be throwing at him or what they were sending to spy on him.

"This is ridiculous, of course I can." Revan resolved as he stood, watching the pyre die. The Dark Lord knew that a confrontation was coming with the Jedi. The first few months of the war had been mainly been a constant stream of victories against weakly defended worlds or poorly structured Republic fleets. The Dark Lord never considered the Republic to be the real threat. His eyes stared at the ashes within the pyre. "The Jedi are the enemy..."

For weeks his spies and agents had reported to him that the Republic and Jedi had been working together to unleash some type of weapon. What the weapon's nature was unknown to Revan or his agents and the Dark Lord continued to make preparations. Casting one last look at the smoldering cinders of the funeral pyre, Revan sneered. "Let the Jedi send their children to me... Let them see what I am capable of..."

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Four months of fighting had torn the Jedi Order apart. Of forty thousand Jedi at the end of the Mandalorian wars, only half that remained in the Jedi Order. Thousands abandoned the Order for the teachings of Darth Revan and the Sith while others fell in battle or fled. The Jedi Civil War was falling into a retreat. The Jedi could not even call what their situation was a standoff. Wherever Revan attacked, worlds fell. Wherever Revan was, Jedi died. Whenever Revan spoke, Jedi betrayed. The Dark Lord of the Sith wielded a power more dangerous than the Star Forge or the assassin armies of the Trayus Academy. Revan held the power to make those who followed him believe.

The Corellian system was a rich trading world that had managed to survive the Mandalorian wars unscathed. It was also one of the first Revan targeted. The battle was not going well for the Sith. With twice the number of the Corellian Defense Corps, the Sith were baffled by how many men they were losing. So many that Revan had taken from fighting in the thick of battle in his fighter to returning to his flagship. On the bridge of his dreadnaught, Revan cursed as he watched a holo of the battle. The Dark Lord had spent hours devising a plan that would allow them to take Corellia quickly and with as little damage possible to the planet. So far they had not even breached the sixth planet of the Corellian system. The Republic and Corellian forces

seemed to counter every attack and exploit every weakness in his strategy. That was the problem, there were no weaknesses in his plan. Revan cursed as another line of his fighters collapsed into chaos and were torn apart by the surprisingly well organized Republic and Corellian forces.

"Send Alpha wing to support Gamma, I want Commander Caine to bring his Interdictor cruisers in the breach at coordinates 9.89 mark 2.4." Revan eyed the battle warily as he spoke into the open comm channel. His split second adjustments played out, sealing the breach that came at the loss of Gamma squadron.

"How are they doing this?" Revan spoke in quiet awe as the reinforcements suddenly scattered and were destroyed. "Can you get me a hack into the Republic's comm frequency?" Revan asked a nearby technician. The Sith tech nodded and quickly made his way to a communications console. Revan continued making adjustments to his battle plan, sighing in relief when he found a breach in the Republic lines and then scowling when the breach instantly filled.

"No one is that organized..." Revan snarled as he quickly picked up a datapad and made his predictions of the battle. "I want to pull Beta and Omega squadrons from the fighting and use them to defend the heavy cruisers. In fact I want all fighters to break up and fire at will."

"My Lord?" A commander questioned over the comm line.

"It may drastically minimize the effect our fighters have on their ships but it will also prevent heavy losses if the fighter squadrons break apart. No groups larger than five do I make myself clear?" Revan stated firmly into the frequency. The Commander acknowledged and Revan waited for several moments as his fighters broke apart and swarmed the Republic lines. The lack of structure in his fighter's attacks and the random vectors the fighters choose to attack from made a noticeable difference as the Republic began taking heavy fighter losses.

"Thank the Force we have good pilots..." Revan sighed in his mind. The Sith Capitol ships quickly took advantage of the chaos in the Republic lines, tearing away the Republic fighters with their turboblasters and firing their blaster cannons against the Republic

capitol ships. Revan suddenly shouted into the comm line to pull back the Capitol ships as the chaos in the Republic lines suddenly shifted to what he recognized as an offensive strategy. Caught off guard, the Sith Capitol ships found themselves surrounded by their breach in the Republic lines. The chaos surrounding them suddenly became a well organized and one sided bombardment as the Republic and Corellian ships fired on them from all sides.

"Pull back, all forces pull back!" Revan shouted into the open comm lines. Falling back to the outer edge of the Corellian system, the Sith fleet awaited reinforcements as their fighters fought desperately to hold the impossibly well organized Republic forces at bay.

"Lord Revan we have breached the Republic secure channel." A Sith Tech said proudly to Revan.

The Dark Lord nodded his appreciation to the Tech as he approached the console and scanned through the hundreds of signals from Republic and Corellian forces.

"The Jedi's plan worked, I can't believe it!" A young woman's voice spoke in awe. Revan locked onto the channel and waited for the response, his blood boiling. "*The Jedi's plan?*"

A round of laughs were heard over the consol as Revan listened. "Yea I guess that Battle Meditation girl wasn't all talk." An arrogant voice announced. "Look sharp Red 5 the Sith fighters are still attacking and we don't know how long Bastila can keep up that Battle Meditation."

A snort was heard from the end of the line as Revan roared in rage. "Battle Meditation!" Switching to an open hail, Revan spoke to his fleet.

"We're going back in, to hell with the rest of the fleet we still outnumber the Corellians and the Republic forces." The comms were dead silent as Revan eyed the Republic fleet's position on his holo. "I want all Capitol ships to break into groups of three and I want all fighters to use swarm tactics. Attack as randomly as possible, the Jedi are up to a new trick out there and we can't let them see our plans." Revan quickly drew out what vectors he wanted his scattered

fleet to attack from and sent it through a secure comm line to each commander. "As soon as our reinforcements arrive I want you all to break from your random attacks and into this formation as the reinforcements will take this position."

Revan sent another drawn out design and listened to his commanders as they agreed readily, liking his strategy. The next hour was almost a stalemate. For every Republic and Corellian fighter lost a Sith one would turn to debris and for every Sith Capitol ship lost a Republic one would fall. Revan even took his own flagship into the fighting and was pleased to see chaos descending into the Republic's lines. He knew the Corellians would fight to the last man but the Republic's loyalties were easily swayed. Slowly gaining the upper hand, Revan prepared to call in his reserve forces when the unimaginable happened. A fleet of Republic Interdictor ships suddenly dropped from hyperspace and attacked the reserve fleet. "What!"

Revan roared as his reinforcements were torn apart within an hour. Snarling in rage, Revan opened a comm line to all ships. "This isn't over." Revan then gave the order to retreat as his battered and much smaller fleet returned to the safety of Sith space.

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One year of a brutal stalemate followed. Many in the Sith blamed Revan for the sudden lack of victories though in truth most of the battles Revan took place in personally were victories. The Deep Core and the Mid Rim remained in the hands of the Republic while the Sith held dominance over the Outer Rim and only a few parts of the Mid Rim. Hearing that the Jedi had begun using Bastila and her Battle Meditation filled the Dark Lord of the Sith with more dread than even the Massassi had. Revan knew now that it was only a matter of time before he was forced into a confrontation with the headstrong Padawan. Why he had no wish to see her join him or see her dead confused him. This internal conflict did not go unnoticed to those who would exploit what they saw as a weakness, Revan's only weakness. Malak was the first to spread rumors that Revan feared Bastila and her Battle Meditation. "*Not a total lie...*"

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Malak smiled to himself as he spoke in a private meeting with a dozen Sith Masters and Admiral Saul Karath. "Revan has shown time and time again that he does not have the power to lead us any longer..." Malak began in a cold mechanical drone.

Murmurs were heard through the gathered Sith until one finally spoke. "Lord Revan has led us to countless victories against the Mandalorians and the Republic-"

"What about the Massassi?" Another cut off. The Sith fell into silence.

"But there is no beating them... Revan even managed to kill a few dozen of them on that planet he was trapped on... How many others can make that claim?" There was silence. They all knew that Revan had taken on nearly twenty Massassi alone and had survived with only a few broken bones and cuts while whole squadrons of soldiers had fallen to only a few. The strange aliens seemed to be skilled and unstoppable on all levels of combat.

"We all know that Revan is a skilled warrior... but he does not have the resolve to seek out this threat. Have none of you noticed that he has specifically spoken against using assassins to track down Bastila Shan?" Saul Karath spoke.

Malak smiled to himself as he leaned against the wall and crossed his arms. "Revan lacks the resolve to end this particular threat."

More murmurs were heard as the Sith continued to speak to each other. "Bastila Shan is just a child, she can be turned and Revan knows that."

"Yet he hasn't made an effort to capture her... one would think he is... allowing her to continue this." Another Sith Master cut off the one who had spoken before. The Sith Masters seemed to nod their heads in agreement.

"There is still the matter of Darth Traya on Malachor. With the army of assassins she wields she could easily eliminate each of us here..."

Malak laughed suddenly, causing all the heads in the room to turn to him. "Her apprentice, Darth Sion holds no loyalty to the witch. With the help of any one of us, he could easily take control and he has sworn to end Traya."

The Sith Lords muttered to themselves as they weighted their options.

"Follow Revan into death or follow me into victory. I assure you that I will end the threat of this Battle Meditation... I may even add it to our own ranks. We all know that after following him for a year, Revan has no wish to see this weapon in our hands." A gasp came from the Sith Lords. "Do you think Revan is sabotaging us? We are not the same people we were when Revan promised us the Republic... He may be deliberately sabotaging our forces..."

"Revan would never do that, he knows we need to be strong to fight the Massassi and whatever other horrors await us beyond the Outer Rim."

Malak nodded his head to that as did all the other Sith Lords though Malak chuckled as he did. "I'm sure Revan would not mind adding Bastila's Battle Meditation to our ranks then. He has exploited every other option but that... Why has he not sought her out?"

Malak nodded subtly to Saul Karath. "There were rumors that he was once good 'friends' with Bastila during the Mandalorian wars." Malak contained his laughter, knowing full well that Revan could not stomach fighting Bastila. Bastila Shan was a weakness to Revan. He avoided her like she was his own death and Malak reasoned that she likely was.

"There is something we can do..." Malak spoke thoughtfully through his mechanical filter.

"The Jedi are planning to capture Revan and they want to use Bastila to capture him..." All eyes were now on Malak. "Are you saying that she is Revan's weakness?" Malak would have smirked if he could. "I am saying Revan is afraid of her." The Sith that had spoke, nodded. Smiling coldly. "If we were to place Revan in a position where he could be captured... we could draw out Bastila and the Jedi to use

their plan and then- " "Then we can destroy two threats to our power with one swift blow."

Malak finished, causing the one he had cut off to smile and nod. "We are with you, Lord Malak."

Malak resisted the urge to laugh in his own triumph. He would finally get his revenge on Revan for what he had done to him and he would gain control of the Sith. With the Star Forge and having the reputation of destroying Revan, none would challenge him.

"Revan is leading our Forces through unknown space to assess the Massassi threat. He will be gone for many months. When he returns I will handle how we contact the Jedi, then we can destroy Revan."

There were nods of appreciation until one of the Masters finally spoke. "What of Darth Traya? She is fanatically loyal to Revan and will avenge him..."

Malak's eyes flashed as he smiled internally. "I have sent Lord Nihilus to aid Lord Sion in that task. By the time Revan returns all his followers will be dealt with." Malak's mechanical laughter filled the room, joined by the other Sith's as they swore their oath to remove the threat to their power that was Darth Revan.

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Darth Revan was gone for longer than they had thought. Nearly three years into the Jedi Civil War, Revan returned to relieve Malak of his control. Whatever foolish idea had led Revan to leave Malak in command was beyond him but he knew Malak would keep the Sith strong. The Massassi had been brutal and Revan returned weary of battle. Sickened to his core, Revan took in his pale skin and his golden eyes. Around the gold, Revan saw the blood that filled his eyes and blinked.

"When the hell did this happen?" He whispered as he ran his hand over his cold skin. He had made certain that Kreia knew not to attack Bastila. Being the loyal Sith she was, Kreia had agreed to make certain no one touched Revan's 'prize' as she called her. Revan allowed a cold rage to settle into his soul. He had killed many

Massassi with the massive fleet he had built from the Star Forge. It was really the only reason Bastila's Battle Meditation was holding the Sith at bay. Most of their fleet was beyond known space fighting the brutal alien invaders.

In that year and a half, Revan learned and mastered the Dark Side of the Force. He took no pleasure in anything. Unable to feel the deaths of the countless Massassi he and his droid armies had wiped out, Revan had found himself oddly detached from the fighting. He could feel distantly the deaths of the worlds Malak attacked in his absence. Deaths that fell on his shoulders and he found himself filling with hatred.

"I will kill Malak as soon as the coming battle is finished..." Revan had heard Malak was taking an interest in training an apprentice. He had also heard from several spies that he had spoken with a young man, Bandon and had offered to train him.

"Malak will only spread his incompetence..." Revan hissed as he eyed his appearance. It was not so different from what it had been in the Mandalorian wars. Running a hand through his hair, Revan frowned as it fell out and into his hand.

"What the-" Running water through his hair, Revan was disturbed to find that his hair had simply fell away. This had been the first time in a week he had been able to clean himself and take off his armor. "I think I'm dying." Revan joked as he eyed his features. Staring at him were two dark green eyes. The Dark Lord shuddered as he ran a hand through his black hair. Whatever he had caught a glimpse of was something he saw in Malak and the other Sith Lords. He assumed it was a strange bloodlust that resulted in the Dark Side. Whether wanting the blood of the Massassi or the Jedi, Revan did not know and did not want to know as he splashed water on his face and resigned himself to train in his quarters, marking off what he saw as a hallucination from lack of sleep.

Revan stared into the mirror as he remembered the discoveries that he had made while visiting the Trayus Academy on Malachor V, before he had left on his crusade to defeat the Massassi.

Flashback

Revan stared through his mask at the shattered and broken planet that floated in the void of space before him. His mind wandered back to the Mandalorian Wars, and the countless friends that he had lost at this particular battle. “Yusanis, Arren, Ian...” The Sith Master closed his eyes and a the face of a beautiful young woman with shocking blue eyes flashed in his mind’s eye, “Bastila...This is where my descent to the darkside began, this is where I lost you...”

“My Lord, we are prepared to land, do we have your permission?” Revan nodded to the young Sith officer and he left to carry out his orders.

As the ship landed a robed figure walked out from the Trayus Academy and stood before the landing shuttle. Revan slowly made his way down the landing ramp, and walked towards the robed figure, as he approached the figure knelt down, “Lord Revan, Dark Lord of the Sith. It has been a while.”

Revan smirked beneath his mask, “Master Kreia, or should I call you Darth Traya now?”

“Kreia will be fine,” The former Jedi Master turned Sith Lord of Betrayal rose from her position and fell into step behind the Dark Lord. “I did not think that you would come on such short notice,” Kreia’s soothing voice drifted from her hood towards the Dark Lord, “I have discovered an ancient secret from the texts of the Ancient Sith who built this academy.”

Revan nodded his head and led his former teacher towards the entranceway of the evil academy. As the pair approached the entrance of the massive structure a group Sith Assassins previously hidden by stealth-field generators appeared and came together to form two columns facing the Sith Lords. As the two passed, the Sith Assassins kneeled and bowed their heads showing their obvious subservience to the two Masters of the Darkside.

When they entered the Trayus Crescent, Revan spoke in a harsh whisper, “What is it that you wanted me to see? I must move quickly, my spies report that the Massassi are amassing a martial force to attack my empire.”

"Patience, my young pupil. Their secrets which you seek lie deep within the Trayus Core, an area of this academy which I have only recently discovered. We will continue this discussion in a much more private place." With that having been said Darth Traya walked towards the end of the hallway and silently passed through the door. Revan followed closely behind her, eager to know the secrets of which his former master spoke of so highly.

The pair entered a large chamber with a seemingly bottomless pit set in the middle. However, if one were to look closely they would have seen a faint green glow at the bottom of the pit, the glow of Malachor V's core. Suspended above the pit was a large platform connected to the main portion of the room by three long walkways; the platform seven spires towering above the floor, arching towards the center to from one point. In the middle of the platform was what appeared to be a giant eye. "This, Lord Revan, is the Trayus Core. At one time this was the heart of the Ancient Sith Empire. The Empire from which the Massassi that you are fighting are merely the pathetic remnants, who only pose a threat to you due to the vast amount of Ancient Sith knowledge at their disposal." Kreia walked towards the red area leaving the mighty Lord Revan gaping at the structure which lay before him.

Quickly Revan came to his senses, and swiftly pursued his former master. "What was this knowledge that you spoke of?"

Kreia stopped at the outer edge of the platform and answered cryptically, "It will answer questions which have plagued you for many years."

"Damnit woman, I asked for answers not more cryptic words!" The Dark Lord of the Sith roared at the old woman.

Kreia turned around and glared at the Sith Lord, "You have fallen so far and yet you have learned nothing. Do you not remember any of the lessons that I taught you, or that fool Zhar. Patience, my Padawan," she spoke in a mocking tone, "Oh, but you never fell, did you Revan? You chose to become the Dark Lord of the Sith, believing it to be the lesser of two evils, you never fell. After all, choose the evil you know over the one you don't. You have been

walking a very fine line. I sense something missing in you-- An empty place hidden even from yourself... A place that remains unseen because no light escapes from that region of your heart; it is through that point that the darkside truly calls to you. That is irrelevant at the moment, I did not call you here to debate endlessly the philosophies of the Force. There was an ancient technique used by the Sith Brotherhood in the time of Naga Sadow and Ludo Kresh. In those days it was necessary for the successor to the previous Dark Lord to be a pureblood Sith, and in order to be declared the Dark Lord he had to prove his worthiness to the Sith Priests. Because as you know the modern Sith are not a race of people, merely the followers of an ideal. This technique was referred to as the Sun Djem, it showed all the living relatives of the potential successor, as well as their history. For a very long time I know you have desired to gain the knowledge of what became of your birth family."

For a brief moment, Revan let the façade that he had held in front of the Sith for so long slip. He slowly slipped off his mask and let it drop to the floor, "You don't mean that I actually have family still alive? That, that can't be possible. Wouldn't someone know if I were their son?"

"No, you are from a planet a long way away, beyond the Outer Rim. You were attacked as a child and I rescued you; I then left you with the Mandalorians so that you might be raised as a warrior. Your parents are what they call wizards on their planet, they use an aspect of the Force long since forgotten. Your parents are two of the strongest supporters of the Light. Just imagine what they would think when they realize that their long lost son, the one they believe to be dead, is alive and actually the Dark Lord of the Sith. Possibly the most powerful person in the galaxy. But enough of my preaching, see it all for yourself." With that Kreia turned towards the eye and with a harsh and guttural voice began to chant. Every syllable she made chilled the veins and every word she uttered rattled the mind.

Revan felt his mind being drawn into the eye and suddenly he was in a swirling void. Then everything went black.

Visions:

Revan saw a man with unruly black hair and a beautiful young redheaded woman seated at what appeared to be an expensive restaurant. Glasses were clinking and everyone appeared to be having a good time. These must be my parents... Suddenly an old man appeared by their table and they stood up and disappeared.

The vision suddenly followed the redhead woman as swirling lights and rushing noises raced past them. Suddenly Revan noticed that they appeared in a destroyed house and he saw his mother and father rush up stairs when he heard an anguished cry, "NOOOOOOOOO!" Revan quickly hurried to where his parents were, and saw his father attempting to comfort his mother. "It's okay Lily, he's in a better place now." So her name is Lily...

The visions continued to flash by until he saw the same woman although she was nearly eight years older. The old man who had appeared in the restaurant was sitting in the rebuilt house speaking to Lily. "Lily, as you know Professor Vector has decided to retire at the end of this year. It causes me great pain to see you moping about in such anguish. It's been eight years since his death Lily you need to move on, if Harry were here right now he would not want you to be grieving him so." So my birth name is Harry... Revan looked back at the woman and saw her consent to become a teacher.

Revan saw his father fighting men in black robes and white masks, and taking them into what appeared to be a courtroom.

He saw his mother give birth to a daughter, and he watched as she grew up to a beautiful sixteen year old. He watched as she went through many challenges: fighting off the spirit of the man who attempted to murder him as a baby; saving an innocent man from being sent back to prison; and competing in a dangerous tournament, from what he could tell this was the most recent. As he saw she was still in what everyone referred to as the "first task".

End Visions

With that Revan was forcefully hurled into his body, and he staggered under the impact of his mind coming back to his body. "My family is alive."

Kreia smirked at him, "How you use this information is up to you. But remember, the evil man you saw, that self proclaimed 'Dark Lord', has used Ancient Sith teachings to prolong his life, and make him nearly invincible...only you can defeat him, these creatures, they know nothing of the Sith, and their Dark Lord knows nothing of the Sith's true power, as you do."

End Flashback

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Bastila Shan bowed deeply to the Council as she stood and made her way to her quarters on Dantooine. The Jedi had chosen to hide her there after splitting the Council between several Enclaves. The threat of Malak and the Sith had grown with the disappearance of Revan. Many rumors ran that Revan had been killed and Bastila fought the dread she now felt at the news that Revan was alive and well. Malak was nowhere near as competent as Revan and whatever iron grip Revan held on the Sith a year and a half ago had vanished.

Gathering her things quickly, Bastila boarded a transport en route to the Republic vessel, Sojourn. Revan's flagship was being repaired after suffering heavy damage in what her mind could only see as some unholy campaign of destruction in unknown space that mirrored Malak's wave of devastation on the Republic. Her Battle Meditation had made a difference, but with Revan's return, the Council believed that the Sith would likely strike with the full force of their power. It was also apparent that Revan had taken a majority of his forces when Republic scouts reported that the already massive Sith Fleet nearly tripled in size at Revan's return, though many of the ships that returned were severely damaged and lacking crews. It would not surprise Bastila if Revan controlled all unknown sectors of the galaxy and the last bastion of strength was the Republic.

Shivering slightly, Bastila sat silently in her room, resolving to herself that the coming confrontation would not end in her death. The Council had sent her and two dozen Jedi Knights to find and capture Revan.

It was the perfect opportunity. Spies in the Sith ranks reported that Revan's flagship was defenseless aside from the small fleet that surrounded it and that Revan was overseeing its repairs. Bastila felt the familiar anger in her at the thought of seeing a man she had not laid eyes on for four years. The last time she had seen him she was sixteen.

"He'd be twenty six now..." Bastila rubbed her tired eyes and frowned as the thought crossed her mind. He was not the same man she had been friends with, he was a monster. "I should have seen it..." No matter how many times she tried to picture Revan as the heartless and disfigured monster that Malak had become, she could only see that tired young man she had loved who tried with all he had to make things better. "How did this happen?" Bastila cried out in frustration as her meditations were again interrupted by the image of Revan's warm smile. Growling to herself, Bastila slammed her hand on the floor, wincing at the pain that shot through it, though it was nothing compared to the sharp ache that had settled in her chest for the past four years.

"Why did you betray us?" The Padawan's whisper echoed in the silent room as she fought to see that same caring man as the monster he was. Nearly two years before she had been told what he was capable of and how he had no remorse. Bastila allowed a small and bitter smile to play on her lips. "He never did regret anything... at least that hasn't changed..." A cold shiver ran up the Padawan's spine at her own words. "What if he was always like this..." She knew he was a Mandalorian and by reputation, he seemed to fit in well with his own people. It was discovered that Revan had personally assassinated Senator Yusanis and she knew that the two had been good friends during the Mandalorian wars. "If he can throw away his friendship with Yusanis..."

Bastila did not even want to think about what he would do to her. This was the Jedi's last chance. Rumors were spreading that the Sith held a weapon, the Star Forge, and that they had endless resources. The fact that the Sith seemed to have endless resources drove the Jedi to want to capture Revan. "*He'll never allow it...*" Bastila realized sadly. "*He will also never change...*" Bastila's eyes shined slightly as she stared at the datapad before her. The image of a sixteen year old

Jedi Padawan that had been killed two years before by Revan's hand met her eyes. Wincing, Bastila turned away. It had been her Master's decision that Selene be sent back to spy on Revan and take advantage of whatever favor he held for her. It was also discovered by a spy that Revan had personally tortured the girl and she had died two weeks after. A sudden feeling of resolve came over Bastila. "I will defeat him!" Bastila stood shakily as she drove the images of that young girl's torture and sacrifice into her mind. "I will not allow that monster to take another Jedi's life, he is not the same man I knew." Feeling confident in her resolve, Bastila struggled to regain her senses as she slipped into a light meditation to prepare for the coming battle. In just a few hours she would board Revan's flagship with two dozen other Jedi and fifty Republic Commandoes to capture or kill Darth Revan.

Chapter 5 – The Betrayal

"How long?" Malak's mechanical voice hissed as his eyes narrowed.

Saul Karath smiled as he looked through the viewport to follow Malak's gaze. "Two hours until the Republic fleet and strike team arrives."

Malak nodded, smiling to himself as he stared at Revan's flagship.

"Do you think he suspects anything?" Karath asked nervously.

Malak snorted through his mechanical filter. "Of course he does, but it will not matter. In three hours I will be the Dark Lord of the Sith and Revan will be one with the Force."

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Darth Revan stared thoughtfully through his mask towards the Leviathan as it skimmed the edge of the planet's orbit. *"What are you planning?"* Revan thought to himself as he awaited the completion of his ship's repairs. A year and a half had done nothing to the stalemate of the Jedi Civil War as he had predicted. The Lord of the Sith continued to stare at Malak's ship, easily sensing the hatred directed towards him. For a moment, Revan entertained the idea of dying. It really would make little difference. The Dark Lord allowed a small smile to play on his lips before a flash of light and the sound of his flagship's alarms blaring brought a prominent scowl to his features.

"Lord Revan! A fleet of Republic ships has dropped out of hyperspace and are preparing to attack!" A Commander announced. Revan snarled in frustration as he caught sight of Malak pulling his forces away from the planet to flee.

"What is the ship's condition?" Revan growled.

"Weapons are at half power and our shields are useless... Our sublight engines are only functioning at fifty percent."

Revan sighed when he caught sight of Malak's forces engaging the Republic fleet. "Launch all fighters and prepare for retreat." The

Commander acknowledged as the Dark Lord crossed his arms tightly across his chest and glared through the window.

"Retreat to where Lord Revan?"

Revan punched in the coordinates before returning his attention to the ongoing battle between Malak and the Republic.

"Lord Revan, the nav computer will take at least 10 minutes to compute a jump of that distance." The Commander said nervously.

"Set the computer to make the jump to hyperspace as soon as the calculations are complete."

"Yes Lord Revan."

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Why did he come to me? Why before all this? The thoughts ran through Bastila's mind as she approached the flagship of the Dark Lord. *Bastila, I need you, I can't fight with myself anymore I need help.* Revan's words echoed through her mind for the past 3 years, he had made quick work of the Mandalorians and was a hero, only to disappear. Now he was back and had been tearing through the Republic without mercy, unleashing a slaughter the Mandalorians would even think twice about. *Bastila I can't do this anymore.* Bastila closed her eyes *I can't think about that now.* The Padawan staggered as the ship shook violently with an explosion, violently tossing her fellow Jedi and the Republic soldiers to the ground. *I can't go with you Revan the dark side is taking you, you must stay here and speak with the Council you do NOT need me.* The harshness of her words to the Dark Lord 3 years before still haunted her and the bond she shared with him was nearly severed by the tide of anger that rose in him, she was shocked to discover the anger was directed at himself. *Then I suggest Bastila that you report I was here.* Bastila could still not believe what happened after, the Jedi Order was in chaos as Revan tore his way through the courtroom with his acolytes and Malak, slaughtering all he met; thus the Sith wars began. *It was my fault, I could have stopped him if I had only listened to him.* Bastila felt her eyes sting. *No, there is no emotion there is peace...*

Another blast rocked the Sith vessel and nearby explosions could be heard, a communication from the Republic fleet answered the question. "Get to your transports, we're already taking fire!" A Republic Commando sergeant shouted as he motioned to his men to board the shuttle transports. Bastila shifted her weight slightly as she watched the first transport of troops load. She was to go on the final transport along with ten other Jedi while the other fifteen in her group would take the first two transports to Revan's flagship. The Padawan turned her eyes to see Revan's ship slowly pulling itself from its dry-dock. A steady stream of red streaks ignited around it and Bastila knew that the Republic's fighters had arrived and were hammering the massive dreadnaught.

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"We've been boarded!" One of the bridge officers shouted.

Revan ignored the warnings and shouts as he stared at the two remaining Republic transport pods as they neared his vessel. He could feel a subtle pull of the Force making his officers nervous and knew that Bastila was there, using her Battle Meditation. "Send all troopers to stop them..." Revan watched as his bridge emptied and only a squad of Sith troopers and four Dark Jedi remained.

"How long do you think they'll hold them off?" A curious Dark Jedi asked. Revan sighed as he turned to stare back towards Malak's vessel.

"As long as is necessary." Revan felt the Battle Meditation cease as he stared at the battle around him. Malak's forces were holding off the Republic fleet which surprised Revan mildly since they should have been crushing them. He knew that Bastila had ceased her Battle Meditation and narrowed his eyes dangerously.

"What are you doing, Malak?" Realization fell over Revan instantly at the question. *"Betraying me... I didn't know you had it in you."* Sneering, Revan continued to watch the battle, curious to see when exactly Malak planned to set his scheme into motion. The sounds of the battle going on around him went unnoticed as he stared through the space between his and Malak's bridge, daring his jawless apprentice to attack. Revan's challenge was rudely interrupted as a

Republic soldier breached his bridge with two Jedi and rushed him. The two Jedi were stopped by the two Sith apprentices that remained to guard him while the unfortunate Republic commando was halted from his charge by Revan's Force grip. Seeking a need to vent his frustrations, Revan allowed the man's gurgles and silent terror to calm him as he turned back to Malak's vessel. Malak had since broken from battle and the Leviathan was slowly charging his own vessel. If Revan had expected to survive this betrayal he would have cursed aloud over an open comm line to Malak but he remained silent and composed as he listened to the dying words of the man he strangled mere feet from where he stood. Revan laughed to himself, "*The climax of a warlord's career is always death...*"

"The galaxy is an unforgiving place..." Revan whispered as he cut off the man's windpipe completely and listened to the snap as he fell lifeless to the ground. Turning, Revan's eyes fell on four dead Dark Jedi and four Jedi that stood defiantly before him.

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Bastila felt a wave of dread wash over her as she charged into Revan's bridge and attacked one of the Dark Jedi as they toyed with one of her dying companions. unleashing a brutal assault against the man, she cut him down within seconds and took a moment to catch her breath as the three other Jedi, the only ones to survive the assault took defensive positions around her. She briefly caught sight of the struggling Republic soldier in Revan's grasp before he collapsed into a lifeless heap at Revan's feet. Rising anger filled her at the sight as new resolve forced itself into her. "*This is not the same man.*"

Her Master Vrook ignited his lightsaber and stepped forward, "Do you have any idea the atrocities you have done?"

The Dark Lord of the Sith chuckled in amusement, "You have no idea why I have done those things, Vrook. It was my duty, my duty to the Republic. Afterall, a man's duty must be obeyed. If the frame of duty is broken, Vrook, none shall weave life's fabric. None will be able to live if I don't make the Republic strong. However, I can tell that you have many questions, so I will answer them before you die."

Vrook's face burned with rage, "You're insane, exile! Your passion for power consumes your soul! Where did you go after the Mandalorian wars?"

Revan licked his lips and looked away from the Jedi, "Beyond the Outer Rim..." The Dark Lord whispered.

Adding no further explanation, the Jedi strike team exchanged glances. "Why did you come back?" Vrook Lamar asked in a tone that did nothing to hide his anger.

Revan sighed and looked directly into Vrook's eyes. "I needed more men. Surely the great and wise Jedi Council could have felt the countless deaths beyond the Rim?" Revan chided in a condescending tone.

Vrook turned as red as a Sith's saber and turned away, not wanting to hear the Dark Lord speak so lightly of the countless atrocities he had committed. "What drove you to make war on your own kind? The Dark Side?"

Revan raised an eyebrow beneath his mask as he stared at the four Jedi arrayed before him. A sadistic smile played on Revan's features as he returned Vrook's glare with his own, sending a chill down the Jedi Master's spine.

"The Mandalorians or the Jedi?" Vrook's angry mask fell into confusion for a moment before he recovered and stared at the Dark Lord with open curiosity.

"Didn't you know I was a Mandalorian? Revan the Bloodraven. Lovely story about my clan's history but I really don't have time for that right now."

Vrook backed away slowly from Revan and stared at him with an unreadable expression. "The Jedi then."

"I never waged war against the Jedi, I told you to run and hide. You waged a war against me. There are things beyond the Outer Rim which would terrify even the bravest of the Jedi Guardians, the descendants of the Ancient Sith, the Massassi. I attacked the

Republic to make it stronger, so I could defeat this ancient evil..." Revan laughed the cold laugh which had become so common to the many that he had tortured, "Friends teach what you want to know. Enemies teach what you need to know. Do you have any idea the things that stalk the Outer Rim? Have you ever seen a creature whose only pleasure was in suffering? A creature who's entire race glorifies pain? Have you seen a Massassi warrior or looked into the eyes of the abyss as it tries again and again to swallow who you are? When I first met the Massassi, Vrook, I was dragged to one of their citadels. Their high priest spoke to me and said, '*This is the Citadel of Pain. Battle is our religion, Jedi, and this fortress is our temple!*' I was tortured for four months, Vrook, I died seven times and they somehow revived me! You are ignorant. When I look at the council I see twelve fools leading twenty thousand other fools to death and I see the Republic, the Jedi, and the Force dying because of it! You are arrogant children who hide away in this temple and pray for a savior to save you from your own incompetence!"

The other three Jedi ignited their lightsabers, and Revan realized with a start that Bastila was among them. The Jedi Master Lonne Vash stepped forward and pointed her saber at the Dark Lord of the Sith, "I would die a thousand deaths before I let you harm another."

The Dark Lord merely laughed at that threat. "You cannot win, Revan!" And time for the Jedi Padawan seemed to stop as he shook his head slightly and turned to face her. Everything about his stance showed that he was annoyed, insulted even and Bastila felt even more anger grasp her at the arrogant display. Snapping from whatever thoughts had entered her as he turned slowly to face her, Bastila scowled and narrowed her eyes as she glared hatefully towards Revan, although she realized, that his words and arguments made sense.

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"*You cannot win, Revan!*" Four years he had not heard that soothing and cultured voice. The last words he had heard were a loving caress and these were a threat. Revan felt all his thoughts vanish as he laid eyes on her. Her hair was pulled into a tight bun, though stray strands fell over her face. She wore that ridiculous outfit she always had that

seemed to compliment her feminine features well. Her eyes were filled with shock momentarily as he looked in them, only to be clouded by anger moments later.

Revan found himself wanting to brush away those strands of hair that framed her features. The sudden advance of the three other Jedi snapped him from his thoughts as he looked between them and pulled his crimson saber. The Dark Lord stared into the pale golden glow that surrounded her features.

"*Beautiful...*" Revan allowed a single tear to roll down his cheek as he stared into Bastila's eyes, which gleamed with rage and betrayal. "*I have a way of destroying beautiful things...*" Revan felt another tear roll down his face as he stared at Bastila, half in awe and half in sorrow. The realization that Malak was betraying him had completely fled his mind as he stared, captivated by this angry young woman that looked on him with such hurt. He could barely feel the pain she had gone through at his betrayal and felt more tears fall as he took a breath and shuddered.

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"Fire." Malak's mechanical voice ordered as his ship rushed past Revan's.

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An explosion tore through the bridge from Malak's assault. A metal support beam fell from the ceiling crushing Vrook before he could dodge. Revan felt no satisfaction or sadness from his death. He was indifferent regarding the fate of all but one of the Jedi facing him.

The Dark Lord of the Sith felt his grip tighten on his saber. Lightning flickered around him as he felt a deep loathing settle in his soul. He knew at that moment that he would not survive this battle and he finally felt remorse as he stared into Bastila's accusing eyes. The thought that she hated him was so tangible that he felt he couldn't breath and all thoughts of war and destruction fled him, leaving only a scared child who did not know what to do or say to fix anything.

"I can't do this anymore." The countless thousands he had murdered flashed through his mind. Yusanis and his children, now orphaned. Selene, her eyes staring at him with shock and hurt. Even Ian as he looked on him with the helplessness he now felt. Revan recalled the words of his Master Kreia when he had first asked her of the Dark Side of the Force. Instead of recoiling in horror as most Jedi Masters would have from the question, Kreia had only laughed and shook her head. *"The Dark Side has a way of abandoning you when you need it most, Padawan."*

The Dark Side had always been there to embrace him. Through the Mandalorian wars it gave him indifference to the loss of his own men. Through the Massassi campaign it gave him sanity as he fought them with cold and calculating malice. Through the Jedi Civil War it gave him the resolve to mutilate his friends and torture children. Now, now the Dark Side fled him as he stared into Bastila's eyes. The pain that settled in him was crippling as he saw the pain reflected there that was the base of the anger, the pain from his betrayal, the pain from his abandoning her.

Revan was not some arrogant fool that believed if he felt sorry that he would be granted absolution. He was not some man on the road to redemption and seeking forgiveness for all the deeds he had done. He knew he would spend his time in hell for his deeds and he would accept it readily for he knew he deserved it.

Another salvo from the Leviathan hit the ship. Vash and the other Jedi were thrown from their feet. Only Bastila and Revan remained standing. The alarm started to ring signaling decompression. Reacting on instinct alone, Revan used the force to move at great speed. Bastila was taken by surprise as Revan, only a blur at that point, grabbed her around the waist and rushed out of the bridge before the pressure doors could seal.

Before the Leviathan could come around for another pass, the nav computer finished the calculation for the jump to Earth. The ship lurched again the engines came life and jumped the ship away from the battle and into hyperspace.

Glaring at Revan Bastila raised her light saber once again and snarled "What have you done, where are we going?"

Revan deactivated his light saber and removed his mask. Bastila was stunned by the hopelessness and grief that marked his features. "We are going to my home."

Anger once again taking over her other emotions Bastila said "Why would you take us there? The Mandalorians are gone from that place!" Once again she raised her light saber in preparation to attack.

With a sigh, Revan felt the will to fight leave him. All he could see was Bastila and her disgust. "We are going to the planet of my birth. It is a place called Earth." Revan sank to his knees and waited for the blow from Bastila that would end his torment. It never came.

Chapter 6 – Planet fall

July 21st, 2007

Hyperspace

The ship had been traveling in hyperspace for close to a week. Earth was located near the outer rim of the galaxy on the opposite side from their starting point. 3 days ago, the computer started to issue periodic warnings of stress on the hyperspace engines. Unfortunately, the engines could not be repaired while they were in use and to make things more difficult, the engine room itself was without life support due to damage from the battle.

Despite their best efforts, neither Revan nor the 3 surviving crew had been able to repair the computers sufficiently to deactivate the auto-pilot. With no options left to them, Revan and Bastila along with the 3 crew retreated to a small gunboat in the main hanger bay that was miraculously undamaged in the attack.

During their journey, Bastila and Revan had maintained their distance from each other. Neither was ready to discuss their positions or feelings. Bastila was confused, she had had an opportunity to end Revan's evil but instead she had held back and spared him. He seemed so guilt-ridden she had hoped that maybe there was a chance to lure him back to the light. Revan for his part was equally confused. He had never truly understood the effect that Bastila had on him. She was able to break through his defenses without even trying, leaving him bare and forcing him to face himself and the truth of his actions.

Near the end of their journey, Revan and Bastila finally overcame their reluctance and had begun meditating together. The trust and openness that had once existed between the two was gone swallowed up by the darkness of Revan's soul. Presently, the two were sitting in silence in one of the storage compartments of the gunboat.

Revan was sitting Indian style with his hands resting on his knees palms up. His eyes were closed and his short-cropped hair was neatly styled exposing the lightning bolt shaped scar on his forehead.

Though outwardly calm, Revan was struggling to reach a state of emptiness with Bastila sitting in front of him for the first time in years.

Bastila was kneeling with her main torso centered over her feet. As with Revan, his hands were resting on her knees with the palms up. Her breathing was slow and measured as she reached out with the force to once again observe Revan's aura. Despite his actions, she was shocked to find red was almost overpowering the black elements of his aura but she was heartened to see that his aura still held a good deal of blue. Taking a moment to think about the meaning of the colors, she realized that Revan truly felt guilt and remorse for the deaths he had caused. It was apparent that the black and blue elements of his aura represented his belief in both the light and dark sides of the force. Perhaps she could turn him back to the light side knowing that he had never truly forsaken it.

Revan for his part gasped as he felt Bastila slice through his mental defenses as if they were nothing. As with the first time, Bastila did what she could to lighten the guilt and remorse that he felt and to bolster the influence of the light side in him. Part of him wanted to lash out at her, to force her to stop. He didn't deserve to have his burden relieved, despite his intentions, he had caused the deaths of millions of beings. The other part of him, welcomed the relief from the overwhelming ache that came with the knowledge of his actions. He knew that in the near future, he would once again have to face the Massassi and face the same decisions that had lead to his war against the Republic. He only hoped he could live with those decisions whichever way they went.

Bastila opened her eyes and peered at Revan for a moment before asking "Why did you do it Revan, why did you turn your back on the Jedi?"

Revan took a slow deep breath and opened his eyes. He looked to be more at peace with himself than he had since she boarded the ship. "I sensed something while we were fighting the Mandalorians. There is a darkness beyond the outer rim of the galaxy blacker than the void. It was the complete absence of the light side of the force."

Bastila's eyes widened as she stared into Revan's brilliant green eyes and gasped. Ignoring her, Revan continued "Towards the end of the war, both Malak and I had long since turned to the dark side of the force for the necessary weapons to fight the Mandalorians. It was necessary to protect the Republic."

Before she could stop herself, she said bitterly "But then you turned on us. You turned on the Republic and the Jedi."

"Not really, not in my heart. I knew that the Republic could never stand against the darkness that I had sensed unless it grew strong once again. In my mind the only way to do that was to cut away the chaff, leaving the wheat to grow strong once again."

"Millions of lives have been lost in your effort to make the Republic strong again. Surely there must have been a better way."

"I was gone for close to three years. During that time, I had taken a fleet of ships and men beyond the Outer Rim. As I said to Master Vrook, while we were out there we found the Massassi. They were the source of darkness. In my entire time out there, I never once sensed anything from the light side of the force. They were devoted to the dark side from birth and served it whole heartedly until death."

Bastila closed her eyes as she tried to imagine such a bleak existence. To be forever focused on anger, hate, and the need to conquer, she found the very idea horrifying. "But if they have they have been out there for so long, why worry about an attack now."

Revan ground his teeth together in frustration before answering Bastila's question. "Don't you see they were the instruments behind the Mandalorian invasion? It was simply a matter of time before they followed in its wake. The Senate is corrupt, the bureaucracy is worthless, and the Jedi are mired in indecision. If I had not acted, the Republic would have been swept away by the might of the Massassi and a never-ending night would have fallen."

Before she could respond, both Revan and Bastila were broken from their discussion by the loud piercing klaxon that began to ring throughout the ship signaling that the ship was about to leave

hyperspace. Standing one Jedi and one Sith Lord walked to the cockpit to find the other three men starting the engines.

Everyone felt the slight jolt as the ship dropped out of hyperspace and the sub-light engines slowed the ship's speed. Once again the klaxon began ringing throughout the ship. One of the crew quickly patched into the computer to find out the problem.

"Lord Revan, the sub-light engines were severely damaged in the attack and are overloading."

"Can you shut them down?"

A look of fear came over his face before answering "No sir. I was able to patch into the computer to find the problem, but I haven't been able to gain control of the engines."

Revan sighed and closed his eyes for a moment "Can you get the hanger bay doors open so we can get out of here?"

"Yes Lord Revan, the hanger operates off a different system that was relatively undamaged in the attack."

"Then do so and get us out of here before the engines overload!" Revan ordered.

Bastila and Revan took their seats and strapped in. Two of the crewman were hurriedly warming up the engines and opening the hanger bay doors. Just as the ship started to lift off, an explosion tore through the larger vessel. Panicking, the pilot pushed the gunboat to maximum speed and it shot out of the hanger bay. Seconds later more explosions went off inside the ship as fuel cells and armaments detonated.

The shockwave ripped the larger ship apart and buffeted the small gunboat. One crewman who had not strapped in was thrown against a computer panel, breaking his arm. The others stayed in their seats waiting as the small ship rode out the secondary shockwaves caused by explosions from the debris of Revan's flagship.

"Pilot, what is our status?" Revan asked after the flight smoothed out.

"No damage Lord Revan, it appears that the shields absorbed most of the shockwave and protected us from any of the debris. What is our destination sir?"

"Scan for life signs in the system." Revan ordered.

Fingers dancing over the control panel, the pilot took a moment to review and analyze the results before announcing "Sir, the only planet with life is the 3rd planet. It appears to be similar to Dantooine; however, I am not detecting any communication signals or navigation beacons."

Bastila was watching Revan, curious about his home world. "There wouldn't be. It is a primitive world, I am not sure that they have any space flight capabilities. Best approach cautiously. Takes us to a high orbit and begin performing detailed scans so we can identify the best landing coordinates."

"Yes Lord Revan. We should be there in approximately 1 hour."

Revan turned to Bastila and made a request "Bastila, I am going to need your help. If the vision I was shown is true, then the Massassi already have a presence on this world. I need you to help me find them and if necessary fight them."

Bastila stared at Revan a moment as she tried to reconcile what she had learned of Revan with the man standing in front of her. He resembled the young man she once knew. There was a fierce determination burning in his eyes and the relaxed way he held his body screamed of a confidence that she hadn't seen since she had boarded his ship. It seemed that having a clear enemy to fight had given Revan a direction away from the wholesale destruction of the war. Finally, she nodded.

"Do we have a map of the planet?" Revan asked.

"Yes Lord Revan but it is topographical only, we have not had a chance to do any more detailed scans."

"Put it up on the holodisplay." The pilot quickly complied with the order and a 3D transparent image of Earth.

Revan and Bastila stood side by side observing the image for a moment. Then Revan grasped Bastila's hand tightly and said "Search for the darkness on the planet. Hopefully it won't be too hard to find. With a planet this primitive and far out, I doubt the Massassi are expecting any Jedi or Republic forces to show up."

Nodding her head again, Bastila closed her eyes and relaxed her mind letting her senses reach out to the force and search the planet. Her eyes shot open mere seconds later and saw that Revan was clearly as disturbed as she was by what they sensed.

"How is it possible? Virtually the entire planet is a deep blue almost black. How could one planet be so steeped in the dark side?"

Revan's face had lost what little color it normally had. He closed his eyes in thought and pinched the bridge of his nose to help relieve some of the tension in his forehead. "I don't know. Yet, despite the darkness, I didn't sense the hatred or anger that I would normally associate with such a pervasive darkness." Sighing, he sat down heavily in one of the chairs near the holo-display. "Come, we must start again. It will do us no good to endlessly orbit the planet."

Bastila sat down in the seat opposite Revan and once again closed her eyes and reached out with her senses. She could feel the Dark Lord doing the same. Together they began to scan the planet. Slowly she was able to distinguish between the different shades of darkness on the planet. After close to 15 minutes, she opened her eyes and waited for Revan to open his.

Moments later, Revan took a deep cleansing breath and opened his eyes. Immediately, he found himself under the scrutiny of the young Jedi. "Did you sense it?" He asked not wanting to analyze the feelings that her gaze brought out in him.

"Yes I did." She knew what he was referring to. There was a pair of islands in the northern hemisphere of the planet that seemed to have the greatest concentration of darkness on the planet.

After mentioning this to Revan, he nodded in agreement and said "I couldn't tell if there were actual Massassi there. The darkness was

too pervasive to pick individuals out but if they are anywhere on the planet, it is there.”

“So what do we do about it?” Bastila asked.

Revan looked at her like she was crazy. He snorted and answered “We kill them all. You should be asking what we do with those that have fallen so far under the Massassi’s influence. I will tell you, they will suffer the same fate as the Massassi. Cut away the rot and cauterize the wound that is the most effective way of dealing with the decay that is the Massassi.”

Bastila’s eyes narrowed and she tensed for a moment. As she opened her mouth to speak, the pilot interrupted her. “Lord Revan, we have reached the planet. There are no landing beacons so what are your orders?”

While Revan was issuing orders to the pilot, Bastila was considering what she had sensed on the planet. Despite his explanations, Bastila had doubted that the Massassi could be as evil as Revan had described. After searching the planet she was not so sure. While she had not been able to detect individuals, she was able to sense pockets of absolute darkness. She felt like she would be swallowed up by the rage and hatred that seemed to radiate from these pockets. If these were the Massassi, then she could understand Revan’s drive to fight them. Though she recognized them as an absolute evil, she couldn’t bring herself to condone the slaughter of millions of lives in an effort to wake the Republic from its stupor.

She broke from her reverie when she felt the ship buck and shake. Looking out of the forward portal, she saw that they had entered the atmosphere and were clearly preparing to land. “Where are we setting down she asked?”

Revan looked at her, surprised that she had not been paying attention. “We are setting down on the larger of those two islands.” Bastila strapped herself in and returned to her thoughts on the Massassi and the acts she might be forced to commit in order to defeat them.

Turmoil was plainly evident in the expression on Bastila's face and eyes. "I think I sensed them." She whispered quietly.

Knowing what she was referring to, Revan placed a hand on her shoulder before responding "You didn't believe me did you? I don't blame you, I'm not sure I would have believed it either."

"I can't imagine a life spent wallowing in the dark side like that." She was clearly distressed by the notion.

Revan didn't want to rob her of her innocence or idealism, but it would have no place on this planet from the feel of things. "Bastila, you are going to have to make a decision soon. The Massassi and those that follow them are without mercy. In order to protect the Republic and save this world we will have to take the harshest of measures."

Bastila refused to respond to that comment. Despite the evil that she had sensed, she wasn't sure that she could open herself up to the dark side the way that Revan had. The thought of being lost and becoming like one of the Massassi was terrifying to her. The turning of Revan and Malak to the dark side had a great impact on her and she vowed never to leave the light side. Now, she was forced to reevaluate that vow. Could she protect whatever innocents were down on the planet without using the dark side?

Though she did not have an answer to her question, she responded "Until it has been proven otherwise, I will not turn to the dark side the way you have. I can't give up my beliefs to fight some faceless enemy." She paused for a moment before issuing her threat "Know this however, I will not stand by and let you slaughter innocents in the name of your war. I will take you down with whatever means are at my disposal." This last was delivered in a frigid emotionless voice that left no doubts that she would follow through on her threat.

Revan's mouth quirked into a small smile for a second. "I will do whatever is necessary to cleanse this planet of the Massassi. For now, I will spare who I can, but make no mistake, anyone that is tied to them will be purged. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to win this war, I do hope you remember our dear friend Selene."

Bastila shuddered, she remembered all too well the vow that Revan had sent echoing through the force over a year ago; "*Let them send their children to me, I will show them what I'm capable of!*". Bastila knew that Revan would not hesitate to butcher his enemies. She also knew that her threat was largely an empty one. Unless she came up with a new weapon to use, Revan had always been stronger than her both with the light saber and with the force. The powers he gained by studying the dark side would only add to his advantages. She would do what she could to mitigate his actions and if necessary she would give her life in the attempt to stop him.

July 21st, 2007

Forest North of London

The pilot set the ship down in a small clearing in the middle of a small forest just north of London. The landing was made around midnight to reduce the chances of being seen by the local inhabitants of the planet. After ordering the men to put up the standard camouflage, Revan went to bed for the night. He and Bastila were setting out towards the city in the morning. There seemed to be a large concentration of force wielders in the city. Fortunately, he did not sense the pure darkness that was the hallmark of the Massassi so he would hopefully have some time to get his bearings.

There were other thoughts that were fighting for dominance in his mind. His family was here somewhere on this planet. He had no way of finding them on such a primitive world, if they were even still alive. In the vision he had seen his father involved in some fight. The idea that they could be dead did not really disturb Revan; however, the thought that sent a chill down his spine was the idea that they could be in league with the Massassi. It was much easier to deal with nameless victims than to condemn his own family to death. Grunting softly in disgust at the turn of his thoughts, he decided to face the decision should it ever be necessary. It was useless to spend energy worrying on something that may never come to pass.

Bastila followed Revan out of the cockpit. Like Revan she needed to rest to regain the strength she had spent while searching the planet for any hint of the Massassi. Tomorrow promised to be another long

day. Also like Revan her thoughts were troubled. Deciding to meditate before resting, she settled on the floor in her customary position. It wasn't the Massassi that were disturbing her thoughts so much as it was her reaction to them. After listening to Revan discuss them and having sensed the darkness that they surely represented. For the first time she truly realized the reason that the Jedi had followed him into the Mandalorian war and then into a war against the Republic. Even she, know his past and having heard his willingness to kill all those that were tainted found herself almost longing to join his crusade. Should she follow his path? It went against everything she had been taught, but maybe she could turn him not back to the light for she did not think that could ever happen but towards a balance between the light and dark. It would be a risky path because if she fell to the lure of the dark side, she could be helping to unleash a horrible plague on the galaxy. But, if she were to succeed, Revan could become the greatest ally the Republic could hope for, someone willing to do what was necessary and yet tempered by the needs of the innocent. Rising from her position on the floor, Bastila went to sleep nervous regarding her choice but determined to see it through regardless of the consequences.

July 21st, 2007

Headmaster's Office, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft & Wizardry

An old man with a long snowy beard and small wire frame glasses was sitting at a large desk in the headmaster's office of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft & Wizardry. The office was dotted with various devices that whirred or spun and in the corner stood a metal stand atop which sat a stunning red and gold phoenix.

Albus Dumbledore was an old man and he was feeling all 167 of his years. Even for a wizard he was an old man and like any old man, he had his share of regrets. Perhaps his greatest regret was ignoring the threat of Tom Riddle. If he had paid more attentions to the boys needs, he may never have become Lord Voldemort. The debt he felt he owed to the wizarding world in general for allowing this was the only thing that kept him going. He didn't have the right to give the burden to someone else to carry. Despite his desire to see his world safe before he passed on, Albus knew that there was only one

person who could defeat Voldemort once and for all. Sadly, Harry Potter had been missing for the last 26 years.

Turning once again to the latest reports on the Death Eater raids, he began to read. Surprisingly, the war had fallen into something of a stalemate. Neither side had made any significant headway in over a year. Voldemort was not often seen on his raids, but when he was the battle quickly ended in favor of the Death Eaters. When he was not present, the battle went against the Death Eaters more often than not.

Even the magical creatures who had originally joined with one side had withdrawn from any alliance as the conflict continued on with no end in sight. Most of the creatures like the werewolves, goblins, and vampires were content to let the wizarding world fight their own war. They would step in and help pick up the pieces but there was nothing to gain for them from depleting their numbers in such a drawn out conflict.

He was pulled away from the latest report when a small crystal sphere that was resting on the front right corner of his desk started to pulse emitting a soft white light almost like a heart beat. Albus just stared at the sphere for a moment in wonder before he realized the implications. Hope flared in his chest, Harry Potter had returned.

Chapter 7 – Homecoming

July 22nd, 2007

Headmaster's Officer, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft & Wizardry

It was shortly after breakfast had finished that Albus returned to his office. His staff had noticed a clear difference in his disposition this morning. His ancient eyes were twinkling in a way they hadn't for many years. Only Minerva McGonagall had the courage to ask him what was going on. Rather than answer her, he simply offered her a lemon drop, his favorite candy, and sent her on her way.

Despite his new found energy and spirit of hope, he was apprehensive about the meeting that was soon to take place. He had sent a message to James and Lily Potter this morning asking them to meet him in his office. Now he had to explain to them that he had known their son was alive since that fateful night. If he had died that night, the life stone that was now pulsing steadily would have turned black and cracked.

At precisely 10am, there was a polite knock on his office door. Albus waved his wand and the door swung open slowly allowing the couple to enter. The man was average height nearly 6'0 tall with messy salt and pepper hair that had once been jet black. In spite of his age, James had a youthful face with few wrinkles but his eyes told a different story. They were the eyes of someone who had seen both great happiness and sorrow and still carried the scars of that sorrow. Lily was shorter than her husband standing at 5'6. Her auburn hair hung just past her shoulders in soft curls. Like her husband, she had never fully recovered from the loss of her first born. The loss of Harry had hit her hard. She couldn't help but feel that the cost of ridding the world of Voldemort's evil for 23 years was simply too high.

James spoke first after Albus had motioned them to a pair of chairs positioned in front of his desk. "Albus what did you need us for? I didn't think it was possible for Hailey to get into trouble during the summer." James said this last with a fond smile for his daughter.

Chuckling softly before he answered, Albus said “No Hailey is most certainly not in any trouble. In fact I have good news for us all regarding the war but you and your family specifically.”

Lily asked “What news Albus? If this is about the war, why isn’t the entire Order here?”

Albus steeled himself for their reaction to his news. He knew it would not be easy for them to hear. “James, Lily do you know what this is?” He asked holding up the life stone.

Lily answered quickly “Of course, it is a life stone. Why, who is it attuned to?”

“I apologize for never telling you this before, but when Harry and Neville Longbottom were born, I attuned a life stone to each of them.”

James asked “Why, was it because of that prophecy that the fraud Trelawney gave?”

“Yes, it was. Either Harry or Neville could have fit the requirements for the prophecy, but when he attacked your home Voldemort chose Harry as his equal.”

James was confused, why were they rehashing this now. Harry had been dead for nearly 27 years. Neville Longbottom was also dead, killed by Death Eaters along with his parents just days after Voldemort’s defeat. “What does this have to do with us or that life stone?”

“As you know, when the person the stone is attuned to dies, it will turn black and crack.” He pulled open a draw on his desk and removed one such stone. “This is the stone that I attuned to Neville Longbottom. The one that is flashing is the one that I attuned to Harry.”

Lily cried out “How is that possible? You said he was dead!” Tears were threatening to spill from her eyes. James wasn’t much different.

“I don’t know if you will ever forgive me for this. That night, when I returned to my office, I noticed that the life stone was giving off a

steady soft light. It was not pulsing like it normally does. Of course I immediately cast every spell I could think of to locate Harry through the link to the stone but it appeared that he was nowhere on earth.”

James was angry now and his face was flushed “What do you mean he was nowhere on Earth? He had to be somewhere. If you had told us we could have searched for him, could have found him. What if Death Eaters have had him all this time?” Lily let out a soft sob at James’ statement immediately imagining the horrors that her son may have been subjected to growing up.

Albus’ eyes had dimmed from the earlier excitement. He sighed and answered “I don’t believe the Death Eaters had him or even knew he was alive. We would have heard something from one of our spies and surely Voldemort would have returned sooner. No, I don’t know where he was or who raised him, but you can see by the life stone that he is back and in good health.”

Lily had tears running down her face and she was almost afraid to hope that Harry could be alive after all this time. “That doesn’t explain why you didn’t tell us at the time.”

“I was afraid you would have spent your lives in a futile search for Harry. It is doubtful you could have found him when all the locator spells failed.”

“That was not your decision to make.” James argued.

“Have you been able to trace his location now?” Lily asked hopefully. She was furious with Albus as well, but at the moment she was more interested in finding Harry.

“Yes, but as you know, the spells are unable to give an exact location. That being said he is somewhere in London. It is quite possible he would be in Diagon Alley.”

Both Lily and James wanted to leave and find their son right away, but Albus stopped them. “I know you are eager to find Harry. Keep in mind that he is the only who can defeat Voldemort. It is essential that he be on our side. Hopefully, whoever kept him hidden all these years also provided him training to use his magic.”

Lily and James just stared at Albus after he made that statement. Just minutes after the man told them that their son was alive he was talking about his role in the war.

Lily was irate. "Albus Dumbledore that is our son you are talking about. I don't care if he is the only one who can defeat Voldemort, he will not be a tool or weapon in this war. He will most likely be confused as it is finding out that he has family."

James echoed Lily's words and told Dumbledore that he better watch himself if he wanted their continued involvement with the Order. Albus pales slightly at the threat. James and Lily were both very powerful and had helped to swing the tide of more than a few battles in favor of the Order.

Leaky Cauldron, London UK

Revan and Bastila had spent the better part of the morning making their way from the ship into London. Before they left, Revan ordered the three crewmen to do a thorough check of the ship to make sure that there had been no damage from the destruction of his flagship.

Using their sense of the force, Revan and Bastila were heading towards the nearest concentration of the dark side. After approximately an hour, they found themselves walking along a highway towards central London. While they were walking, Revan was trying to dispel his unease. He was leery of facing the Massassi with virtually no men. If there were more than a handful on the planet, he may have to look at alternative options. Revan was sure that there were some of his troops that were still loyal. He would need to reach them if the Massassi threat was too strong for Bastila and himself. If necessary he would send out a coded message to alert his forces even if it might bring Malak with it.

If he were truly being honest with himself, he would admit that the greater cause of his unease at the moment was the prospect of meeting his family. What if they were corrupted by the Massassi, would he be able to kill as easily as he had others? Another much quieter part of him but no less persistent wondered if they would accept him if they found out that he was a Sith Lord.

Bastila was more focused on the here and now. She worked on strengthening her mental defenses while they walked. If the dark side was truly as pervasive as she had sensed, she would need all her strength to resist its pull and to keep Revan from becoming its slave once more.

After walking for a few hours, the pair had reached central London. Neither noticed the stares that they received. Revan was dressed in a tight fitting black uniform with red piping and a black cape. He had brought both his light saber and a blaster with him, not sure of what they would find. Bastila was dressed in the traditional Jedi garb, light brown pants with knee high boots and a form fitting brown and white tope. She wore a dark brown robe over her clothes despite the heat of the summer morning and as with Revan carried both her light saber and a blaster.

Finally, the pair reached the entrance to a dingy, run-down looking establishment. The sign over the door read 'The Leaky Cauldron.' Bastila mentioned the strong feeling of the dark side coming from the establishment and suggested that they be on their guard at all times. Revan agreed but was somewhat more relaxed because he didn't get the sense of absolute darkness that was the hallmark of the Massassi.

Revan opened the door slowly and peered in before entering. It was a bar of some sort. There were a number of people sitting around tables eating and drinking. Sensing no immediate danger, he and Bastila walked in and let the door close behind them.

"Bastila, I don't sense any darkness from these people do you?" Revan asked surprised.

"No, I don't and yet this place reeks of the dark side. I don't understand."

Suddenly, the bartender called out "James Potter is that you? What are you doing here at this time of day?" It was clear that he was speaking to Revan.

"I'm sorry. I think you have me confused with someone else. My name is not James Potter." Revan responded politely.

Looking embarrassed the bartender said "My apologies, you are the spitting image of James Potter."

Revan wondered if his look alike could perhaps be his father. Dismissing the thought for the moment, he turned his attention back to the bartender and said "We are new around here and are not familiar with the lay of the land. Are there any interesting sites in the area?"

While Revan was speaking to the bartender, Bastila was looking around at the different people in the restaurant. Some of them seemed to be using some sort of stick to channel the force. Her eyes widened when she saw one man point the stick at a large chest and mutter something she couldn't hear. Immediately, the chest shrank down to a fraction of its original size. Never before had she seen the force used in such a way but she also felt a chill run down her spine. These people seemed to be channeling the dark side of the force through these sticks. To make things worse, she sensed that the balance between the light and dark sides of the force was broken on this planet, as if the channeling of the dark side through the sticks gave it primacy over the light side.

Bastila was broken from her study by a hand squeezing her shoulder lightly. Turning her head quickly, she saw Revan standing there. "Come on. Tom the bartender suggested we go see some place called Diagon Alley. The entrance is behind this place in the alley. He is going to open it for us since we don't have *wands*." This last word was said derisively.

"Wands? Oh! You must mean those sticks everyone has." Bastila exclaimed before continuing "Have you noticed that they appear to channel the force through them? If I had to guess, I would say that they are all force sensitives to one degree or another."

The pair continued to talk quietly, discussing their observations so far as they followed Tom through the restaurant out back to the alley. Tom pulled his wand out and tapped specific bricks. Revan was in the process of rolling his eyes when the wall opened before them. Both staggered back at the sight before them. Tom mistook their reaction

for awe at what was obviously their first look at Diagon and chuckled softly.

The sight that struck most children and visiting wizards and witches with awe caused quite a different reaction with Revan and Bastila. The dark side hung over Diagon Alley like a thick fog. The shops and stands were practically radiating with it. Despite its pervasiveness, the people seemed to be largely oblivious to it. Their auras were slightly darker than one would expect to see, but nothing like what Revan expected. Sharing a look of bewilderment, the two walked through the archway to explore Diagon Alley.

Headmaster's Officer, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft & Wizardry

Albus had just returned to his office from lunch with the school in the Great Hall. He was still thinking about the implications of Harry Potter's return. James and Lily may be stumbling block in controlling the young man. With enough time, he was sure they could be persuaded that his plans for Harry would be best for the wizarding world and their family. Surely they wouldn't want to endanger their daughter who had just been through an ordeal with the Tri-Wizard Tournament for someone they hadn't seen or known for over 26 years.

Smiling, Albus pictured the front page of the Daily Prophet proclaiming the return of the Boy-Who-Lived. People would flock to join his order once it was known that he had taken Harry under his wing. He would be able to guide Harry to his destiny and be there to pick up the pieces afterwards.

Albus was shaken from his reverie by a frantic voice calling from his fireplace. He looked over to Sirius Black, an Auror Captain, calling him. Eyes twinkling, Albus asked curiously "Sirius Black, what can I do for you today?"

Scowling for a second "Albus, I don't have time for your games. Death Eaters have started an attack at Diagon Alley. You need to contact the Order."

Albus paled at hearing of the attack. If Harry was in Diagon Alley, he could be in danger or worse, he could be part of the attack.

Dismissing that final thought, he grabbed the phoenix pendent around his neck, closed his eyes concentrating on the message to send and signaled the Order that an attack was under and where it was.

When he opened his eyes once more, Sirius' head was gone from his fireplace. No doubt he had gone to Diagon Alley to help repel the Death Eater attack. Albus could do nothing but hope that James and Lily had found Harry and would be able to keep him from harm for the time being. If Albus himself weren't so critical to the light he would have gone to assist in the battle, but he shuddered to think what would happen if he were to be injured or even worse killed.

Diagon Alley, London UK

James and Lily had been wandering around Diagon Alley for close to three hours, ever since they had left Albus' office. James was thrilled that his son was alive and well, but he was nervous at the same time. Would he be interested in getting to know his parents? What kind of man would he be? Did he even know who he was? All these questions were buzzing around in his brain as they made their way up and down the alley.

Lily was also feeling apprehensive. After leaving for Diagon Alley, the initial wave of euphoria began to wear off. Now she was feeling sad and nervous. Her baby boy had grown up without her. She would never be able to watch him take his first step or say his first word. Someone else had taken that from her. Like James she was getting anxious though, what if they couldn't find him. For some reason, the locator spell they were using was unable to give them a specific location. It only confirmed that he was somewhere in the vicinity of Diagon Alley.

Then it happened. Lily and James saw two people enter Diagon Alley. They were an odd looking pair which was saying something when looking at the wizards and witches scurrying around the alley on their errands. The man was tall and dressed in some sort of all black uniform that she did not recognize and a matching black cape. The lack of color only accentuated his pale skin and cold golden eyes. The woman was dressed in light browns and wore a robe over her

clothes. Even from a distance Lily could see a look of confusion pass over the woman's face as she looked around Diagon Alley.

James was also staring at the pair; there was something familiar about the man. For a moment, their eyes met and James gasped "Lily, it's him. That's Harry with that woman by the Leaky Cauldron."

Lily sucked in her breath sharply as she recognized the similarity to James in his face and hair. Those eyes, she thought in horror, how did he get those eyes...

Before they could move closer to the entrance and talk to him there were a series *cracks* signaling the apparition of wizards into the alley. Startled James spun around to see approximately 15 wizards all cloaked in black robes and wearing white skull masks. "Lily, it's the Death Eaters. Try and reach Harry to get him out of here. We can't lose him now. Not after we just found him again." James said all this while pulling his wand.

Lily nodded her head and began to make her way towards Harry when she heard the Death Eaters start casting spells. Splitting her attention between Harry and the Death Eaters she was only able to advance at an agonizingly slow pace. She was distracted for a moment when she saw a blasting curse explode against a wall near Harry. Her attention quickly came back to him when she heard a snap hiss and suddenly she saw a blood red beam of energy spring to life from Harry's hands. This was followed by similar snap hiss from his companion as a yellow beam appeared in her hands extending both upwards and downwards into a staff.

Revan and Bastila had just entered Diagon Alley when he caught sight of his parents. In shock from the sudden appearance of his parents, he barely noticed the arrival of the Death Eaters. His attention was brought back to abrupt focus when they began to attack people. Revan almost smiled, this was easy. There was no doubt in his actions, these people were enemies and they would die as such, they may not be as dark as the Massassi, but it was clear that they had given themselves over to the dark side and served it eagerly. With practiced ease, he drew his light saber and activated the weapon. Instantly, he was rewarded with the soft hum and a blood

red beam of energy. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Bastila had also brought out her saber-staff and was preparing for battle.

Lily could only watch in wonder as Revan and Bastila prepared to advance on the Death Eaters. Suddenly Revan blurred into motion as he let the *Rage* of the dark side flow through him enhancing his speed and reflexes. Charging forward faster than the eye could track, Revan leaped into the air and landed in the middle of the clustered Death Eaters. He acted immediately and fed his anger and hate into the force, creating a bubble around him that exploded outward slamming into the Death Eaters and knocking them to the ground.

Still moving with speed enhanced by the dark side, Revan concentrated again and channeled the dark side through his hands and shot out brilliant blue-white bolts of lighting that struck the nearest Death Eater. Smoke rose from the man's robes and mask as he was fried by the power flowing into him before finally bursting into flame.

Revan cut off his attack when he heard one the Death Eaters shout some strange words he didn't recognize. He didn't want to take the chance of whatever it was hitting him so he swung his light saber into its path directing the bolt of green energy into a nearby building. The curse blew a portion of the wall up leaving a gaping hole. Revan retaliated by using the *Force Grip* and seized the man lifting him into the air by his throat. With the other Death Eaters regaining their feet, Revan did not have time to play so he simply broke the man's neck and let him fall to the ground. Now that more of the Death Eaters had reentered the fight, he began to concentrate on using his light saber to deflect the beams and attack when given the opportunity. He swung his blade quickly intercepting attack after attack. In short order, 3 separate Death Eaters were on the ground screaming and grasping at the remains of their wand arms. Their attacks had been deflected back at them, destroying their wands and mutilating their wand arms.

Despite his skill and his enhanced speed, Revan was being pushed back by the 10 remaining Death Eaters. Then Bastila entered the fray. With her saber staff spinning deflecting incoming attacks, she used the *Force Push* to knock 2 of the Death Eaters off their feet. Getting into position so that she and Revan were back-to-back they both

began to swing their sabers in ever increasing speed as they blocked and deflected the attacks sent at them by the Death Eaters.

After getting the measure of the Death Eater's abilities, Bastila began to advance increasing the distance between her and Revan. The space in front of her took on almost a solid yellow hue as her staff spun rapidly deflecting the incoming attacks. Then she changed from defense to attack after deflecting another attack, she dove forward into a roll ending in a kneeling position directly in front of a pair of Death Eaters. Before they could react to her proximity, she slashed her staff across their legs. The Death Eaters screamed and fell to the pavement as the staff burned through their legs just above the knee. A second slash to their necks silenced their screams and she stood to face her next opponent.

Revan changed his stance after Bastila started to advance. He continued to deflect the incoming attacks for a moment before deciding that a change of tactics was in order. There were still 8 men attacking them. He drew his blaster in one hand and once again lightning arced out from his other hand into the nearest Death Eater. Splitting his focus, he maintained the lightning long enough to kill the man while he opened fire with his blaster on a cluster of three Death Eaters.

Lily made her way over to James. No one was doing anything to help Revan and Bastila. The Aurors, Order of the Phoenix, and James and Lily stood by and watched the beautiful yet deadly dance that was taking place in front of them. None of them had ever seen anything like the weapons that were being used. Somehow they were able to block or deflect every incoming spell, even the Unforgivables.

James watched as the man who he thought was Harry strike a second man with lightning coming from his hand while shooting some red spell from something that almost looked like a muggle gun. The first two spells dissipated harmlessly over the hastily erected shield, but the third spell shattered it and the fourth struck the Death Eater in the chest. James was not sure if the man was stunned or dead but either way he was out of the fight. The woman was just as deadly, she was swinging her staff with incredible speed blocking the spells

coming at her and sending them back towards the Death Eaters forcing them to dodge out of the way.

Now that there were only three Death Eaters in fighting condition, Revan and Bastila advanced rapidly. Though it seemed longer, the fight had only taken mere minutes so far. James watched in awe and a little fear as Harry (Revan) raised his free hand and two of the remaining Death Eaters rose into the air screaming in agony as their arms and legs were pressed painfully tight against their bodies. Then Revan clenched his fist and the sound of breaking bones could clearly be heard across the alley as the two Death Eaters were crushed by some unseen force and fell to the pavement mangled and dead. Bastila severed the last Death Eater's arm before he could get another spell off and spun her staff high in a follow-up attack. The man's headless body sank to the ground and his head rolled towards a nearby Auror.

With the death of the last Death Eater, the only sounds that could be heard in Diagon Alley was the steady hum of Bastila's saber staff.

Chapter 7: Meet the Parents

July 22nd, 2007

Diagon Alley, London UK

James just stood there for a moment following the surprisingly quick conclusion to the Death Eater attack. He could feel Lily's hand squeezing his as he watched his son ruthlessly dispatch the Death Eaters. Two feelings were warring inside him at the moment. Part of him was worried about Harry's actions, what kind of past did he have that he was able to kill so easily? The larger part of him was filled with relief and pride. Relief that Harry had not been raised by a Death Eater and pride that Harry put his life on the line for others because based on what he had witnessed Harry could have simply avoided the battle and left everyone to fend for themselves.

Lily had a different reaction them James. When they had first arrived at Diagon Alley, her only thought had been to find Harry and never let him go again. It had been close to 26 years since they had seen him, but the ache of his loss had never left her. Even the birth of his sister Hailey which was an extremely happy event for the couple also served as a reminder that their family was still missing someone. Then, just as James had spotted him, the Death Eaters attacked. She felt a pit form in her stomach as she saw the Death Eaters begin to attack. She couldn't lose Harry now, not when she had just found him again. Like everyone in the alley, she had been stunned by the weapons that he used. But now she didn't know what to feel, her son had just killed or helped to kill close to 15 men.

While Lily was trying to decide how to feel, Revan and Bastila were moving to a back to back position once again. Revan didn't think these people were enemies, but he was not prepared to roll over if someone got twitchy. He couldn't believe his parents were here. They looked exactly as the vision showed them. He felt like running. What would his parents think of him? Despite his fear of their reaction, he found himself wanting to know his parents.

He hadn't cared about others or what others thought of him in so long. Now, he found himself weighing his decisions against the outlook of Bastila. Revan wasn't sure if this was a good thing or not. The

Massassi were here on this planet and a half-hearted approach would only doom them all.

Shaking his head of these thoughts, he returned his focus to the people standing around them. Based on what he had seen, the ‘wands’ were their only weapons. He had not seen any of them use the force without one. Perhaps they were not able to. Regardless, the attackers had been able to accomplish much more with the use of a wand than he would have suspected.

Bastila stood with her back to Revan and her saber staff in a ready position. She could tell that no one knew what to do. By the way people were staring, it was clear that they had never seen anything like a light saber before. She studied the men and woman around them, the tension was building as everyone continued to stare silently.

Crack! Sirius Black, Auror Captain, and 5 Aurors apparated into Diagon alley and almost precipitated another battle. At the sound of apparition, one of the jumpier Aurors near Bastila raised his wand to snap off a spell; however, before he could even begin the incantation, Bastila swung her saber staff in an arc and sliced right through the wand just inches from his hand.

Breaking free from his daze, James yelled “Stop! You won’t hurt my son!” James then stepped over the Revan who was watching him warily. James raised his own wand and turned his back to Revan and Bastila so that he could help protect them.

Sirius was lost. He had been notified of the attack less than 5 minutes ago. The Order of the Phoenix hadn’t even arrived yet but all the Death Eaters were dead or unconscious. Finally he asked “James, what are you talking about?”

James shook his head and replied “I don’t want to get into it here. Lily and I are taking these two somewhere safe.” Revan, Bastila and Lily all looked strangely at James as he said this. Revan frowned for a second before shrugging his shoulders.

“James I can’t let anyone leave. We need to interview everyone to find out the facts of what happened.” Sirius explained.

“Sirius, there were Aurors in the alley that witnessed the entire attack. I am sure they can give you a detailed accounting.” Thinking the issue was decided, James pulled out a portkey from a pocket in his robe.

Sirius stepped up to James and put a hand on his arm. “James, you can’t just leave the scene like that.” He held up his hand to stop James from objecting. “I am willing to go with you and question them there. My team can do the rounds here.”

By this time, Revan had re-holstered his blaster and Bastila had deactivated her saber staff. After James’ comment they shared another look that said to go along with things for now, but be prepared for anything.

James motioned Lily to join them and asked Revan and Bastila to grab onto the metal ring he was holding. They shared another brief look with each other before complying. Sirius had just grabbed onto the ring when James said “Potter Manor!”

Revan and Bastila felt an uncomfortable tug behind their navels when the port key activated. Seconds later they were dumped unceremoniously on the stone floor of Potter Manor. Revan was up immediately scanning the room for exits and any sign of danger. Bastila was kneeling on one knee prepared to pounce as she too took stock of their surroundings.

Potter Manor, Godric’s Hollow UK

They arrived in a large open room that appeared to be the main entrance. It had granite walls and dark marble floors. A large tapestry hung in plain view from the large oak door that depicted what Revan assumed was the Potter family crest. The crest was a deep forest green with two golden stags facing each reared up in challenge. The room itself was sparsely furnished with sturdy wooden benches near the door and a small table next to the wall in the rear of the room.

James led everyone to a small study off the main entrance. It had the same dark marble floors of the main entrance but the stone walls were replaced with mahogany wood paneling. The walls were lined with book cases that were filled with both books and assorted

pictures. A large desk was at one end of the room and a small table with chairs sat on the opposite side. The large fireplace near the table was currently dark.

Revan took a seat facing the door. His choice was not lost on Bastila or took the seat next to him. After everyone had taken a seat, they sat and stared at each other. No one seemed to know what to say. Finally, Revan said “Would you care to explain where we are or why you brought us here?”

Sirius added abruptly “Yeah, I’d like to know why you would bring two potentially dangerous strangers here?”

Bastila just sat there observing everyone. She smiled grimly at Sirius’ comment because it was true.

James was nervous but he found it a little easier to begin now that someone had spoken up. “Sirius, I can’t be 100 till I check with the paternity spell but I think this is Harry.”

His eyebrows rose practically to his hairline before Sirius said “James, I realize that he looks a lot like you, but Harry has been gone for 26 years now.”

Revan stayed quiet during the exchange. He knew that James was his father from the vision but he was curious why James was so sure he was his son. James turned and focused on Revan and studied him for a moment before answering. “I know he looks like me but that isn’t it. I always had a connection with Harry since the time I first held him in my arms. For the first time since his disappearance I feel that connection again.”

Lily spoke up finally guessing what Sirius was about to say “Sirius, we spoke with Albus this morning. He showed us a life stone this morning that he had attuned to Harry when he was born. All we knew was that Harry was somewhere in London.”

“But he told us that Harry was dead, why would he do that? If he had a life stone he should have been to locate him.” Sirius asked.

"None of the spells worked, they couldn't find him anywhere on Earth. Yet the stone didn't turn black so he knew that Harry was alive." Revan smirked at this answer. It was no wonder they couldn't find him, he had been on a different planet entirely.

James frowned when he saw Revan smirk; surely he didn't think it was funny that they thought he was dead. Sirius saw the smirk as well and said accusingly "What, do you think it's funny that they thought you were dead? Do you know what kind of hell they have been through?"

Revan cut Sirius off in mid-rant "I think you have misunderstood me. I was laughing at the James' explanation. Once you are satisfied that I am their son, I will tell you why."

James felt some relief at Revan's answer. "Do you mind if I cast the paternity spell on you now? It will simply show the names of your parents."

Revan said "Yes, you can run your test."

James pulled his wand and muttered something under his breath. A soft green beam of light issued forth from the tip of his wand striking Revan in his chest. The glow spread over Revan's body and finally two names formed over his head. There is soft green glowing letters were the names James Hayden Potter and Lily Marie Potter.

After seeing the names floating above his head Lily burst into tears. Despite her misgivings, this was still her son. Knocking over her chair as she stood up, she rushed around the table and practically bowled Revan over as she grabbed him in a fierce hug and sobbed on his shoulder. James wasn't far behind in grabbing onto Revan as well. Both were afraid that he would disappear from their lives again.

Bastila took one look at Revan and burst out laughing at the expression on his face. His gold eyes were wide and a panicked expression was on his face as his parents hugged him. Bastila just couldn't believe it as she bent over with the force of her laughter. Here was Revan, one of the most feared men in the entire Republic looking terrified and powerless as he was embraced by these two people.

Sirius scowled as he saw Bastila laughing. “I don’t see what is so funny.”

Bastila thought over her answer. She needed to be careful, if Revan were able to establish a relationship with his parents, it would make it harder for him to slip back to the dark side. While she thought the father might understand some of Revan’s rationale, she did not think his mother would. James and Lily had finally returned to their seats by the time Bastila answered “Revan is one of the best military commanders that I know of. The expression on his face when his parents were hugging him was priceless.”

James asked a question now “Why do you keep calling him Revan? His name is Harry.”

Revan knew that Bastila was leaving him a way to avoid some of his sins and appreciated her even more for it. He turned his attention to Lily and James and said “I have been called Revan all my life. While it is nice to know what my name once was, I have paid to high a price to change it now.” He paused to let that sink in for a moment before he continued with his story “I laughed earlier at your choice of words when you said that it appeared that I was no where on Earth because you were more right than you know.”

Something about Revan and this woman bothered Sirius. He had never seen wounds like the kind on the Death Eaters and the idea that his godson could kill them so easily was very unsettling. He decided that he needed to get the story of what happened before he learned more about Revan. So, Sirius interrupted Revan “As much as I want to know where you have been all these years, I need to ask you some questions about the attack.”

Lily was about to protest when Bastila cut her off and asked “What did you want to know?”

“First off, I need to see your wand to know what spells you cast.” Sirius looked at Revan and Bastila expectantly.

Revan let Bastila take the lead. “That might be difficult since we don’t have wands.”

"How could you take down so many Death Eaters so quickly if you don't have wands?" Sirius demanded. James and Lily were curious as well though nowhere near as agitated as Sirius appeared to be.

"I used this." Bastila answered simply holding up her saber staff and activating it.

Sirius just stared at it. He had never seen anything like it. "Where did you get that? Is it some kind of dark magic?" He asked accusingly.

James was getting fed up with Sirius. He just couldn't understand his reaction. "Sirius back off!"

"No James! He may be your son but we don't know anything about him. He could be in league with Voldemort for all we know!" Sirius said angrily. Something about Harry or Revan whatever he was calling himself was off. His showing up at Diagon Alley just in time for the attack was too convenient.

Even Lily was getting defensive now. "That's ridiculous! They didn't do anything until the Death Eaters attacked!"

"Exactly! What were they doing there in the first place? I am going to take them with me to the Ministry where I can question them properly." Sirius finished practically shouting.

"No Sirius, you not taking them anywhere. I didn't just get him back to let you take him away again." James said in a very quiet voice that sent shivers down Sirius' spine.

He narrowed his eyes and wondered again why James and Lily were reacting so strongly. Sure it was their son, but he was just a cold-blooded killer in Sirius' mind. The fact that he had killed people didn't seem to be bothering him at all. "Fine James, they can stay here tonight, but if they are not in my office tomorrow morning you better expect to see a team of Aurors show up at your door to bring them in." Sirius growled.

Revan and Bastila stood up at this point. Revan said in calm but deadly voice "What gave you the impression that we would let you take us anywhere?"

Before Sirius could finish drawing his wand to back up his threat, the room was filled with a soft hum as Revan's blood red light saber and Bastila's yellow saber staff flared into life.

Bastila purred "I would put that away if you want to keep your arm. We have done nothing wrong. We simply defended ourselves and the people of that alley place from those hostiles."

Sirius just stared at the glowing light sabers in front of him before putting his wand back in its holster. He spun and walked out of the room, only pausing for a moment to say "Remember what I said James." Seconds later, they heard the slam of a door and knew that Sirius had left.

The four adults looked at each other for a moment and then Bastila and Revan deactivated their sabers. Everyone returned to their seats when James apologized for Sirius.

Lily asked softly "Harry...I mean Revan can you tell us what happened to you?"

Revan answered "I was taken by a woman named Kreia and brought to a different planet to be raised by a group of warriors called the Mandalorians."

"What? She brought you to a different planet? That's not even possible." James exclaimed.

"There's a lot out there that you don't know about. This world is fairly primitive compared to the worlds of the Republic. Let me get through this and then you can ask questions." Then Revan went on to describe his time with the Mandalorians and his subsequent training to be a Jedi.

Lily found herself crying once more as she listened to her son recount his life. No one should be raised in such an environment. Of course, this thought was fighting with the fact that the galaxy was teeming with alien races and traveling from planet to planet was no different than going to Europe. "You said that you paid too high a price to go back to calling yourself Harry. What did you mean by that?"

Bastila understood why he was reticent about sharing some of his darkest deeds with his parents. For herself, she was still surprised at her willingness to work with Revan. Not too long ago, she had been intent on capturing and potentially killing him to rid the galaxy of the threat he posed. Then she was forced to listen to what he had to say and she could hear the truth behind it. She would never allow herself to sink to the depths that he had regardless of the cause. His intentions and the threat of the Massassi themselves were also a mitigating factor in her new stance with Revan. If she can keep him on the grey path that he appeared to be trying to walk then he would once again become one of the Republic's greatest assets.

Clearing her head of these thoughts, she took over the story for Revan. She began to describe the Mandalorian War and Revan's role in it. She didn't leave much out. Revan filled in the holes in her account, adding in details about Dxun and Malachor V.

After they finished describing the war Revan answered Lily's question. "I was in charge. I personally led assaults or ordered attacks. Men flocked to my banner at my call. They fought and died in my name and in the name of the Republic. It would dishonor their sacrifice and their memory for me to take my birth name once again. I say this not to hurt you, but my name will always be Revan Bloodraven."

James sensed there was more to the story and said so. Bastila was about to speak but Revan cut her off. He didn't think she would betray his secrets to his parents, but it would be better coming from him directly. "Yes, almost immediately on the heels of the Mandalorian War there was a ..." He paused as though searching for the right word. "There was a civil war. It is still going on now. Like before, I was a major figure in the war."

Bastila understood what Revan was doing but there was a voice in the back of her mind urging her to clarify that Revan started the war. She held her tongue though, in the end it would come out but right now it could destroy any chance at a relationship with his parents and she wanted that in place to help anchor him.

Revan looked at her gratefully before James asked "If the war is still going on, why are you back on Earth?" He didn't get the impression that Revan would run from a fight.

"I was betrayed by my second in command. He and a large contingent of our forces attacked my flagship while we were orbiting a planet undergoing repairs. Shortly before the attack though, I received a vision from the force showing me brief flashes of your life here on Earth. It was the first time I knew you were alive and where you were. I had been thinking of coming here and had gone so far as to have the computer calculate the course. When we were attacked, the ship and computer were damaged and we were only able to go to the last programmed destination, in this case Earth."

Lily had recovered her composure. Her son's life had been very hard. She never wanted him to have to face such things. But, he had also seen places and met beings beyond her wildest imagination. She wondered if he was ever innocent after he had been taken from them. Still she was curious "Is ship in orbit then? Can we see it?"

Shaking her head, Bastila answered "No, the ship was destroyed shortly after we entered this solar system. The damage to the engines was too severe and they overloaded. We escaped on a small gunboat with a handful of crew members."

Revan stood up. "Why don't you take a few minutes to let everything sink in. I need to contact my men to check-in." With that, Revan left the room to give his parents some privacy. Bastila followed him.

James understood better now why he felt such a connection with Harry...Revan he corrected himself mentally. Beyond the mere fact that Revan was his son and he loved him immensely, they had similar experiences. As an Unspeakable he had killed more than his share of dark wizards and creatures. He knew what it was like to make the hard choices and send men into situations knowing that they would most likely die. Without realizing it, he had recognized the look in his son's eyes. It spoke of a willingness to do what needs to be done and the knowledge that he would pay the price regardless of the outcome.

Lily wasn't sure what to feel. Like James she loved her son and was ecstatic to have him back with them. She was more reticent though.

Even knowing more about him, she still was having a difficult time reconciling her baby boy with the man she saw in Diagon Alley. The cold dispassionate side of her recognized the necessity of his actions, but it did little else to put her ease.

Headmaster's Office, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft & Wizardry

For the second time that day, the face of Sirius Black appeared in his fireplace. Albus of course invited Sirius to come on through. Once Sirius had taken a seat, Albus wasted little time on small talk.

“Sirius, what happened today at Diagon Alley? None of the Order members were able to give me any details.” Albus asked. He hadn’t heard anything from Lily and James either. He could only hope that they had found young Harry.

“That’s because the attack was over before any of us even got there. The 15 Death Eaters involved in the attack were either killed or incapacitated.”

Shock shone clearly on Albus’ face at Sirius’ words. “Killed?”

Sirius replied tiredly, the fight with James earlier that day was wearing on him “Yeah they were killed. It was Harry Potter and some woman with him.”

Albus paled even further, his face now the color of parchment “You’re sure it was Harry Potter and not some imposter?”

“Yes, James even cast the paternity spell on him proving that he was Harry. Though he calls himself Revan now.” Sirius said bitterly.

Albus was thinking quickly. He had hoped that Harry would be someone that he could use as a banner carrier to rally the wizarding world behind him. If he was willing to kill so recklessly though, he would have to rethink his plans. Maybe he could use James and Lily to bring him around to the proper way of thinking. “How did James and Lily react?”

“Both were overjoyed that they had Harry back with them. Lily seemed unsure how to deal with the events of Diagon Alley. The

thing that surprised me though was James' attitude. It didn't seem to bother him at all."

"Hmmm...This will require some thought on my part. What about his companion?"

"She's just as bad as he is, didn't seem to mind at all that she had killed a number of men."

"What's your impression of them?" Albus asked. Plans were forming in his head, but it would take some effort on his part to bring them about.

"I don't know. If you had told me yesterday that I was going to be reunited with my godson today I would have been over-the-moon. Now though, I don't know. It's not just what happened in Diagon Alley, there is just something that doesn't feel right about him. Something happened to his eyes too, they are gold instead of green. And it isn't the amber that Remus gets when the werewolf is coming out. It is an eerie and unsettling gold color."

"What did your Aurors think of today's events?"

"Frankly, the ones that were present for the attack are terrified of him. According to them, he threw lightning and was using wandless magic left and right. That doesn't even begin to explain some funky weapons he has. I have never heard of anything similar to them in the magic or muggle world."

Albus and Sirius continued to discuss the implications of Harry's return and whether he would play a role in the war against Voldemort and his Death Eaters. Sirius was not aware of the prophecy and Albus was feverishly trying to come up with ways to tie Harry to the light. If the eye witness accounts were even half way accurate, Harry would make a dangerous enemy and surely tip the scales in Voldemort's favor if he were to join forces with him.

Somewhere in UK

In a dimly room two figures dressed entirely in black stood facing each other. Each man held an almost glass-like sword of incredible

sharpness. It was clear that larger of the men was holding back, occasionally slapping the other with the flat of his blade hard enough to draw blood along its edge.

Then the smaller man stopped and held his sword point down to show submission. When the other man also lowered his sword, he looked into the red and gold colored eyes of his master and said "Master, do you sense it? There are force wielders on the planet."

Kael Corpus replied to his apprentice "Yes. It appears that a new threat has arisen to challenge our control of this backward planet."

"Do you think it could be other Massassi?" Heto Malico asked respectfully.

"No, they would have contacted us. Plus, we do not have the men to spare on this rock while we are putting down the uprising in our empire."

"Is it possible that we simply sensed the natives? We have seen what they can do with those 'wands' of theirs."

"Again, I do not think so. The force wielders were working with the force and not forcing it to act through those wands. It leaves an entirely different signature. No, I think we have Jedi on the planet." He finished his last sentence with a sneer on his face. The Jedi were nothing compared to the Massassi. They ignored the power offered by the dark side of the force, forever crippling their abilities and power. If his suspicions were correct, the Jedi should prove to be no match for himself or his apprentice.

"What do we do?"

"For now we do nothing. But soon it will be time to take a more active role in guiding our agents on this rock. The dark side already covers this planet in a shroud; it will soon be time for that darkness to be made absolute. Then we have a new planet to add to the Sith Empire."

Chapter 8: Enter the Authority Figures

July 22nd, 2007

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

After Revan and Bastila left the room, James and Lily sat in their chairs for a moment longer thinking on everything that Revan and Bastila had told them. James was astounded at the type of life that his son had. He was proud of the man he had met today. Still he was troubled, not so much by what he heard but by what he suspected had not been told. He could only hope that Revan would trust him once they had a chance to get to know each other.

"Lily, I am going to ask Revan and Bastila to stay for dinner." James said with a slightly nervous tone. He wasn't sure how Lily was taking their son's revelations.

Lily had a silk handkerchief in her hands and had been using it to dab at the tears that occasionally fell from eyes. "Are you sure? Do you really want to expose Hailey to him?"

James face fell at Lily's questions. He sighed softly before answering "I think Hailey deserves the chance to meet her brother. I think he could help her cope with the events of the war besides she won't be back till later this week."

Lily was practically wringing her hands now "But you saw how they killed those men. Maybe Sirius is right maybe they are no different than the Death Eaters."

James leaned forward in his chair and looked at Lily in shocked dismay. "I can't believe you would even think that they are the same as Death Eaters."

Lily cut him off and said heatedly "They killed them the same way the Death Eaters kill innocent bystanders! What am I supposed to think!"

James was angry now and his body showed it in the way his hands turned white as they gripped the arms of the chair. "They are different because they did what needed to be done. Revan and Bastila did not

enjoy killing those men. They didn't revel in it. I wish there were more wizards and witches willing to do what they did; if there were Voldemort might never have risen to power in the first place."

Lily gaped at James, her mouth opening and closing several times before she finally found her voice. "What happened to you? When we were first married you never would have supported what they did. You would have been as upset as Sirius and I are."

"I grew up something you and Sirius had not done." He retorted hotly. Sirius and Lily and many of the Order didn't really understand the nature of what they were fighting in his opinion.

"Oh yes, because clearly we are immature because we don't condone killing."

"No but you refuse to admit that there are circumstances where the normal rules don't apply. I never said to kill all criminals; however, I do advocate the killing of Death Eaters. We are war whether you want to admit that or not and the Death Eaters are soldiers for the other side."

"Fine! Do what you want but don't expect me to welcome them with open arms. He may be my son, but that doesn't mean I will support or condone his actions." Lily stood and stormed out of the room, taking a different door that lead away from the entrance hall.

James just leaned back in his chair and rubbed his eyes. Once he might have thought the same way as Lily and Sirius, but that changed the night he thought his son had died.

Flashback

Ministry of Magic, November 11th, 1981

A couple of weeks later after the attack on his home that took the life of his son, James went back at work in the Department for International Affairs at the Ministry. It was a Wednesday around lunch time. He was sitting at his desk lost in thought as he stared a picture of Lily and Harry. Looking up he said "Come in." when he heard a knock at his door.

A tall well built man with short brown hair and blue eyes walked into the office and closed the door behind him. James' hand went for his wand when the stranger started to cast a spell. He only relaxed when he realized it was a privacy ward. He was curious now who this man was and what he wanted.

Once the man completed the ward, he took a seat across from James. "Mr. Potter, first let me express my deepest condolences for your loss. No parent should ever have to bury their child." He said softly.

James could feel tears start to prickle his eyes. He took a moment to compose himself before he said "Thank you, but I am sure you didn't come for that."

The man let a small smile form, not much more than an upturning of the corners of his mouth. "No, I came to take talk to you about a job."

James was taken by surprise. "Ok, I wasn't expecting that."

"Mr. Potter I am a member of the Department of Mysteries. I am an Unspeakable agent. We would like you to join us as an agent."

James fell back into his chair. "Me, you want me to be an Unspeakable? Why?"

The man had lost his smile and was looking deadly serious as he explained "Mr. Potter, you are certainly not the only parent to have a lost a child to Voldemort. Based on our observations of you, we feel that you may be amenable to the types of activities that our agents undertake."

"What activities?"

"Before I go on, I will warn you that if you decide not to take our offer, I will be forced to Obliviate this conversation. Do you understand?"
The man asked his tone stating that this was not a joke.

James could only nod. The man continued to explain "You could think of us as international Aurors; however, we do not arrest our targets." James had no illusions about what the man was saying.

"So you want me to be an assassin?" James asked. His displeasure at the idea was showing clearly on his face. Since his son had died, James had decided that there were indeed some criminals that should be killed rather than arrested but not all crimes were deserving of that kind of retribution.

"Let me explain, we are not assassins. First, as members of the Department of Mysteries we are completely independent of the Minister so there are no politically motivated targets. Second, we do not go after all criminals. We target only dark lords or potential dark lords."

James was somewhat relieved to hear that, but then he felt anger smolder. "If you go after dark lords, why did you wait until some prophecy declared my son as the only threat to Voldemort! Couldn't you have taken him out before that?"

The man looked at James with sympathy and answered "Unfortunately, even though we are independent there are still some laws that we must follow. The key law in this case being that we can't operate within the UK. It is something we have been trying to change but we have had little success."

"How would it work?" James asked. His mind was going a mile a minute jumping from topic to topic as he processed what the man was saying. This would give him a way to honor Harry's memory and hopefully help prevent other parents from having to bury their children.

"Everything would remain largely the same. You would undergo some special training to make sure you had the necessary skills and practice. This job here would be your cover and as threats are identified, you and a team of agents would be sent out to neutralize it."

"Can I tell my wife?" James asked already knowing the answer.

"No, I'm sorry. The fewer people that know the better, given the nature of our work. If you ever need to talk to someone other than an agent we have hired muggle therapists to help deal with issues as they arise."

James just nodded his head as he listened to the man. Could he do this, could he keep such a large part of his life secret from Lily? Part of him was happy that he couldn't tell her, he didn't think she would understand. It was then he realized that he already decided that he would take the job.

"I'll do it." James said simply but with conviction in his voice. This was his chance, not at revenge because nothing he did would bring Harry back, but to stand up and make sure it never happened again.

End Flashback

James stood up and went back to the entrance hall to find Revan and invite him to stay. He didn't have to look long. Just seconds after he had made it to the entrance hall, Revan walked in through the front door. James smiled as he felt a wave of happiness wash over him.

"Revan I don't know if you have a place to stay but I would like it if you would stay here. At a minimum, would you be willing to stay for dinner? Plus, you need to meet your sister and she won't be back until later in the week." James asked.

It was clear to Revan that James wanted him to stay. It was strange, it felt like he had a bond with James similar to the one he had with Bastila. Somehow James was able to reach those parts of his personality that he had repressed for so long. Without meaning to, Revan hesitated in answering.

James saw the hesitation and rushed on "Bastila would also be welcome. We have more than enough space here and it wouldn't be any problem. It would also give us a chance to get to know each other again."

Revan was about to answer before James cut him off again. Revan almost laughed at how nervous James appeared now as he said "Revan, I know there are parts of your life that you kept from us." James paused to take a breath before he continued "Don't worry I won't ask you about them, once we know each other better, I would hope that you will trust me enough to share them. Until that happens, I just want to spend time with my son and make up for the last 26 years."

Despite himself, Revan felt something stir within him at James' honest intentions. "I need to speak with Bastila, but I think I would like to stay for the night and dinner at a minimum."

James just beamed at him. His smile couldn't physically get any bigger.

Revan asked a question "What about Lily? How does she feel about me staying here?"

Grimacing slightly and looking away James answered "She is going to need time."

Revan was impassive as he replied "That's what I expected. You seem to be much more pragmatic regarding today's events and my history."

"Yes well, there are some things I can't share with you right now that would explain that. Maybe in the future but suffice it to say that your mother and I have dramatically different opinions on the disposition of certain criminal elements."

Revan chuckled at the euphemism. James broke out in a grin again, it was the first time he had heard Revan laugh and it changed his appearance dramatically. He lost his world weary countenance for that few seconds and James wanted nothing more than to make him laugh again.

Revan asked "Who were those men that attacked today? They weren't very effective from a combat perspective but I assume they were not the run of the mill criminals either."

James shrugged, not really wanting to get into it at the moment. "Why don't we wait to discuss that until after dinner? Then I can explain it to you and Bastila at the same time."

"On that note, I will go ask her about dinner. I haven't had a chance to look around, are we secluded here?"

James was puzzled by the question but answered anyway. "Yes we are Godric's Hollow is the closet town, but that is 10 kilometers away. The only thing around here is forest. Why?"

Revan just smile and said "Good. It should make keeping in touch with my men easier." Then he turned on his heel and walked back outside to find Bastila. James just stood there for a second wondering what his son was going to do before going off to find Lily.

Once outside, Revan started to wander around, taking a look at the grounds as well as looking for Bastila. James wasn't kidding when he said that there was no one in the vicinity. The lands surrounding the manor were covered in green rolling hills. Not too far he could see the forest that James had mentioned. He would have to check it out, but from he could see, it should be dense enough to provide cover for his gun ship.

When he turned the corner to walk towards the rear of the manor, he almost ran into Bastila. He smiled as he saw the normally unflappable Jedi jumped at the sight of him.

Once she noticed him smiling at her she scowled and said sarcastically "I wouldn't be laughing too much if I were you. I'm not the one that started to panic when my parents hugged me."

Revan actually blushed at the comment which Bastila found extremely funny. Who knew it was so easy to embarrass the man. "James invited us to stay for dinner and if we want we can stay the night."

Bastila shrugged her shoulders and said "It makes no difference to me. I wouldn't complain if we had something other than emergency rations for a change."

"Still thinking with your stomach I see. I would have expected you to grow out of that by now, but I suppose that would be too much to hope for."

"Maybe your mother can make a special treat for her little boy." Bastila paused for a second as she watched Revan frown at the statement. "Don't you like her?"

This time it was Revan who shrugged. "I don't think she approves of either of us. Apparently we were too brutal during the attack. She agreed with that other fellow that we should not have killed those men."

"What about your father?" She asked. Revan needed a positive influence other than herself if he was going to soften his methods at all.

"He was more comfortable with it. James seems to recognize the need to take definitive action when the situation calls for it."

Bastila was relieved to hear this. Good, it sounds like James has the potential to be a strong influence in helping Revan to walk the fine line between light and dark. "Do you like him? It would be good to have people we can trust."

"Yes, I think I do. There is a connection between us, like there is between you and me. On a separate topic, we need to learn more about the men that attacked the alley today. James promised he would explain more about the situation this evening when we were all together."

"What about the ship? Are we going to return this evening?" Bastila asked.

"I was thinking about having them move the ship to that forest over there. According to James it is pretty extensive and this is the only residence within 10 kilometers. It should be more then dense enough to provide cover."

"I think that is a good idea. We are going to need a base of operations to work from and your parents, or at least your dad, may prove to be an invaluable resource."

"That was my thought too. Plus, we need to learn more about how they are using the force. It doesn't feel natural to me." Revan said softly.

"No, it doesn't and the dark side seems to hang over everything like a fog. It's even bad here though it is not likely that your parents do not

subscribe to the philosophy of the Sith. I am going to meditate to try and cleanse my mind of any residue.”

“Wait, I will join you. Just let me tell James that we will join them for dinner.” Revan said and then walked back towards the manner to speak with James. While he was walking he replayed his conversation with Bastila in his head. She was subtle but it was evident to him that she was trying very hard to foster a relationship with at least one of his parents. It was obvious that she hoped he would be less likely to use the same sorts of tactics that had started the civil war if he surrounded himself with those more closely aligned to the light side.

A cold calculating smile took shape on Revan’s face. He knew that Bastila was going to make an effort to help him walk a new path. Maybe the bond that had existed between them so long ago would strengthen once more. If he could strengthen it, he may be able to bring her to the dark side. Her own intentions could be used against her to subtly train her in the ways of the dark side.

Yes, this had possibilities and she would be different than Malak. She would not have it in her to betray him. She had already had many opportunities to attack him and she had not taken any of them. Even after his betrayal, Revan found that he missed having a connection with his former friend. Malak had first been a friend and then his apprentice. The nature of that relationship necessitated a certain distance and wariness between them. With Bastila, he would not feel threatened and he would see to it that she was convinced of his desire to change. By the time she realized the truth, she would be joined to him and serve the dark side willingly.

His father could be an issue though. Despite his desire to meet his family, he had never expected to share a bond with either of his parents. However unlikely it may seem, he seemed to have a familial bond with his father similar in nature to his bond with Bastila even though he hadn’t seen or known the man for 26 years. Still his father could prove useful in gathering allies and finding the Massassi. It would not do to lower his guard too much or share his secrets too soon. The bond was too fragile and must grow before he could show his true face.

For the first time in a long while, Revan took pleasure in the knowledge of the battles that were sure to come. He would see this world cleansed of the Massassi taint or burn in the effort. However, it would require careful planning on his part; he had to appear to make changes in his beliefs. Not that he was going to change his tactics entirely; today's battle proved that; however, maybe it would be possible to limit the collateral damage until he had greater support.

Later that evening, Revan and Bastila had dinner with James and Lily. There was an air of forced politeness during dinner and it was obvious to all involved that Lily did not approve of their actions. She refused to talk about anything related to the attack and kept her conversation strictly to small talk.

James was angry with Lily for making things so difficult. Finally, after dessert had been served, James brought up the attack. Lily's eyes flashed in anger at the topic before she politely excused herself.

Revan and Bastila watched her go. After being raised first as a Mandalorian and then as a Jedi Revan found himself indifferent to his mother and unconcerned with her reactions. He didn't feel the same sort of connection to her that he did to his father.

Revan finally asked the question that had been hanging over them the entire dinner. "Who were those men that attacked the alley today?"

James reached for his wine glass and took a large swallow before answering. "The men who attacked Diagon Alley were Death Eaters. They are servants of the dark lord Voldemort." Seeing no recognition in either Revan's or Bastila's eyes he continued "Close to 40 years ago, Voldemort first began his attacks on the wizarding world. His goal was to purify the bloodlines and to obtain absolute power." James went on to explain the Death Eaters and the terror created by Voldemort and his followers.

Finally, James' eyes became empty and his face haunted. "On October 31st, Voldemort attacked our home while your mother and I were out. We were betrayed by one of our best friends. Voldemort tried to kill you but somehow you reflected the spell back and

destroyed his body. Your mother and I thought you had died as well, but obviously that was not the case.”

“Was Voldemort not destroyed?” Bastila asked curiously.

“No, only his body was destroyed, his spirit lived on. Things were quiet for 25 years until last year when he was somehow returned to a body using your sister’s blood.”

Revan’s mind was spinning. He had been killed and brought back many times by the Massassi. It had never been over such a long period of time, but what if they were responsible for this Voldemort. If so, then his father would be more critical than he originally thought. “Why hasn’t anyone taken him out? Surely if enough people attacked at the same time you would be able to overcome any defense he might have.”

James grimaced. This was something he had hoped to avoid for a time. He didn’t want Revan to feel pressured to stay or do something that the wizarding world should have taken care of a long time ago. “There was a prophecy made around the time you born. It basically says that only you can defeat the dark lord.”

Bastila was intrigued by this. Of course the Jedi had prophecies as well, so she wasn’t shocked by its existence. However, if the prophecy referred to the dark lord and not Voldemort specifically, it may mean that Revan was destined to fight the Massassi on this planet and not just Voldemort. “Did it say that Revan would be the only one who can defeat the dark lord or did it specify Voldemort?”

James leaned back in his chair as he thought over the wording of the prophecy. Softly he repeated the prophecy word for word. Looking back at Revan and Bastila he saw them exchange a brief look as if sharing a thought. “It says the dark lord. It has to mean Voldemort; he was the one who attacked Revan.”

Before either Bastila or Revan could respond, Revan’s communicator chirped. Revan pulled it from his pocket and said “Go ahead.”

“Lord Revan, we are nearing your location. Where do you want us to set down?”

"You should have a forest on your sensors. There is a clearing near the south end. Set down there."

"Very good sir, we will contact you again once we have landed."

After returning the communicator to his pocket, Revan turned to his father and said "Thank you for dinner this evening. Bastila and I should go and meet the ship. If you don't mind, we will return in the morning to join you for breakfast."

James was floored, that device shouldn't have worked. "How did that device work? Electronics don't function around magic." Before either Bastila or Revan could answer James added "Screw that, can I go with you? I want to see your space ship." He was practically bouncing in his chair with excitement.

Revan nodded as both he and Bastila laughed at his display. "Come on then."

After showing an enthusiastic James around the ship, Revan retreated to his quarters for the night. Bastila followed suit and locked the door behind her. She dimmed the lights in her room and began to meditate for the second time that day. Once she had centered herself, she reached out her senses to examine Revan's aura. Despite the fact that she was in a peaceful meditative state, she frowned at what she saw. The black and red elements of his aura had regained much of their strength, though it was still less than what she had first observed on his flagship.

It was critical that Revan not return to his old ways. Mentally she sighed as she realized she would need to reinforce aspects of his aura every night to prevent his from slipping back. She got work strengthening his connection the light side and mitigating the anger and hatred he felt into something more balanced. She used her memories of their first meeting as a guide, trying to recreate the confident, caring boy that she met all those years ago. It was a difficult task she had set herself, but if she failed than she would have no choice but to kill him. Hopefully it would never come to that because to do so would be to kill a part of herself however much she may deny it.

July 23rd, 2007

12 Grimmauld Place, London UK

Sirius was sitting at the dining table in his kitchen. He was pleasantly surprised to find that no one else was in the house this morning when he went down for breakfast. Ever since Voldemort had returned he had offered up his home as a base of operations for the Order of the Phoenix. While he was drinking his coffee, a brown barn owl flew through the window and dropped off his copy of the Daily Prophet. A look of disgust came over his face as he read the front page of the paper.

Attack on Diagon Alley:

Saviors or Scourges – You Be the Judge

By

Matthew Hatterly

The calm quiet of Diagon Alley was shattered yesterday afternoon by yet another Death Eater attack. For the first time since the return of Voldemort, the Death Eaters were stopped before they were able to harm more than a handful of people. Two people, a man dressed in what appeared to be a black military uniform of some sort with a flowing black cape and a woman dressed in soft browns and a dark brown robe were on hand and put a stop to the attack.

Surely these two would be considered saviors to all those witches and wizards present at the time; however, these two did more than stun the Death Eaters. Of the 15 that were present in Diagon Alley, only 3 survived. The others were dispatched with cool almost5 brutal efficiency according to eye witnesses. So are these two strangers heroes for risking their lives for others or criminals for killing the Death Eaters.

Where were the Aurors during all of this? That is a question that must be asked. According to eye witness accounts, the Aurors present in Diagon Alley at the time of the attack stood by and simply watched as the strangers defended the witches and wizards. Is this the kind of

protection we have to look forward to from the Ministry? If Aurors are willing to stand by and let others do their jobs than who will be the one to finally put a stop to Voldemort's reign of terror.

I have no doubt in my mind who the real criminals are and I am sure they will do everything in their power to shift the blame or attention to other parties. It is up to you to determine whether the strangers are saviors that stopped the attack or the scourges, future dark lords that the Aurors are accusing them of.

Sirius stood abruptly from the table and ripped the paper in half. Growling he stormed out of the room and grabbed his robes not bothering to put them before leaving his home. Once outside the wards of his home, he apparated to his office at the Ministry of Magic. Normally, someone couldn't apparate directly into the Ministry of Magic but as an Auror Captain, he was keyed to the wards.

He yelled out to his assistant "Mark, get together a team of 5 Aurors and have them ready to leave in the next 20 minutes." While his assistant went about gathering the Aurors, Sirius was angrily filling out warrants to bring Revan and Bastila in for questioning. He would be damned if he was going to let the Daily Prophet paint them as heroes.

After little more than 5 minutes, Mark knocked at Sirius' door. "Sir, the team has been assembled and is ready to leave." He said after poking his head past the door.

Sirius looked up and gathered the two warrants before leaving his office. He grabbed a blank portkey ring from his assistant's desk and cast *Portus* programming it with the location to Potter Manor. "We are going to Potter Manor. The two people responsible for yesterday's deaths are staying their. They will be brought back in for questioning. Be prepared to use force if they resist." Sirius finished grimly.

The Aurors looked at each other in surprise before grabbing onto the portkey. Sirius activated the portkey taking them to Potter Manor after everyone had grabbed on. Everyone felt the familiar jerk behind the navel before they landed abruptly in front of the main entrance to the manor.

Sirius took a deep breath to get his temper under control before knocking on the door. Shortly, the door opened to reveal James in his work robes. Clearly he had been preparing to leave for the day. When he saw who was at the door, his face darkened and he said shortly “What do you want Sirius?”

“I told you I would be here to bring those two in if you didn’t do it.” Sirius responded in an official tone.

“What the hell is wrong with you? You should be out there bringing in Death Eaters not wasting your time dragging my son for questioning.” James said angrily.

“I could say the same thing to you James. When did you become so blasé about killing people? The James I went to Hogwarts with would never feel that way.”

“My god, I can’t believe that someone could change over the course of nearly 30 years.” James said sarcastically. “Maybe if I had any confidence in the Aurors keeping the Death Eaters in prison I would feel differently, but given your track record, I would rather see them dead.” James finished bluntly.

“They are no better than the Death Eaters. What gives them the right to kill people indiscriminately?” Sirius’ face was red with anger and frustration. His whole body was tense like he was struggling to keep himself from physically attacking his friend. The Aurors were watching the two men argue not sure what to do.

“Revan and Bastila did not kill people randomly. They defended themselves against the Death Eaters and those were the only people that they killed.”

“They’re vigilantes, nothing more. They aren’t heroes and should face the same justice as the Death Eaters. It isn’t their job to protect people, it is the Aurors’. Now bring them out here now!”

James smiled for the first time since Sirius arrived that morning. “Sorry, can’t do it my friend.”

Face purple with rage, Sirius growled “James I don’t know who you think you are, but if you don’t get them out here now, I will have you arrested.”

If anything, James’ smile got larger. “I hate to say this but they aren’t here. They aren’t supposed to be here for an hour or so.”

A vein in Sirius’ forehead was visibly throbbing now. “Meyers, Hornstooth you two stay here and wait for them to show up. Make sure they are taken to the holding cells and then notify me.”

James just shook his head as Sirius and the other three Aurors portkeyed out. He needed to get to work, this situation could prove to be a big help for the Unspeakables. With luck, they would be able to spin the press to finally get support to let them operate on British soil.

Just as James had said, Revan and Bastila showed up within the hour. Neither were particularly surprised by the welcoming committee after their meeting with Sirius yesterday. They agreed to accompany the Aurors after a brief consultation with James. Revan was cool and confident as he, Bastila, and James grabbed onto the Auror’s portkey provided by Sirius before he left.

Potter Manor, Godric’s Hollow UK

Lily was reading a book in the den. It was shortly before lunch and she didn’t expect James or anyone else to join her today. Hailey was still visiting friends and wouldn’t return until tomorrow. The fireplace in the den flared to life with a roaring green flame. Surprised, Lily jumped in her chair and dropped her book.

Albus’ face appeared in the fire and asked if he could come through. Lily agreed and seconds later, Albus stepped through. Lily stood up and offered him a chair. After returning to her chair Lily asked “Albus, what can I do for you?”

His eyes no longer twinkling like mad, Albus said “I spoke with Sirius yesterday about the events at Diagon Alley. How are you doing?”

It would be impossible to miss the stiffening of Lily’s body at the mention of Diagon Alley. “How do you think I am doing? I find out my

son who I thought was dead is actually alive and is also a killer." She hissed out angrily.

Albus was pleased with Lily's response. He needed her to help mold Harry into an icon for the light. That was something he would never be if he was seen as a killer. "I must say, I am very disappointed in the young man. Killing is never the answer. Even Death Eaters deserve a second chance."

Lily was nodding her head in agreement. "We had dinner last night with him and his friend. I had a hard time keeping a civil tongue. They were so calm about the whole thing as if they killed people on a daily basis."

"Is it possible that his companion has some sort of spell or hold over him? You know the role he is destined to play."

"I am not sure. It's possible." Lily answered.

"Lily, I know you may not like what he has done, but we need to bring Harry back to the light. He must understand that killing is not the way." Albus said urgently. If necessary, he wasn't above casting spells on the young man to alter his behavior, but those could have unforeseen consequences.

Lily sighed and rubbed her eyes before looking back at Albus "I know his destiny better than most, but in my mind he is no better than a Death Eater. To make matters worse, James doesn't see any problems with his actions yesterday."

Albus leaned back in his chair and steepled his fingers while he thought over this revelation. "Maybe you should get Hailey to come back here early. We can use her to influence his actions. Surely he wouldn't want to do something that could expose her to such brutality."

"Albus you can't be serious. You want me to introduce my daughter to a killer, even if he is her brother?" Lily said incredulously.

"Unfortunately, I think it is the best option right now. If as you say, we can't count on James then we need to use Hailey to make sure that

Harry will fight on the side of the light and serve as icon for the wizarding world to rally behind." Albus had no idea how much of an icon Revan would turn out to be.

Left unsaid was Albus' willingness to forcibly remove Harry's companion if necessary if she was influencing him. He would do whatever was necessary to see that Harry fought against Voldemort. However, if he was so open to killing his adversaries, then he may need to set events so that Harry wouldn't survive the battle. Albus wouldn't let him kill Voldemort only to rise as the next dark lord.

Reluctantly, Lily agreed to Albus' plan.

Before he left, Albus said "Lily, please don't tell him about the prophecy. We can't take the chance that he will join Voldemort's side with that knowledge."

Chapter 9: Let the Games Begin

July 23rd, 2007

Ministry of Magic, London UK

James, Revan, and Bastila landed squarely on their feet as the portkey deposited them in the main office of the DMLE. The two Aurors also landed on their feet though they were not quite as sure footed. A few seconds passed while everyone oriented themselves in their new surroundings.

James straightened his silk onyx robes before turning to Revan and saying “Revan, I need to report in for work. Come and see me before you leave, I am in the Department of International Affairs.” Casting a disparaging look at the two Aurors, James added “If you don’t show up by lunchtime, I will check up on you down here. There is no reason your questioning should take that long.”

James walked out thinking that the two Aurors would be taking Revan and Bastila to Sirius’ office for questioning. He couldn’t have been more wrong. Instead, they were being taken to holding cells.

Making his way to his office on Level 5, James activated the Potter Crest on his robes. It had been keyed to activate a signal in the Unspeakables’ office in the Department of Mysteries. James started going through the ever growing pile of paperwork on his desk while he waited for his boss to arrive. Plans were forming in his head and though a part of him felt guilty for using Revan like this, it was a necessary evil. The good that could be accomplished if they were able to use the publicity to push for the new law that the Unspeakables were proposing far outweighed any discomfort he might have.

Quicker than he expected, there came a knock at his door. Before he could even reply, the door opened and his boss, Martin Freestar walked in. Martin was a nondescript man of average height, in his early 50s with short, light brown hair and soft brown eyes. If you weren’t looking for him, he would simply blend into the background. Motioning Martin to take a seat, James gathered his thoughts to begin but Martin beat him to the punch.

"I assume this is about your son." Martin said matter-of-factly.

James tried not to let his surprise show on his face but was only partially successful. "Yes, though I don't know how you know Revan is my son."

Martin just quirked an eyebrow, clearly stating that it was his job to know these things. "The press attention may give us the opening we need to finally get our law through the Wizengamot. Do you think he would be willing to speak before the press?"

"I'm not sure. As you know, we didn't even realize he was alive until yesterday. I've heard some of his history and I am sure it is only the tip of the iceberg. I think he would agree with what we are trying to do."

"Would you be willing to keep an eye on him? If he wants to stay and his actions yesterday are indicative of his stance on things, he may make an excellent addition to the Unspeakables."

"Normally, I would say no, and try to keep him away but the truth is that he has led a much harder life than any of us have."

"What do you mean?" Martin asked curiously.

Looking uncertain for the first time in the conversation, James replied softly "I don't want to say but if we do decide to pursue him, I will pass on everything on I know. Right now though, I just don't feel comfortable sharing his secrets."

Martin nodded approvingly at James' loyalty. "I understand. So what we need to do is keep the press focused on the uselessness of the Aurors. If we can do that, public outcry should be enough for us to push our legislation through."

"Do you have any ideas on how to do that?"

"Yes I do. This morning one of our reporters for the Daily Prophet received an unregistered portkey to the DMLE. They should have no problem infiltrating the questioning. If we are lucky, the Aurors will do

something typically stupid to feed fuel to the fire.” Martin finished with a predatory gleam in his eyes.

James was surprised for the second time that morning. “Reporters? We have Unspeakables that work as reporters?”

Martin just grinned before explaining “Of course, it takes more to keep potential dark wizards in check than just an attack force. We need to be able to sell it to the public too. That is where the reporters come into play.”

Meanwhile on Level 9, DMLE

After James had left for his office, Revan and Bastila were led to the DMLE’s detention cells. The two were to be placed in separate side-by-side cells while they waited for the interrogation to begin. Inwardly, he was amused at the actions of these men. They were clearly frightened of him, as they should be. The powers he had seen these people wield were nothing compared to the might he could bring to bear against this planet once he had rallied his forces.

Shortly after they reached the cells, an Auror stepped forward to relieve them of their weapons. Revan snarled at the man as he was foolish enough to reach for his light saber. He was not about to part with his weapon, so he grabbed the man by the wrist and squeezed tightly causing the man to cry out as his wrist bones ground together painfully.

A second Auror stepped forward with his wand drawn and ordered “Let him go now and give up your weapons!”

Bastila just watched from the sidelines with an amused expression on her face as Revan released the Auror and then with a negligent flip of his hand and push with the force said “You don’t need to take our weapons.”

The Auror’s face took on a slightly dazed expression and mirrored Revan’s words “We don’t need to take your weapons.”

"We can just wait in the cells." Revan said with another push. Bastila openly sneered at the weak minds of the Aurors. Revan was barely pushing and they were offering no resistance to his commands.

The Auror repeated his command and placed the two in adjacent cells and left the room after activating the wards and locking spells. Once the guard was out of the room, Bastila turned to Revan and asked "What game are you playing? I expected a fight there when he tried to take your light saber."

Revan just chuckled darkly and answered "If the Massassi are here, we are going to need more than just the two of us to fight them. While my father may be willing to fight, I don't want to alienate the government just yet. Though by all appearances it does bear an unfortunately resemblance to the Republic's bureaucracy."

"What do you plan then?"

"We will need to move slowly at first. I know virtually nothing about this government other than what I have seen with their police force. If it truly is like the Republic though, then undoubtedly there is a large group of malcontents just waiting to take action. With the right motivation..." He left the statement unfinished.

Bastila nodded again and began to clear her thoughts. Reaching out with her senses, she found that again, the anger and rage of the dark side had regained some of its strength in Revan's Auror but it was nowhere near as strong as it had been before she finally fell asleep the night before. With her eyes still closed, she asked in a monotone voice "Do you plan on telling them about the Massassi?"

Revan stared at Bastila for a moment, drinking in her features and storing the image of total peace that she presented before answering "No, I don't think they would believe us. These people are too primitive. One on one, we could show them the reality that is beyond this planet, but together, I think they would be too close minded to accept it."

Bastila just nodded. "If there reaction to our light sabers is any indication, I would have to agree with you. All I ask is that you don't write them off. Clearly they have not all fallen to the dark side."

Despite its presence everywhere, it seems that the majority of people are good.”

“I know, I haven’t figured out the reason for that. Have you?”

“No, but I think it must have something to do with those wands they carry. That is the only explanation. Perhaps after this we can ask James to perform some tricks while we try and sense what is happening with the force. Not only may it explain their apparent immunity to the dark side, but it could give us a better idea of how they perform some of their feats.” Bastila said thoughtfully.

Revan had just started to respond when the door opened and the pair of Aurors from this morning walked in followed by Sirius Black and 3 other Aurors. Even though it was petty, Sirius could help but feel a surge of satisfaction at seeing Revan and Bastila sitting in the detention cells. The head of the DMLE had been all over him this morning because he hadn’t brought the pair in. Worse, he was blaming Sirius for the way the Aurors were being portrayed in the Daily Prophet.

Sirius watched impassively as Revan stood up from his seated position on the floor and stood in a relaxed stance in front of the cell door. It was obvious to Sirius that though Revan appeared relaxed he was prepared to charge at the slightest provocation. Rolling his eyes at the display, Sirius ordered “Get him out there and take him to interrogation room 4.”

Two of the Aurors stepped forward and deactivated the wards and locking spells on his cell. One pulled his wand while the other pushed the cell door open and ordered Revan out. Sirius spied the silver light saber hanging from Revan’s belt. “What is he still doing with that?” He said pointing at Revan’s light saber.

The two Aurors were visibly flustered and didn’t know how to respond. One reached out to grab the light saber only to have Revan growl out in a cold voice “I wouldn’t do that if you value your hand.”

Bastila could only shake her head as she watched the situation spiral quickly out of control. Sirius said “Unless you want to spend some time in Azkaban, I suggest you hand it over.”

Bastila just watched silently as Revan pulled his light saber from his belt. She knew he would not hand it over; there were few if any Jedi that she knew of that would willingly hand it over to someone in this kind of situation. This would be interesting. Instead a cold smile formed on his face as he held the saber firmly in his hand and said "I don't think I will. My patience with this situation is quickly running out so if you aren't going to ask us any questions, we will take our leave."

"Have it your way. Take him down!" Sirius ordered as he drew his wand.

The other Aurors followed his example. Together they silently cast stunning and disarming spells. Beams of red and crimson light burst from the wands and flew towards Revan. Almost faster than she could follow, Revan flipped the switch on his saber and the crimson beam flared into life. The blade spun around his body almost with a life of its own as he opened himself to the force and let it enhance his speed and reflexes. The jets of light were reflected back towards the Aurors or into walls as Revan swung the saber around his body at a dizzying speed leaving a trail of red light in his wake. Sparks and flame flashed from the floor and walls where Revan's light saber impacted as he spun and blocked every incoming spell, intentionally sending the spells away from the Aurors. It was not yet time to strike back.

Sirius had never seen anything like it. Revan had taken a step back into the cell which forced the Aurors to fire into through doorway, limiting their angles. Every spell they threw at him was reflected back or into the walls. There were flashes of light and sparks flying as they impacted with the wards. The Aurors were diving out of the way as their spells were reflected back at them. The speed at which he moved was breathtaking and the weapon itself hummed with power as he swung it through the air and around his body with total confidence and precision. Sirius couldn't help but be impressed even as he pressed his attack.

Revan was strictly staying on the defensive. He had suspected things would degenerate and it would look bad if he killed or maimed his attackers too quickly. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Bastila draw her saber staff. After activating it, she rammed the blazing

yellow blade into the transparent wall separating the two cells. Electricity arced from the wall to the blade and back again as the wards fought against the intrusion. Bastila gritted her teeth in pain as the electricity continued to arc between the wall and her staff until finally the wards collapsed. She almost fell forward as the resistance dissipated and her staff sliced through the wall effortlessly.

Sirius saw Bastila bring down the wards between the cells. He started to get nervous, they had not been able to land a single spell on Revan and now the two of them would be fighting together. He raised his wand into the air and triggered the alarm ward. Klaxons started to blare throughout the Ministry signaling an attack.

While Bastila was carving a hole big enough for her to move through, more Aurors had come into the room. Sirius directed them to try and take Bastila down. He didn't want to allow them to fight together. A crash sounded as a section of the wall fell away and Bastila dove through the wall joining Revan by his side to hold off the Aurors. Without looking at Revan, Bastila asked in a completely calm voice "How much longer do you want to plan to play with them?"

Back to Level 5, Department of International Affairs

"Will Dumbledore try to stop us?" James asked. He remembered many conversations with Dumbledore regarding the Unspeakables and some of their rumored activities. He had always played the good little Gryffindor and fawned over the man but he couldn't believe that a man his age could be so naïve.

"I would be surprised if he didn't. You would think that after killing Grindewald he would understand the necessity of it all." Martin answered quickly. He continued on with his strategy before James could ask another question "If we are able to generate enough publicity and public outcry, we should be able to sway enough of the Wizengamot members to go our way."

James had just reached for his cup of tea when klaxons started blaring in his office. "Alert! Alert! Level 9 is under attack! All available Aurors are to report to Level 9 immediately!"

James paled "Revan and Bastila are down there. We need to get to them!" He said urgently as he stood up and transfigured his robes into a set of form fitting pants and shirt that would allow for greater mobility.

"James you go. I will bring a detachment of Unspeakables with me." Not bothering to wait for a response, Martin reached into his robe and tapped an unseen badge with his wand. Immediately he disappeared leaving James alone in the office.

James also reached into his shirt and before tapping his badge said "Level 9, Ministry of Magic." Like Martin, James disappeared only to reappear at the main entrance for Level 9. Following the sounds of battle he made his way to the detention area, unprepared for the scene before him.

Back to Level 9, DMLE

Even as he swung his light saber, Revan managed a smirk at Bastila's question. "My friend, I think it is time that we show them what the force is truly capable of."

Almost despite herself, Bastila grinned at his response. There was something liberating about Revan. She was free of the restrictions and the tenets of the Jedi. Free to explore her true potential. A little voice in the back of her head told her she was also free to explore her link to Revan. Bastila felt a shiver run down her spine, she didn't know if it was from the thrill of the battle or the idea of exploring her relationship with Revan but she planned to find out.

"Bastila, cover me. I need to concentrate if I am not going to hurt them too badly."

Bastila nodded and waited for an opening. Then it happened, there was a couple of seconds while the number of spells being cast diminished enough for her to step forward and take over the defense from Revan. Her feet spread into a position designed to give full mobility and balance; she began whipping her staff around in a blur of yellow light.

One of the Aurors, frustrated by the ongoing fight switched from stunning and disarming spells to blasting hexes and curses. The orange spell shot out from his wand only to be deflected into the wall by Bastila where it detonated. Debris and flames flew everywhere as a large chunk of the front detention cell wall disintegrated. Other Aurors mistakenly thought that the explosion was the result of something that Revan or Bastila did and started throwing their own blasting curses.

Explosions echoed in the room and smoke and dust began to obscure everyone's vision. Revan embraced the force and let it flow through him. Pushing the feeling of *Insanity* outward he attacked the minds of the Aurors. He filled their minds with fear, anger and mistrust. Two of the seven Aurors were crippled with fear and cowered back against the wall near the entrance attempting to hide from Revan.

The power of Revan's attack was just enough of a push for one of the men to break and then his years of resentment at being passed over for promotion and other imagined slights overwhelmed him. He turned his focus away from Bastila and Revan and concentrated instead on Sirius, the man who he felt stole his position within the DMLE. Taking everyone by surprise, he fired a blasting curse at Sirius. The curse detonated at his feet slamming Sirius into the wall. Sirius sank to the floor bonelessly and unconscious.

Another Auror saw this and stunned the man before he could fire off another spell.

Revan embraced the force again but this time he reached out with it and grabbed the wrists of the three remaining Aurors. Audible cracks could be heard quickly followed by screams of pain from the Aurors as Revan snapped their wrists preventing them from casting more spells. Bastila stopped swinging her staff now that the Aurors were dispatched.

At that moment James and a group of four men burst into the room. Other than James, the men were actively concealing their identities. James took a look around the room and did not fail to notice that Revan and Bastila were in a detention cell. It was obvious that Sirius

had been trying to intimidate them. A small smirk formed on his face, the Aurors got exactly what they deserved. He took a moment to deactivate the alarm. Less than 5 minutes had passed since Sirius first raised the alarm.

James directed the four Unspeakables to see to the wounded. Of the 7 Aurors in the room, 2 were huddled near the rear wall in fear, one was stunned, Sirius was unconscious, and the remaining Aurors were nursing broken wrists. Revan seeing his father arrive and the smirk on his face knew that the attack was over. He deactivated his light saber and motioned for Bastila to do the same.

Once the Aurors had been taken from the room, James walked over to Revan and Bastila. Since his arrival, they had simply watched calmly as if nothing had happened. “Revan what happened here?”

Revan replied in a calm tone belying the almost total destruction of the detention cells. “We were brought here after you left. There was a slight disagreement when the captain tried to have us disarmed. I think he took offense at my refusal.”

James was trying unsuccessfully not to grin. Finally he gave up and laughed. “Who knocked Sirius out?”

Bastila shook her head in amusement “One of his own men. Revan and I intentionally avoided hurting anyone until the end.”

“What do you mean?” James didn’t know where the reporter was but he figured he was listening in on the conversation.

“Our light sabers can deflect your spells or whatever you call them. We could have taken the Aurors out at any time but we didn’t want to anger the government too badly.” Revan said patiently.

“Well we didn’t hurt them until Revan finally got bored.” Bastila added.

Revan scowled at her as James asked “What did you do?”

“Nothing too severe, I broke their wrists so they couldn’t attack us anymore.”

Shaking his head, James muttered something to himself that neither Revan nor Bastila could catch. “Come on. Let’s get out of here. I would take you back to Potter Manor but they would probably try to pin this on you too so we will go to Matthew Westerly’s office. He is the Director of the DMLE.”

Still muttering to himself something about sons and their girlfriends, James led the two to the Director’s office. No one noticed a small beetle land on the collar of James’ robe. If they had, they may have seen the strange markings that almost resembled a pair of glasses around the eyes.

James asked the secretary to see the Director. The secretary was flustered by the alarm so she waived him in without paying attention. Matthew looked up from the paperwork expecting his visitors to be Aurors ready to give a report on the situation. His eyes widened comically when he realized that the two individuals he had sent to the detention cells were standing in his office with no guards. “What are they doing hear Potter! Why aren’t they in holding cells?”

Revan answered for James “We are here to discuss yesterday’s events in Diagon Alley, but apparently your men felt it was more appropriate to attack us instead.”

James asked “Why were they in holding cells to begin with? They haven’t been charged with anything.”

Matthew face grew red with anger. He had to restrain himself from yelling obscenities at Potter and his son. “I can’t put them where I want! Who the hell do you think you are? You can’t just go around killing people indiscriminately! If the people need protection from someone that is what the Aurors are for.”

“Maybe my son wouldn’t have had to act if the Aurors got off their asses and did something for a change!” James said hotly. “How many Death Eaters have you arrested since Voldemort’s return?” He sneered when Matthew flinched at the name. “Look at you, you are the head of the DMLE and you can’t even stand to hear his name. It’s no wonder the Aurors are pathetic.”

Matthew surged to his feet knocking his chair over and yelled “Get out of my office and take your damn son with you! If he steps over the line again, I won’t stop until he is in Azkaban.”

James, Revan and Bastila turned to leave. Before they were out of the office James couldn’t help but throw out one final comment. “Azkaban is not much of a threat given the number of escapes you’ve had. Are there even any Death Eaters left in there?”

After they were out of the office, James activated a portkey to return them to Potter Manor. They joined Lily for a light lunch and surprisingly pleasant conversation though none of it touched on the Revan’s actions. Before James left to return to work, Lily told him to be home by 7pm. She wanted to have a family dinner and introduce Hailey to Revan. James was surprised but pleased by his wife’s change of heart.

Voldemort’s Mansion, Little Hangleton

Voldemort, the most feared dark lord in recent times was sitting at a large square wooden dining table. The morning issue of the Daily Prophet was in shreds in front of him. Around the table sat his inner circle of Death Eaters. They represented his most loyal and powerful followers. Since his resurrection over a year ago, Voldemort had changed. He had always been cold but always with a wild undercurrent of anger. Now in place of that anger was a calm detachment. In the first war, he was more likely to punish his followers on a whim and to rant at the slightest insult. Now, everything was stored away waiting for inevitable reckoning that would come. Many of his older followers were unsure of this new Voldemort. He was much harder to predict and that made them nervous.

“We can’t let this go unpunished.” Voldemort said in a steely voice.

“My lord?” Lucius Malfoy asked.

Voldemort glared at the man for a moment. If it wasn’t for his money and influence with the Ministry Voldemort would have killed the man long ago. “The attack on Diagon Alley we can’t allow them to think we will be deterred on one minor setback. The fools probably think that I

sent skilled Death Eaters on the attack rather than a bunch of raw recruits.”

Soft chuckles spread around the table at the notion. “What would you have us do?” Evan Mortimer asked.

“We must demonstrate that no one is safe regardless of the location. Evan, take a detachment of Death Eaters and lay waste to Hogsmeade but if possible do not engage the Aurors. I want you to display their ineptitude to the whole of the wizarding world.”

Marcus Grim asked boldly “Is that wise my lord? Will it not prompt the Ministry to act?”

Voldemort’s eyes narrowed at the challenge to his authority. He simply stared at Marcus and let his magic flow freely off his body in a display of power. Marcus’ face paled and he shrunk back in his chair thoroughly cowed by Voldemort. “Don’t question me again Marcus. My tolerance has limits. Lucius use your influence at the Ministry to crush any proposed retaliation.”

Lucius wisely kept his mouth shut and simply nodded his understanding.

“Good, now everyone leave. A man will be arriving shortly by the name of Kael Corpus. Make sure that he is brought to me immediately. He is to be shown every courtesy.”

The Death Eaters glanced at each other in confusion before standing and quickly retreating from the room to leave their master to his planning.

Level 9, DMLE Later that afternoon

Matthew Westerly was still seething at the events of this morning. 3 of his Aurors were at St. Mungos with broken wrists, one was in a holding cell pending charges for attempted murder, and one of his Captains was also in St. Mungos with a concussion, broken arm and dislocated shoulder. No it had not been a good morning and the whole thing could be traced back to that damn Potter brat.

Just when he thought his day could get no worse, his assistant walked in with a panicked look on his face. "What do you want?"

"Um...There was a special afternoon addition of the Daily Prophet today." He handed a copy of the paper to Matthew and quickly left the office.

Matthew looked down at the cover story and his face immediately turned an alarming shade of purple. There on the cover was a picture of Potter and that woman being attacked by his Aurors. How had that damned woman gotten this picture!

Aurors Attack the Defeater of Voldemort

By

Rita Skeeter

As everyone no doubt remembers, Voldemort was first defeated on October 31st, 1981 by the most unlikely of opponents, a 1 ½ year old baby boy by the name of Harry James Potter. I like many others was greatly relieved that Voldemort had been defeated but was saddened as well by the cost of such an innocent life. Now, it seems that our Savior has returned. He is none other than the mysterious hero from yesterday's attack on the Diagon Alley.

Was he hailed as a hero? Was he welcomed back with open arms? No, Mr. Potter, defeater of Voldemort was thrown into a detention cell when he voluntarily came in for 'questioning.' If this was the only thing the Aurors did, perhaps it could be overlooked but their abuses did not end there. Captain Sirius Black himself ordered his Aurors to "Take him down!" when Mr. Potter calmly refused to comply with their orders but otherwise made no threatening moves.

Immediately after his order, spells began to fly. It was only through the incredible skill of Mr. Potter that he was able to escape unharmed. Thankfully, the Aurors themselves suffered only minor injuries or broken bones due the effects of the explosive curses being used so ruthlessly against someone who had never even been charged with a crime.

Voldemort has been back for over a year now. All we have heard from the DMLE is excuses on why there has been so little success against his Death Eaters. Those few that have actually been captured promptly escaped from Azkaban. So, is the Ministry secretly supporting Voldemort or is the DMLE so inept that they can't even provide the most basic of protections? Are they so desperate to save face that they must try and distract the public by persecuting someone who actually managed to accomplish something?

It is time for a change people. If the Aurors aren't up to the task of defending the public and fighting the Death Eaters, then it is time for the Ministry to find someone who is.

Across the UK, copies of the special issue of the Daily Prophet were flying off the stands and the public outcry for action was just beginning.

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow 7pm

That evening, James arrived at home at precisely 7pm. He didn't want to be late and risk facing the wrath of his lovely wife. Plus, tonight, his daughter was finally going to be introduced to her brother.

Before they went into the dining room, everyone was sitting in the library. Hailey had returned home shortly before her father and was wondering who the man and woman were. The man had a strange resemblance to her father but for his gold eyes. She didn't recognize the woman at all. Then she remembered the attack on Diagon Alley she had read about this morning. These were the two who had killed all those Death Eaters.

James took a sip of fire whiskey before beginning. "Hailey, you probably recognize Revan and Bastila from this morning's Daily Prophet." Hailey simply nodded and James continued on. "What you couldn't know is that Revan is your brother, Harry. He wasn't killed on Halloween the way we thought. Rather he was taken from us and has only now returned."

Hailey was struggling with the news. Her parents had always been sad and withdrawn on Halloween and July 31st. Of course she knew the reason but to find out that her older brother had been alive this

entire time and never come home. Finally, her temper got the best of her and she said accusingly “You let our parents think you were dead all this time! How could you do that to them?”

Revan was a little taken aback by the accusation but ended up chuckling briefly which only served to anger Hailey further. “I don’t think you understand. I was a year and a half old when I was taken. I didn’t know who my parents were or even what my name was. You tell me, how was I supposed to let them know I was alive?”

Hailey calmed down a little after that. If she was honest with herself, she knew it wasn’t his fault but she needed someone to blame. “Who took you? Was it the Death Eaters?”

Revan shook his head “No, it wasn’t the Death Eaters. I was taken so far away that even your magic couldn’t be used to find me.”

“But why is your name Revan I thought it was Harry?” Hailey asked

Lily wanted to avoid the topic of Revan’s upbringing if possible. She was hoping that Hailey could be used to influence Revan, but if she was frightened by the things that he had gone through it wouldn’t be possible. “Why don’t we continue this discussion after dinner?”

Everyone stood and went to the dining room. The conversation was light but with an undercurrent of tension. Hailey couldn’t help staring at her brother and this strange woman. It was like a hole had been filled in the family but something was still off. No one was comfortable with the new situation yet. Finally, at the end of dinner, James asked a question “Revan would mind using a pensieve to show us some of your life? What you told Lily and I is so far outside of my scope of understanding, I can’t even imagine it.”

Revan looked at James quizzically “What is a pensieve?”

Lily answered “It is a magical device that allows others to view copies of your memories. All you have to do is concentrate on a memory and James or I can use a spell to copy it and place it in the pensieve.” She was excited at the prospect of seeing some of the things that Revan described.

Revan thought for a moment before agreeing to show them some of his memories. James went and retrieved the pensieve and led everyone to the den. Revan focused on a memory of his childhood and James placed it into the pensieve. With his wand, James tapped the runes on the rim of the pensieve and everyone watched as the memory took shape above the pensieve. It showed Revan's time with Javreel training and learning the honor code of the Mandalorians.

Hailey was confused, she had never heard of weapons like what her brother was learning. "Where were you? I don't recognize any of those weapons."

"I was taken to another planet to be raised by a group of warriors called Mandalorians. When I was older Jedi Master Kreia came to take me to Coruscant to be trained as a Jedi."

If anything Hailey was even more confused by this answer and asked "What do you mean another planet?"

"Just watch the memories." Revan said.

Revan and James repeated the procedure to add a new memory to the pensieve. This memory was far more pleasant to watch. Revan looked to be 15 or 16. He and Malak were being reprimanded by a soaking wet Jedi for a prank gone wrong. James looked proudly at Revan that his son would have carried on the Marauder tradition. Bastila and Lily were amused but disapproving in general. In particular Bastila felt a wave of sadness wash over her as she watched the carefree Revan and Malak knowing that in the not so distant future, they would lead a war against the Jedi and the Republic.

The next memory was not so pleasant. The Siege of Dxun began to play out for the family. Revan closed his eyes letting the sound wash over him and bring him back to the cursed moon. Everyone watched as Revan led multiple guerilla attacks against the Mandalorians. They gasped when he was captured and tortured. Relief was obvious as he was rescued. The memory faded as Revan was removed from the Kolto Tank. Lily and Hailey were crying. The torture that Revan had endured was beyond their comprehension. Lily slowly began to understand why Revan was willing to kill in order to prevent others

from going through a similar experience, though she still didn't agree with it. Hailey wasn't sure how to react, what her brother had gone through made the Tri-Wizard tournament look like a day at the park.

James had a sullen expression on his face as he placed the final memory in the pensieve. He had almost turned away at parts of the last memory. He was proud of his son to overcome the torture and still be willing to help people but he would rather that Revan never had to go through it in the first place.

The final memory showed the battle and destruction of Malachor V. Bastila in particular watched in horror as the Mandalorian forces were trapped on the planet and destroyed by the Mass Shadow device. Lily and Hailey could not really follow the events with any understanding but they knew that it was horrific battle. James nodded in understanding that Revan had made an incredibly difficult decision and was still paying the price for that decision today.

Finally Lily broke the silence that fell over the room following the last memory. "Has your life always been so hard? There was so little happiness." Her heart broke to see the kind of man that her son was forced to become.

"There were many good years. I enjoyed my life as a Jedi and made friends as anyone else would. But it has been a difficult time for the Republic. The inaction of the Jedi Council forced many of us to leave the order and take action. Jedi learn from an early age about duty and honor and so we left in order to save the Republic from the scourge of the Mandalorians. Even with some of the events you have seen, I would make the same decision again."

Bastila cleared her throat and spoke "Perhaps it would be best to call it a night. I think everyone needs some time to process what we saw here." No one objected and the group broke up for the night.

Before she went to bed that night, Hailey went looking for her mother. After a few minutes of searching, she found her in the library reading a book with a pensive expression on her face. "Mom?" She asked quietly.

Startled Lily looked up and smiled when she found Hailey standing in the doorway. "Yes honey, did you need something?"

"Um...I was thinking about asking Revan for help?" She had sensed that her mom wasn't comfortable around her brother and so she was nervous about talking to her about this.

Lily was confused "Help with what?"

"I was hoping he could help me train to better defend myself."

"Why him though, your father or I could train you just as easily, Revan doesn't even know any magic?"

Steeling herself, Hailey replied reluctantly "I know you or dad could help but Revan has been fighting his entire life. You saw his childhood, he has been trained to fight and defend people all his life."

"But honey, why would you want to learn from someone who has been responsible for so many deaths? I'm not sure it would be a good idea to expose you to that kind influence." Lily was afraid that Hailey would follow in her brother's footsteps.

Hailey just looked at her mom at a loss for what to say. Finally she was able to pull her thoughts together "Ever since the Tri-Wizard tournament I have been nervous and jumpy, it doesn't matter if I am at home or school, I am always afraid someone else is going to die or attack me. He may have done things that you and I don't agree with but I don't care if I can learn enough from him to feel safe again."

Lily almost cried for her little girl. She had been so much with the Tri-Wizard tournament and she was clearly more scarred from that than she and James had thought. She swallowed her misgivings and said "I don't know if he would be willing to train you or not, but I think you should ask. I just wish you had told your father or me how you felt earlier, we could have been there for you."

"I'm sorry, I didn't want to talk about it at first and then I just didn't know how to bring it up." Hailey gave leaned over and gave her mom a hug before leaving the room.

After wiping her eyes, Lily called out “Good night honey.” Turning back to her book, Lily was more nervous than she was before, now she worried that her daughter would never recover from Voldemort’s machinations.

August 17th, 2007

Ministry of Magic, London UK

The Wizengamot was largely filled by the time that James and Revan arrived and took their place. Since that day in the DMLE in July, things had spiraled out of control for the Aurors. Public cries for action became an almost everyday event, spurred on by almost daily stories from Rita Skeeter and other journalists.

A successful attack by the Death Eaters on Hogsmeade only served to stir the pot. The Aurors had not even arrived before the Death Eaters had destroyed the Three Broomsticks, Honeydukes, and Zonkos leaving over 20 dead. When the Aurors finally did arrive, the Death Eaters apparated or portkeyed away. The next day, the Daily Prophet was openly criticizing the performance of the Aurors and calling on the Ministry to make changes to protect the people.

In a rare show of openness, the Daily Prophet published an interview with James’ boss, Martin though of course they did not know his identity. For the first time, the Unspeakables described their role in other countries and the successes they had had in containing future dark lords. When asked why they had allowed Voldemort to rise in their home country, he answered that the Ministry had forbidden them to act within the UK. Specifically, unless the law was changed, the Unspeakables would be unable to help at all in the ongoing fight against the Death Eaters.

There were three different schools of thought in regards to the Unspeakables. The first group was the smallest and represented the pure blood families that were in support of Voldemort. They were firmly against any changes that would allow the Unspeakables to act officially on British soil. The second group was only marginally larger but it was composed of Dumbledore’s devout followers. They too were against any changes to the law. If possible, they would prefer to disband the Unspeakables altogether. The third and final group was

by far the largest and was fully in support of changing the law. It was composed of people that were tired of being afraid, those that wanted to fight back, and people that simply hoped someone else could take the burden from their shoulders.

Everything had culminated in a special session of the Wizengamot. The only agenda item for the meeting was whether the law should be changed or not. So it was that within twenty minutes of the arrival of Revan and James, Albus Dumbledore called the session to order. Things progressed in an orderly fashion. Theodore Nott spoke eloquently for the pure blood contingent stressing the fact that Aurors were in place for just this sort of activity and that allowing the Unspeakables to operate on British soil would infringe on everyone's freedom. Albus himself spoke against the proposed changes. The men and women killed by the Unspeakables in the name of safety would never have the chance to change. By killing them or by allowing others to kill them would only bring the rest of society down to their level.

Finally, Revan walked to the podium. He had been asked to speak by his father and Martin. He had spent a good amount of time coming up with what he would say. He needed to reign in his desire to kill all those against him. With each passing day, it was becoming clearer to him that allies would be essential in cleansing this world of the taint of the Massassi.

"We have heard various opinions today regarding these changes. Each has valid points. By allowing the Unspeakables this additional authority you are indeed voting to give up some of your freedom in the name of safety. It is not truly a sacrifice if you do not walk the path of a dark lord or are a follower of a dark lord. Ask yourself is the safety of your family worth this sacrifice? If the answer to that question is no, then you must vote against the changes. Of course if you vote no and are attacked, you will have no one to blame but yourselves when help is not forthcoming."

The room was silent save for Revan. He paused for a moment and took a sip of water before continuing. "Many say that the dark lords and their minions should be allowed the chance at redemption. This is truly a noble aspiration. I can't help but wonder how the victims

would feel knowing that their murderers are being given another chance to destroy more families and wreck more lives. In a perfect world, killing in the name of safety would never be needed but this is far from a perfect world. Sadly, killing these animals is the only way to prevent more tragedies from occurring. While it is important to give criminals a chance at redemption, those we fight are not criminals, they are soldiers in a war bent on destroying your way of life.

You all sit here today wrapped in your positions and wealth wondering what happened to make this all necessary. Though I have not been part of this society for long, I have learned enough of your history to know that all of you are responsible for the current crisis. Most if not all of you stood by while Voldemort or others like him rose to power. You ignored the situation until it was too large for you to deal with and then you looked for someone else to solve the problem for you.” Angry mutters began to break out amongst various wizards and witches in attendance. Revan ignored them and continued on. “In your arrogance are you willing to spurn the hand that is offering you aid? Are you willing to consign yourself to life of despair under the rule of Voldemort? If you are then you should vote against the changes. However, if you are able to look past your pride, then you will see that a group of men and women are stepping forward willing to do what should have been done long ago. It is these men and women that are willing to stand up and fight against the darkness, to strive to bring this society back from the brink, and if necessary to die so that others won’t have to. I learned long ago that only fools spurn help when it is freely offered. It is time for you to decide if you are fools or not.”

Chapter 11: Shadows Behind the Throne

August 17th, 2007

Ministry of Magic, London UK

Just as Revan finished speaking, the doors to the Wizengamot chamber burst open and a large force of Death Eaters charged into the room. Voldemort had decided to try and eliminate the leaders of the wizarding society and had ordered Mulciber to take 15 Death Eaters to storm the Wizengamot chamber at the Ministry. They were to kill as many of the delegates as possible and then retreat. With their contacts in the Ministry itself, they were able to disable the anti-portkey wards surrounding the chamber, but not within it.

Seconds after the doors blew inward; Dumbledore reacted and sealed him and the delegates behind a shimmering blue shield. Though he did not do it on purpose, he had effectively left Revan outside the shield to deal with the Death Eaters on his own. James tried to reach Revan but was unable to get through the shield either physically or with magic.

James glared at Dumbledore “You incompetent old fool, you have sealed us in this bubble of your and left my son out there fend for himself.”

“Now James, I realize you are upset but someone had to act to protect the delegates.” Dumbledore said reasonably. Secretly he hoped that Revan would be rescued by the Aurors showing the delegates that there was no need to change the law and allow the Unspeakables to act on British soil. If necessary, he would act to save Revan, after all he was their only hope against Voldemort.

“Did it ever occur to you to help fight off the Death Eaters rather than hide behind this shield and let them do god knows what to everyone else? I swear that if my son is injured in any way because of your cowardice, I will spend the rest of my life bringing you down!” At that moment an explosion echoed off the walls of the chamber and debris flew into the shield.

While Dumbledore and James were arguing, Revan had never hesitated. He pulled his light saber from his harness and flipped it on. The red beam sprang to life and was enough to stun the Death Eaters for a few seconds. Though most had read the Daily Prophet account of the last attack they did not believe or truly comprehend the descriptions of a light saber.

Most of the delegates stopped arguing when the saw Revan raise his saber above his head in a horizontal position with his opposite hand held out in front of him. Those closest to the front row could see little bolts of blue-white electricity arc between his fingers.

A hush seemed to fall over the chamber as everyone stared at Revan and Revan focused solely on the Death Eaters. He held his position preferring to let the Death Eaters make the first move so that there would be no question as to who was the aggressor. With the vote pending, anything could sway the decision one way or the other.

After what felt like hours but was really only seconds, Mulciber ordered his Death Eaters to attack. Streaks of green and crimson light flashed towards Revan accompanied by cries of *Avada Kedavra* and *Crucio* from the leading Death Eaters. The other Death Eaters further back in the group maneuvered themselves forward so that they could get a clear shot at Revan.

Revan dropped his saber arm, swinging the blade into the path of the incoming spells, deflecting them away. Before the Death Eaters had a chance to cry out their next spell, Revan dove to the side into a role away from the shield. Standing Revan once again raised his saber above his head in a ready position and threw his other hand forward. Crackling blue-white electricity coursed from his hand to the nearest Death Eaters. Two men screamed and collapsed to floor dead but still spasming violently as the electricity continued to course through their bodies.

Mulciber's body tensed with anger. This boy had just killed two of his men. Quickly he ordered his men to attack again but this time he also told select Death Eaters to aim blasting curses to either side of Revan in case he dodged. Again the green and crimson beams shot towards Revan's position. This time they were joined by azure beams as well.

In the time that Mulciber was coordinating his second attack, Revan embraced the force again and let it fill him and flow through him increasing his speed and reflexes. So that when the attack came, the spells seemed to crawl towards him at a snail's pace. Revan dove forward in a roll towards the Death Eaters and ended in a crouch, less than 2 feet away from Mulciber. The spells raced over his head to impact the spot where Revan had just been. From his crouched position Revan slashed his saber upwards at an angle as he returned to his feet.

Mulciber screamed in agony as Revan cut through his right leg at the knee and then his left leg mid-way up his thigh. Even as Mulciber collapsed to the floor, Revan spun in another attack slicing through his wand arm to leave him crippled on the ground. While the Death Eaters were momentarily stunned, he embraced the force once again and in a move that would have pleased Bastila greatly, reached out to the light side of the force and temporarily blinded the Death Eaters.

The remaining 11 Death Eaters began to panic rapidly losing what little discipline they had. Some began firing off spells in random directions. Dumbledore's shield shimmered as numerous *Blasting Hexes* and *Reductos* impacted it.

Revan simply watched from a crouched position near the Death Eaters in amusement before continuing his attack. Suddenly he sprang forward, his light saber a spinning blur as he deflected the random spells. Swinging his light saber with one hand, he decapitated the nearest Death Eater. At the same time, lightning sparked and flew from his other hand striking two more Death Eaters in the chest.

The sound of the lightning echoed off the walls and the shield further confusing the remaining Death Eaters. Two more Death Eaters had fallen after getting hit by the *Avada Kedavra* cast by other Death Eaters. The remaining Death Eaters had scattered further apart as they tried to retreat from Revan's attack.

As Revan was advancing on the next Death Eater, the blindness wore off. The Death Eaters blinked their eyes against the light now that they could see again. It was then that they realized that Revan

had taken down more than half their numbers. At some unspoken signal, they started to retreat back through the door. The wards that were still in place prevented them from portkeying out of the chamber but if they could make it to the hall, they would be able to escape.

Revan was held back in his advance as the Death Eaters kept him too busy dodging or deflecting spells to press an attack. He smiled as he saw three of the Death Eaters disappear after stepping through the entrance. Rather than protect their comrades, they retreated immediately which left Revan with enough of an opening to press his attack once again. He reached out quickly with the force, and the three remaining Death Eaters were forcibly lifted from the floor while the last one escaped. Pausing for a second as if to consider what he should do with the men Revan then clenched and twisted his fist. The Death Eaters' heads twisted at an unnatural angle and their necks snapped.

Dumbledore frowned when he saw Revan finish off the remaining Death Eaters. It was clear that they were helpless so it wasn't necessary to kill them. Despite the potential repercussions, it may be necessary to use magic to alter his thinking if he continued to act in this manner. He would never make a suitable icon for the light otherwise. James broke him from his thoughts before he could come up with a suitable strategy.

"Dumbledore get this shield down now!" James ordered.

"Now James, your son is perfectly safe. You wouldn't want to endanger the delegates would you?" Dumbledore asked reasonably. He was hoping to stall for time and keep the delegates contained until the Aurors arrive. The Aurors may help him wrest control of the situation back from the Revan and the Unspeakables. If Revan was removed forcibly from the chamber it may swing more votes towards his side.

Another delegate spoke up, one who supported his position. "Dumbledore, please lower the shield. It is clearly not necessary. In fact, it was rather shameful that you refused to lower it to allow some of us to aid that young man in the first place." There were murmurs of agreement from many of the other delegates.

Dumbledore's frown deepened. "Very well Marcus but I fear the Death Eaters may return." Then he waved his wand and the shield shimmered for a moment before fading away.

As soon as the shield was down, James rushed over to Revan. He was soon joined by other wizards. "Revan are you ok?" His eyes followed Revan's line of sight to the unconscious form of Mulciber. James misinterpreted Revan's silence and added "He deserves everything he gets; don't feel guilty for any of this." He said with conviction. Murmurs of agreement could be heard from the other wizards present.

Revan looked at James, surprise clearly evident in his eyes. "I don't feel guilty. They attacked me after all." He said simply without a trace of guilt in his voice.

Revan pulled James to the side. "Perhaps it would be a good idea to call the vote now. With this attack and the fact that the Aurors have yet to show up, it should be a clear indication that a change is needed."

James studied Revan's face for a moment. It was a good idea but he was also concerned for his son. "Yes I agree, but you have to know that you are more important to me. You are not a method for me to get political change through."

Before Revan could react, James grabbed Revan in a tight hug and after releasing the younger man said "I love you. I spent 26 years with regrets and thoughts of what might have been. I have been given a chance at a life with my son again and I will not let it go. You may have to fight Voldemort in the end, but you won't be alone. I will be with every step of the way."

For a second so fast that James almost missed it, Revan's eyes flashed from their eerie gold color to the green he remembered so well. Then the gold was back but if one looked closely they would note a few flecks of green mixed in with the gold.

Revan was taken aback by the emotions pouring off his father. It had been a long time since he had felt such honest emotions and

intentions aimed at him. He opened his mouth to speak only to close it again. Finally he said simply “Thank you.”

James smiled broadly before calling out “Dumbledore, I suggest we finish this meeting. I believe we still have a vote to conduct.”

Dumbledore felt his irritation rise but was able to maintain his grandfatherly façade. “Surely now is not the time for such a vote. Everyone needs time to recover from today’s events.”

Another of Dumbledore’s supporters argued in support of the vote. “I think today’s events make clear the need to vote today. Look at this mess, the Aurors have yet to arrive. You did nothing and we cowered with you behind your shield.”

Dumbledore looked around and before he could respond another voice called out formally “I move that we bring the motion to a vote.” The motion was quickly seconded leaving Dumbledore with no choice but to call a vote.

By an overwhelming majority, the Wizengamot voted to change the law. From that day forward, the Unspeakables had the authority to operate on British soil.

It was during the vote that a group of 4 Aurors finally arrived on the scene. Dumbledore glared at the men. Blaming them for the disastrous vote, Dumbledore glared at them and asked accusingly “Where have you been? We were under attack here, if it wasn’t for my quick thinking many of the delegates could have been killed!”

Revan was highly offended by that statement. His eyes narrowed and his mouth tightened. James put a hand on Revan’s shoulder to calm him but Revan just shook it off. “Your quick thinking? Your quick thinking would have resulted in everyone’s death. Would your little shield have held up under the combined attack of 15 men?”

“If it hadn’t then the delegates would have fought back, but it wasn’t necessary.”

“It wasn’t necessary because I took care of the problem for you. Those men...” Revan pointed to the scattered bodies of the Death

Eaters “are no longer threats because I was willing to take action while you buried your head in the sand.”

The Auror in charge, William Hart, realized that Revan was responsible for these deaths. He also recognized Revan from the Daily Prophet and knew his boss was just itching to throw the man in jail. “You, you’re responsible for these men’s deaths?”

“Of course I am who else was going to take care of this rabble with Dumbledore hiding behind his little shield?” Revan felt like he was in front of the Jedi Council again being faced with disapproval from those too mired in doubt and passivity to take action. Dumbledore was smirking at Revan’s blunt honesty; surely it would be enough to have him thrown into Azkaban from which Dumbledore could seek to rehabilitate him.

William smirked and said “Great, I have you confessing to the crime. Aurors, arrest this man.” William noticed that Dumbledore was smiling as well. Clearly he felt that Revan should be arrested.

Before James could even protest, 3 Aurors approached Revan with their wands drawn. Revan said coldly “I will kill you before I let you arrest me again. I allowed you to put me in a holding cell once. Never again will I allow you to do that.”

He reached out through the force and plucked the wands from their hands. The Aurors stared at him as their wands floated quickly to Revan’s outstretched hand. After releasing the force, he snapped the wands knowing that the men were virtually powerless without them. The Aurors paled realizing they were facing Revan now with no way to defend themselves.

“I find it interesting that you would even attempt to arrest a man that was simply defending himself. The Death Eaters attack me, I did not initiate anything. I believe that all of the delegates will tell you the same story.”

Dumbledore spoke up. “I’m afraid I must disagree with you. You could have shown those men mercy. It wasn’t necessary for you to kill them.” He began to let some of his magic free in an attempt to

intimidate Revan and the others into agreeing to his description of the events.

Revan answered obviously unimpressed by Dumbledore's show of power "It wouldn't have been necessary if you hadn't trapped everyone behind your shield and left me to fend off the attack alone. Unless you suggest that I should have sacrificed myself so that those dogs could have survived."

"Of course not, but no one deserves death. I'm afraid you are going to have to go with the Aurors. If you don't you will answer to me." Dumbledore said authoritatively and let the full force of his magic flare.

Revan's face lost all expression as he studied Dumbledore's display of magic. "You're pathetic old man. Those who follow you are even worse, blindly following an incompetent fool to their own destruction."

"I defeated the dark lord Grindewald. It is not for you to question the likes of me!" Dumbledore roared momentarily losing his grandfatherly persona. He drew his wand and prepared to direct his magic. A palpable feeling of power flowed off him even stronger than before filling many of the delegates with awe and not an insignificant amount of fear at the display of magic.

Revan responded by embracing the force once more. As with the Aurors, he plucked the wand from Dumbledore's hand but this time simply crushed it while floating it in front of Dumbledore's face. Suddenly Dumbledore's arms and legs snapped tight to his body as Revan floated him off the floor. "What have you done since then old man? Oh wait, that's right you are a school teacher. It's a lot easier calling the shots from the sidelines isn't it?" Revan said snidely.

Dumbledore could do nothing more than glare down at Revan. Whatever power the man was using, it was more powerful than his magic. "In the name of cooperation, I will give you this one warning. Do not interfere with me or you will face the consequences. I have decided to help this pathetic world so you would be well advised to not make me regret that that decision. You don't want me as any enemy." This last was said in a voice so cold it would have frosted glass.

James grabbed Revan by the arm and led him from the room. Dumbledore continued to float helplessly in the air despite attempts by his supporters to cancel the spell. When James portkeyed them back to Potter Manor, Dumbledore was released and fell to the floor in an undignified heap.

From the back of the room, Martin of the Unspeakables had watched the proceedings with glee. Clearly he needed to speak with James. It was critical that Revan be given a position as an Unspeakable so that they could avoid these situations in the future.

Dumbledore was furious. How dare that brat treat him with such disrespect. He would need to get in touch with Lily. Together, they could come up with a way to incapacitate Revan so that Dumbledore could alter Revan's mind to better fit with Dumbledore's plans.

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

Bastila was sitting in the shade of a large oak tree near the front of the manor. While Revan and James were at the Wizengamot for the vote, she was meditating and centering herself. Since they arrived on this world, she had had to spend more time meditating, the presence of the dark side was overpowering at times. Today was different though, she had a clarity that she hadn't felt in a long time.

Contentment flowed through her. Revan had been moving slowly towards the grey. Despite the relative calm of the last two weeks, Bastila sensed darkness on the horizon. Danger was coming, but try as she might, she couldn't penetrate the darkness to get a better sense of the threat. All she knew was that it was aimed at Revan and herself.

Her meditation was broken by the arrival of James and Revan at the manor entrance. Her hands straightened her clothes and brushed off any dirt and leaves from sitting underneath the tree. Feeling presentable, she made her way back into the manor to greet them.

As soon as she saw them talking in the entrance hall, she knew something had happened. Both men were tense and talking urgently in quiet whispers. Neither seemed injured in any way but Revan was clearly irritated with something. She walked over to them without

either man noticing until she placed a comforting hand on Revan's shoulder.

She decided there was no sense in dancing around the topic and went for the direct approach. "What happened, did the vote not go as you hoped?"

James visibly tensed at the question. Clearly something had gone wrong. Bastila was surprised when Revan calmly answered "No, in fact the new law passed with a greater margin than we hoped."

Bastila let her hand fall from Revan's shoulder in confusion before asking "If the vote passed, than what happened?"

In a cold tone Revan answered "Death Eaters attacked before the vote could be taken. Dumbledore in all his wisdom" he said with a sneer, "decided to trap the delegates behind a shield leaving me to fight on my own."

Bastila felt a surge of anger and fear. The old fool had put Revan at risk. Fists clenched, she growled out "What the hell was he thinking? How many were there? Were you injured?" This last was said as she started running her hands over his body looking for any signs of injury.

Revan looked surprised at her show of concern. James was openly smiling at the normally reserved woman. Over the past two weeks, James had observed that the two had strong feelings for each other that they were either denying or were oblivious to.

James didn't bother to hide his smile as he answered "Supposedly, Dumbledore was concerned about the safety of the delegates. Personally, I think he was hoping that the Aurors would show up in time to save Revan and thus swing supporters his way."

"There were no Aurors?"

"No, they didn't show up until sometime during the vote about 15 minutes later. Of course then they tried to arrest me for defending myself." Revan said sarcastically.

“Surely they aren’t that stupid, didn’t they learn from the last time? How could they arrest someone for defending themselves?”

“Don’t know, but they tried. Needless to say that I decided not to go with them and had a little argument with Dumbledore.” Revan replied, a slight smile on his face and humor in his voice.

James snorted “Argument, sure you basically told him to go to hell. After that, I decided it would be best to make an exit and we left.”

A high-pitched chirp came from Revan’s pocket. Excusing himself, Revan pulled the communicator from his pocket and walked outside.

Bastila turned to James and said accusingly “Why didn’t anyone help him? He shouldn’t have had to face those men alone.”

James sighed and responded “I know, a number of us argued with Dumbledore but he refused to drop the shield.”

Face red with frustration, Bastila didn’t even know what to say. The very situation was ridiculous. It was amazing that a so-called dark lord hadn’t conquered them already given their insane viewpoint. Despite her anger and frustration with the situation, Bastila was concerned for Revan. “Are you sure he wasn’t injured?”

“No he wasn’t. It was like when I first met you. There were 15 men and Revan just mowed through. In the end 2 or 3 got away, one man survived though he may regret that and the rest are dead.” James said with pride. Again, his son stood his ground and fought for a world he barely knew.

Something in James’ description worried her a little. “What do you mean one may regret surviving?”

James shrugged and said “Revan cut off both legs and his wand arm with his light saber.”

“That’s it; he left him alive after that?” Bastila asked, hoping that Revan didn’t torture the man. The other injuries were simply part of the battle and didn’t concern her.

"Nope, once he was down, he moved onto the next Death Eater." James replied and was left wondering why Bastila looked so relieved at his answer.

Meanwhile outside the Manor

Revan began speaking into the communicator once he walked outside. He wasn't comfortable speaking with his men around James. There was too great a chance that one of his men could let something slip regarding his past.

"This is Revan go ahead."

A brief second of static was followed by the voice of Hetin. Hetin was fanatically loyal to Revan and had served as an engineer on his flagship for over a year. "Lord Revan, I am pleased to report that the communications array has been repaired."

"Excellent work Hetin. Program the system to emit a broad spectrum signal. I will encode it this evening when I return." Revan knew that a little praise from him was all that was needed to keep Hetin loyal. If only all his soldiers were so easy to keep in line. A frown marred his face as an image of Malak flashed from his memory.

Hetin spoke again, but this time there was a note of hesitation in his voice. "My lord, though I was able to complete the repairs, the ship does not have enough power to transmit past this system unless it is on a narrow beam."

Revan was undeterred. He had contingencies in place. He had scattered remote satellites in case he was ever in this position. After all, it isn't in the nature of a Sith to remain loyal forever. It was inevitable that Malak would betray him; he hadn't planned on the Jedi attacking at the same time though. "Fine, prepare the system for a narrow beam transmission; I will input the coordinates myself."

"Yes Lord Revan. Everything will be ready upon your arrival."

"See that it is Hetin. Revan out." Revan put the communicator back in his pocket and returned to the Manor. This evening, he would send out an encoded signal whose cipher was known only by a handful of

his most trusted captains. Soon, he would have the reinforcements he may need should the Massassi emerge from the shadows before he had a chance to consolidate his position on this planet.

After dinner, Revan and Bastila led Hailey through another training session. Given her age, there was little they could teach her in reaching the force. James had joined them this evening and the four were practicing hand-to-hand combat.

Hailey was surprised to find that she enjoyed these sessions; they were not tedious as she had expected. Rather Revan was teaching her to channel her emotions into her attack. She never found out why Bastila had objected when Revan first started showing her the power her emotions could have. It was almost intoxicating at times, the freedom that came from letting herself go and using the anger and frustration she felt at being so helpless to fuel her determination and fighting.

Revan was sparring with James and keeping an eye on Hailey and Bastila at the same time. His sister had a long way to go if she wanted to be able to defend herself against a serious opponent. Her training though had given him the perfect opportunity to subtly begin moving Bastila towards the dark side. Getting both her and Hailey to use their emotions to power their attacks was just the first step. From there it would be easier to introduce Bastila to some basic uses of the dark side. However, he would take it slow, he was being far more careful than he or Malak had ever been with others. Despite his goals of moving Bastila toward the dark side, he found himself regretting the necessity of his actions.

Bastila was not a fool. She recognized some of Revan's lessons as the basic tenets of the Sith. Even with that knowledge, she found herself giving into Revan and letting him train his sister and her to use some of the basic techniques. Though she was loathe to admit it, letting go of some of her darker emotions did add great speed and power to her attacks. Still, she could not let herself proceed too far down this path because if she lost herself to the dark side, there would be no one to guide Revan on his path to the grey.

That night a brown barn owl swooped through the window of James and Lily's bedroom. James was still showering after helping out with Hailey's training session. Lily pushed the sheets off and approached the owl, wary of hidden curses or hexes. After casting a quick revealing charm, she untied the letter and watched as the owl flew back through the window. The letter was short and left her with a feeling of unease. She had a better understanding of Revan now and had come to realize that he was not a ruthless killer like the Death Eaters. Still, she would go to see Albus Dumbledore tomorrow to talk about her son as he requested, she owed him that much at least.

August 18th, 2007

Voldemort's Mansion, Little Hangleton

Kael Corpus arrived unexpectedly at Voldemort's mansion during the late afternoon. The sun was setting and the shadows were long. One hapless Death Eater tried to stop him from entering Voldemort's chamber only to be unceremoniously run through by a force blade. Blood bubbled from the man's mouth and a soft gurgling sound could be heard as he slide off the blade and fell to the floor dead.

The door flew open and crashed against the wall. Kael stalked in and used the force to the slam the door closed once again. Voldemort looked up from the papers scattered across the table. His attack on the Wizengamot had been a disaster. Only three men had managed to escape and Mulciber was lost. Worse, the fools had actually passed that damnable law. His Death Eaters would need to be much more careful if they could no longer count on the ineptitude of the Aurors. While almost eager for a distraction, Voldemort felt a shiver of fear rush down his spine at the sight of Kael.

Kael silently stood not far from the table waiting. Voldemort stood and walked over to the man and sank to his knees saying "My lord, I was not aware of your visit. You have my apologies."

Kael strode over to the table and took a seat, leaving Voldemort on his knees. "Do you have a reason for your most recent failure?" Kael asked with a cold sneer.

Voldemort started to stand when Kael abruptly added in a much quieter almost silky voice "Did I say you could rise?"

Voldemort immediately sank back to his knees. He felt an impossible force build against his back forcing him to prostrate himself on the floor once again. "You will rise when I tell you to."

"The plan was fool proof. The guards were easily overwhelmed. If it hadn't been for Potter's son my Death Eaters could have killed many of the Wizengamot members."

"Your plan was infantile both in its simplicity and its goals. Even had you succeeded, you would have done nothing more than galvanize the people against you. Have you learned nothing from the events of the last two weeks?"

Voldemort tried to raise his head but found the force pressing against him made it impossible. "The only significant thing that has happened was our successful raid on Hogsmeade." He answered, his voice betraying his confusion.

Kael lectured him as if to a child saying "And that attack played right into the Unspeakables' hands. You showed the public that the Aurors are worthless. Yesterday's attack was even worse. It probably cemented the decision against you as soon as it began."

Pride stinging from Kael's tone, Voldemort tried to defend himself "You taught me that fear is one of the most powerful weapons to use in gaining power and control. If we had succeeded, the public would have been terrified of our power."

Kael shook his head, his voice cold as he answered "You have no subtlety. Fear is not a bludgeon to beat someone over the head. Fear is a dagger to stab your opponents in the back. It is a tool of finesse to be used to twist the hearts and minds of one's enemies. Based on what I have seen, it is a tool that the Unspeakables know how to use effectively. Unfortunately for me, I am stuck with you."

"Then what would you have me do?"

"Use their own weapon against them. Aim your attacks against the media. Replace their people and get your supporters in place so that they can begin to turn the public against their new defenders. Without their mouthpieces, we can easily turn the public against them. Make them fear the Unspeakables and beg for help. When the public is at its most desperate, that is when we will step in and be given the reigns of power unknowingly by them gratefully."

Elsewhere in the galaxy

Malak was standing on the bridge of his flagship in orbit above the planet Telus. Vast fires caused by the orbital bombardment could be seen, even from space. He was broken from his observations by a young captain.

The man dressed impeccably in his military uniform sank to one knee and said "Lord Malak, we have received word that numerous ships have disappeared from the fleet."

"Is there any indication of where they may have gone or why?" Malak asked the anger clear in his mechanical voice.

Pale and sweating under Malak's glare, the captain answered "We were unable to trace a specific location but we were able to identify the general trajectory." The captain paused he was nervous about Malak's reaction to the rest of his report. "My lord, we don't know why they disappeared but an encoded signal was received shortly before their disappearance."

A frisson of fear shot through Malak. The signal had to be from Revan, his ship had escaped. He must be alive and biding his time until he would strike back at Malak for his betrayal. He should never have left Revan to those Jedi. "Were you able to decode the message?"

"No my lord, the computer was unable to decipher it."

Malak growled at the answer even though he had expected it. "Dispatch ships along the trajectory you identified. I want those traitors found and destroyed."

The captain nodded his understanding and quickly left before Malak decided to punish him for his failures.

Malak watched the captain scurry off before returning to his observation of Telus. This time his mind was on Revan and the risk he posed to Malak's authority.

Chapter 12: A Time to Stand

August 19th, 2007

Headmaster's Office, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft & Wizardry

It was near lunchtime. Lily had just finished getting ready for her appointment with Albus. Even after all these years, the man still made her feel like a nervous first year. It didn't help that he wanted to talk to her about Revan. It didn't take a genius to realize that Albus did not agree with her son's actions, not that she was in total agreement either. However, she was reconciling herself to the fact that he didn't kill without reason and he did not take pleasure in it the way the Death Eaters did.

After taking a quick glance at her watch, Lily decided to apparate to Hogsmeade and walk to the school. Hopefully that would help calm her nerves. She arrived with a soft crack at the edge of the village. Without the students, it was a much quieter and sedate place. Gathering her courage, Lily walked up the path to Hogwarts letting the warm summer sun and relative peace and quiet soak into her relieving some of her nervousness.

By the time she reached the gargoyle guarding Albus' office, she felt much calmer and more in control of herself. The gargoyle jumped aside when she gave the password and she proceeded up the stairs. The door opened on its own when she was about to knock. A deep breath helped steady her nerves again before she walked into the office and greeted Albus.

"Albus, good morning." Lily said brightly, though she wasn't feeling nearly as cheerful as she sounded.

Eyes twinkling, he waved a hand at an open chair motioning her to sit. "Good morning Lily, I am happy you could free up some time to make it here on such short notice."

"Of course, with Hailey visiting friends and James at work, there was nothing at the manor that couldn't be put off to later in the day." She said amiably, declining the proffered tea with a wave of her hand. She and James had long suspected that Albus laced his tea with different

charms to make people more agreeable during their meetings with him.

Albus simply smiled though inside he was annoyed that she had not taken the tea. It would have made this discussion easier. "I am sure you are wondering why I asked you to meet with me today." He paused as she nodded but got no other response. Sighing to himself, he pressed ahead "I am concerned about Harry..."

Lily cut him off immediately "His name is Revan, not Harry!" She surprised herself with the strength of her statement. After seeing some of his past, she could understand why he didn't feel like he could give up the name. Though it still made her sad that he didn't want their name, she was also proud that he would honor the sacrifice of those that followed him.

Dumbledore was equally surprised by her comment but he thought it was for a different reason. It was evident that she was just as upset with her son for killing those Death Eaters as he was. By calling him this other foolish name, she could disassociate the baby she had known with the man he had become. Maybe this would not be as difficult as he expected. Folding his hands on the desk in front of him Albus responded "Of course, I meant nothing by it. However, I am concerned by some of the actions that he has taken both in Diagon Alley and again in the Wizengamot chamber."

"What are you concerned about? I wish he hadn't killed those men, but there is nothing to do about it now." Lily said honestly. It wouldn't do any good to try and disguise her feelings on the matter.

"That's just it; there is no way to save those men since your son killed them." He had to be blunt and hope that Lily would feel guilty for his actions. "They will never have the chance to change and come back to the light."

She responded with a frown "I don't disagree with you, but it was the way he was raised. He isn't doing it because he enjoys it; he does it to keep others safe."

Albus looked at her, his eyes reflecting his disappointment in her. "Lily, you know the type of role that he is fated to play in this conflict.

He can't be a symbol for the light if he is seen by the public as a killer." What he didn't say but added mentally what that the boy was far too independent and disrespectful too. The public wouldn't follow him and Albus by extension if he was always fighting against Albus' plans and goals.

"Of course I do, that awful prophecy has haunted me ever since the night we thought he died. That being said, you can't expect him to throw away everything he has been taught to believe. He is a person not a symbol." Lily argued.

"He must be both. Sadly, he is more important as a symbol of the fight against Voldemort than he is as a warrior or even an individual. Everyone must make sacrifices for the greater good." Albus said with confidence.

Lily seemed to deflate as Albus' arguments sank in. Privately she still disagreed with him, but feared what might happen if she continued to argue. She needed to warn Revan and James that Albus may try something. "Regardless, what do you suggest we do?"

"As much I don't want to, I think we need to *Obliviate* him and then plant new memories so that he is more pliable, more of a symbol for the light." He could use the opportunity to place blocks on the boy's magic as well. It would not do if the boy ever became a dark lord himself given his command of wandless magic. He had to keep this to himself though, Lily would never agree to it.

"I don't think that would work. James and Hailey would notice the difference and ask questions." Lily said. She was horrified, that Albus was prepared to erase someone's life. Her son did not deserve something like that.

"We would have to *Obliviate* James and Hailey as well. Since they have only known Revan a short time it shouldn't be an issue." He said reasonably. Though Lily was being supportive, Albus was not certain she believed in the plan. Unfortunately, her *Occlumency* was strong enough to resist his *Legilimancy* so he couldn't know for certain.

"But how could we do it. It would have to be soon before Hailey goes back to Hogwarts."

Albus smiled at Lily's tacit agreement to the plan. "I will give you a potion that you can give them at dinner. It will knock them out and I can proceed with the rest of the plan."

"I don't know Albus. It just doesn't seem right. What right do we have to erase his life? We aren't gods. You're talking about erasing everything that makes him who he is." She had tried to hide her true feelings, but she couldn't do it.

"Lily I know the idea is distasteful, but the sacrifice is necessary to save our world."

Her mind was racing; Dumbledore was going to effectively kill her son. Try as she might, she couldn't keep her silence. "No it isn't! You're talking about killing him. Oh he may still be alive, but you are killing the person and leaving a shell. I won't do it. You can find another tool to fulfill your damn prophecy." Lily said angrily. She stood and stormed towards the door.

Albus smiled sadly at Lily even as he pulled his wand. "I won't allow you to warn your family. *Obliviate!*" A soft white jet of light issued forth from his wand and struck Lily in the head. He watched as her eyes glazed over. Taking advantage of her vulnerable state, he used a legal version of the *Imperio* and planted instructions in Lily's mind. In two week's time, she would lace their dinner with the knockout potion so that he could modify everyone's memories. It was regrettable but necessary.

Revan's Gunship, Godric's Hollow Wales

Revan and Bastila had returned to the gunship after breakfast. Bastila had asked Revan to return with her so that they could speak openly about certain subjects. Revan had agreed without argument.

Revan sat in a chair and watched as Bastila paced. They were currently in her sleeping quarters. The three crewmen were currently going about their daily tasks maintaining the ship. Revan noticed that something had changed with Bastila since his return from the Wizengamot meeting. Bastila seemed upset by something but it wasn't aimed at him. Yet, she was also being extremely protective; he had caught her hovering over him a few times.

He was slouched back in the chair and his legs were stretched out in front of him when he said grumpily “Bastila, please stand still or sit down. My neck is getting sore from following you pace back and forth.”

Bastila stopped for a moment then shook her head and started pacing again. Revan was about to forcibly sit her down when she finally said something “Revan, I expect to be part of this battle. I don’t care about any prophecy; I will be fighting at your side.”

His legs slid close to the chair and he sat up straighter before answering in a confused voice “I didn’t expect otherwise. Have I given you reason to think I wouldn’t let you fight by my side?”

“You haven’t but I need to be clear on this point. I won’t be on the sidelines, the outcome is too important for me to do nothing. And I want to be involved in the planning.” Determination shone from her posture.

Revan sighed theatrically “Are you prepared to do what is necessary to ensure that the Massassi are pushed back from this world? You know that there is a good chance you will need more than the strength afforded to you by using the light side.” This was a golden opportunity to bring her closer to his way of thinking.

Bastila blanched, she knew that Revan was training Hailey with the mindset characterized by the dark side of the force. He hadn’t bothered to train her in the force given her age. Just by being in the training sessions with them, Bastila found herself giving credence to some of the lessons. The danger was in totally following the path to the dark side; however, there were advantages to using her darker emotions and letting them guide you when appropriate. For now she avoided the question “What did they do to you? I realize they are evil but ...” She trailed off not sure how to finish the question.

Revan was silent and his face lost what little color it normally had. It was his eyes that scared her though; they were empty devoid of any emotion whatsoever. Then he spoke in a soft voice “I don’t think I could describe it to you. I will use my father’s pensieve to show you some of the memories later, but at one point I was captured and tortured by them. I died multiple times only to be brought back and

tortured again. They never asked me a single question; they simply tortured me for the pleasure of it. The little I saw of their society is built around such attitudes. Everything in their lives revolves around hatred, pain, and death."

Bastila just nodded. She wasn't sure she wanted to see those memories, but at the same time she needed to understand what had forced the young man she remembered so fondly to change into the Sith Lord she was trying to save. A vow was made at that moment, Bastila vowed to never let Revan return to being a Sith Lord. This was different than other promises she had made regarding Revan, in the past she had always justified her actions because Revan would be invaluable to the Republic as a leader. This time the vow was more personal, he was important to her and it would kill a part of her to see him sink back into the depths of the dark side.

"How do you plan on drawing the Massassi out of hiding? We have yet to find a single trace of them."

"We need to draw them out. I imagine that they are acting in the shadows behind Voldemort and his Death Eaters. Of course, even if they are he must also be acting on his own since they are usually more subtle than he is."

"If Voldemort is being directed by the Massassi, what do we do to get him in the open? As you know from experience, the Sith and I assume the Massassi are far more comfortable striking from the shadows." Bastila pressed.

"I'm not sure. There is very little real history written about Voldemort. I am not sure what his motivations are beyond the superficial blood purity issue. We will also need to deal with his Death Eaters. They will probably be used as cannon fodder but still they represent a real enough danger too."

"The books I have read don't seem to say anything on him either. Have you thought about asking James? I would suggest Lily, but James seems to be more in touch with the motivation behind dark lords on this planet."

"No I hadn't thought of that, but you're right. Perhaps there will be time this evening to speak to him about it. We should expect the Massassi to strike out at us if we start becoming too much of a threat."

"What kind of numbers are we talking about? We won't have reinforcements available unless you can convince some people from this world to fight for you."

"I don't think it will be more than a handful of agents. Like myself and Malak, there is probably a master and apprentice. I doubt there is more than that, but I don't have much to go on."

"Hopefully, if we destroy Voldemort, the Massassi will emerge from the shadows to strike back. If there is one thing I have learned, it is that you dark lords have a huge ego." She finished smiling.

"It is entirely justified though. I agree with you though, spending years on this rock trying to find them is not appealing to me either. We are needed by the Republic and as much I want to help my family, this planet is not worth the lives it will cost to stay here for a significant length of time."

"Won't they just flee the planet though if their agents are killed or neutralized? How would we know they've left?" Bastila asked after sitting down on the edge of the bed.

"I don't think they will try to run. There is a certain amount of truth to your statement about their ego. If I was in their position, I don't think I would run. I think I would try to destroy whoever was responsible for disrupting my plans."

"And if they do run?" She pressed.

"We will have measures in place to prevent that from happening." Once his ships arrived, they could set up gravity well generators to prevent ships from entering or leaving the system without their knowing about it. He knew Bastila was curious but he was uncomfortable about sharing this secret with her just yet.

Bastila wanted to press the issue, but she saw the cold faraway look on his face. "Revan, I know I don't understand them the way you do, but I won't let you follow the same path you were on."

"You will change your mind once you have seen my enemies, until then you can't understand the evil we are up against." He said with a fanatical gleam in his eyes.

She reached out and grabbed his hands in hers and pleaded "Don't you see that by fighting like them, by killing innocents so freely you are becoming them. You are becoming the enemy you claim to be fighting!"

Revan jerked his hands away and stood up, anger clearly evident in the tightness of his body and face "What would you have me do, follow the light side again? Maybe we could negotiate with them, find a peaceful solution?" He said scornfully.

"No, you could never walk that path again. I know you have it in you to find a balance between the light and dark sides. You have experienced both extremes and can forge a new path for yourself in the middle."

Revan was glaring at Bastila now, because she was filling him with doubt. Would he be better off by trying to follow her path or would his weakness destroy him? "I know what you are trying to do. Push me too far and we will find ourselves on opposite sides once again." He threatened before sweeping out of the room.

As the door to her chamber closed, Bastila felt hope flare within her. Even as he was threatening her, she felt the confusion and self-doubt within him. He was considering her path and in the end she felt he would find himself walking it with her by his side.

August 31st, 2007

Department of Mysteries, Ministry of Magic

It was very early, shortly after dawn when James, Revan and Bastila arrived at the Ministry of Magic. James had yet to explain why they were at the Ministry so early in the morning. Privately, Revan

suspected it was to avoid the Aurors. While they were not actively seeking his arrest, he had been told by James that there was a standing warrant should the opportunity arise to do it quietly.

The three passed through security and entered the lifts. James pulled a key from his robes and inserted into the control panel of the lift. Immediately, they began dropping at an incredible speed until they reached their destination. Revan knew for a fact that his father worked on the 5th level, so what were they doing at the Department of Mysteries.

As soon as they got off the lift, they were met by Martin Freestar. A quick round of handshakes was exchanged before Martin led them through the department to his office. Once inside, he cast a complex privacy ward to ensure that they would not be disturbed. That done, he conjured some tea and biscuits and motioned for everyone to sit.

"Revan, thank you for coming at this ungodly hour. I wanted to meet with you without the whole Ministry knowing." Martin said affably.

Revan took a sip of tea and grimaced slightly at the taste. He couldn't understand what these people saw in the bitter drink. "It is too early in the morning to play games, what can we do for you?"

Smiling at Revan's attitude and desire to get straight to the point, Martin responded "I am in charge of the Unspeakables." He proceeded to explain who they were and gave a more thorough history of their activities than what had been printed in the Daily Prophet. "As you may have guessed by now, your father is one of my agents. He has been since your disappearance."

Both Revan and Bastila looked at James in surprise. James had the grace to look embarrassed for keeping it a secret. Bastila in particular was surprised that James would have such a career given Lily's stance on killing. There was more that Martin had to share with them, she was sure of it. "That's not all is it?" She asked.

Martin leaned back in his chair and studied Bastila through steepled fingers. "No it isn't." He opened a drawer and pulled out two badges. "I would like both of you to become Unspeakable agents. Based on

your fight in Diagon Alley and the Wizengamot I believe we share similar beliefs on the approach to fighting evil.”

Revan glanced at Bastila with a slight smirk before nodding his head. “Why should we accept? Even if I were to accept, I would not take orders from you or your men.”

“That is a very good question. No I would not expect you to serve under any of my agents. In fact, the badge is more for your protection than anything else. With that badge, you are immune from prosecution for any attacks against dark wizards. Based on what I have seen, I expect you will continue to play a significant role in the upcoming war.”

James finally said something “Revan, the badge can also be used as a portkey to take you programmed locations. Whenever there is an attack, the magic on the badge updates the location to reflect the attack’s coordinates. As an Unspeakable you would be able to help us fight the Death Eaters more effectively.” James paused for a moment to gather his thoughts. “Also, I want you to realize that I don’t care if you take the badge or not. I will be proud of you either way. You have already done more than most wizards and witches in this war.”

Bastila spoke up before Revan even had a chance to decide. “We’ll take the position. It will help everyone involved.” She looked at Revan as she made her declaration practically daring him to contradict her.

Revan gave in and simply nodded his agreement. After they both pocketed the badges, Martin went over the basics of the Unspeakables and what they could expect from the other agents. Both were surprised at the amount of training that was expected of the agents and Revan looked at his father with a new found respect. He never had suspected the man of having any advanced training, now he was looking forward to their next sparring session.

James grimaced when he saw the predatory glint in Revan’s eyes. He knew he was going to be in pain following their next sparring session. Despite his years of training, he expected he would be no match for Revan or Bastila.

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

Later that evening, Lily was preparing dinner. Normally, she would have used the house elves, but this evening she felt the need to prepare everything herself. Unbeknownst to her, the instructions that Albus had implanted were being enacted. She had laced the glasses with the knockout potion that Albus had given her and scheduled the dinner itself for 7pm. The timing was important so that Albus would arrive after everyone had passed out but before the potion began to wear off.

Shortly before 7pm, Lily called out to everyone letting them know that dinner was ready. While she was waiting for them to show up, she poured drinks for everyone. Rather than lace the drinks with the potion, she put it on the glasses themselves so the results would be the same regardless of the drink.

James and Hailey were the first to arrive. They had been training with Revan and Bastila but in the end simply watched as Revan and Bastila danced back and forth in a very intense sparring session.

Revan and Bastila walked in a few minutes later. A large smile formed on Revan's face whenever Bastila limped or moaned. Bastila had vastly overestimated her abilities compared to Revan's. While she was a very strong and talented Jedi, she was still a novice compared to Revan. Though she was improving under his tutelage, she still envied the ease and skill he displayed whenever they sparred. He flowed like water, completely smooth and fluid with hidden strength beneath the surface.

With a final smirk at Bastila's discomfort, Revan took a seat at the dinner table with everyone else. Given that things had improved with his mother, he decided to be polite and said "Everything looks great Lily, thank you."

Lily smiled at the compliment from her son. She knew they had a ways to go before they were truly comfortable around each other, but there was progress on both their parts. Conversation was light as the food was passed around.

Just as Revan was reaching for his glass, the communicator in his pocket chirped. Standing and politely excusing himself from the table, he pulled the communicator from his pocket once he had exited the manor.

"This is Revan go ahead." He ordered.

"Lord Revan, we have received word. Those forces still loyal to you are en route. They expect to reach the system tomorrow."

"Very well. Do you have anything else to report?" He had more questions but they could wait until his forces arrived.

"Yes my lord, Commander Halcyon wishes to speak with you."

"Put him through." Revan groaned to himself, he knew Lily would lecture him for missing part of their dinner. Sometimes family was more trouble than it was worth.

A strong confident voice replaced the hesitant voice of the crewman.
"Lord Revan, what are your orders once we reach the system?"
Halcyon had been with Revan for two years now and was always straight to the point.

"Take up positions around the third planet. It is a primitive society so stay beyond the orbit of its moon. Setup gravity well generators, I don't want any surprises." Revan commanded.

"Your orders will be executed as soon as we arrive. I would appreciate an audience with you at your earliest convenience. There is a droid here that I believe you are acquainted with."

Revan smiled. There was only one droid he could be referring to. "Of course commander, contact me once you are in position. Commander, how many ships do we have?"

Halcyon was silent for a moment and Revan knew the answer would be not be good. "My lord, I estimate that we will have somewhere between 20 and 30 ships, mostly a mix of cruiser and destroyer class ships. There could be additional ships en route. We have followed the

protocol you gave us and have taken multiple jumps to random systems to throw off any trackers.”

A sigh escaped from Revan as he answered “Thank you commander, it is more than I could reasonably expect. Revan out.”

Revan walked back into the manor and found everyone unconscious. They were collapsed on the dining table. He pulled his light saber from his belt but did not activate it as he scanned the room for enemies. He didn’t see or sense anyone. Who then attacked his family?

He soon got his answer. The fireplace in the main entrance hall flared to life with green flames. Albus Dumbledore emerged from the flames and calmly brushed the ash from his yellow and purple robes. Strolling into the dining room while humming a nameless tune, Albus pulled his wand from his sleeve and prepared to *Obliviate* the entire family.

Revan emerged back into the dining room from the hall when he heard someone moving around. He expected to see one of his family waking up. Instead he saw Albus Dumbledore preparing to cast some sort of spell on his family. “What are you doing here old man?”

Albus spun around and cast *Stupefy*. Revan saw the attack coming and his light saber was activated and deflecting the spell. Dumbledore knew he would likely not beat Revan before his family started to revive from the potion. “My boy, I apologize. I arrived to speak with your mother and found you family unconscious.”

“Yes, what convenient timing you have. You just happened to visit when everyone but me was unconscious. Since you are here, you can help me in reviving them.”

Albus groaned, somehow this brat had avoided the effects of the potion. It would be better to play along for now and try again at a later date. “Of course, anything I can do to help.” Albus pointed his wand at James and cast *Enervate*.

James slowly came to and looked around. Albus had already moved on and was reviving the others. Revan was having a quick whispered

conversation with James. Both men suspected that Dumbledore had something to do with their condition, but no way of proving it. Instead, James politely thanked Albus and then asked him to leave. Albus protested but even Lily was not feeling up to dealing with headmaster after being revived.

Dinner was spoiled. James and Lily vanished everything on the table. Something had been laced with a potion to knock them out. None of the adults knew what Albus had been up to, but they did not trust the man anymore. Lily swore that she would watch him for any more suspicious actions. If they were lucky, they could catch him in the act; it would be the only way they were like to neutralize him, short of killing him that is.

September 1st, 2007

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

James and Hailey were sitting in the kitchen eating breakfast. He had been reading the Daily Prophet when he spit out his coffee in surprise. Hailey had grabbed the paper after he left the table she had been careful to note the page he had been reading at the time.

Unspeakables – Are they protectors or persecutors?

By

Veritas Hawking

It has come to light that the Unspeakables may be as much of a danger to the wizarding world as the Death Eaters they claim to be protecting us from. This reporter has received reports that on a handful of people have disappeared after being taken into custody by the Unspeakables on the flimsiest of charges. Their fate is unknown and the Unspeakables have denied any knowledge of the disappearances.

In our fear of the Death Eaters, we turned to this unknown group in the Ministry to protect us. We risked much in the name of security. Are we paying now for that risk? It was a muggle by the name of

Benjamin Franklin that said “They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.”

In the coming weeks and months, we may find that we have indeed traded our liberty for non-existent security. We may find that not all threats to our way of life come in the form of men dressed in black robes and white masks. This reporter will continue to be the voice of those that have been silenced by the Unspeakables. For surely if someone doesn’t raise their voice, eventually no one will be left to do it.

While Hailey was finishing her breakfast and reading the article, James had gone to his office and was speaking with Revan. “Unless there is a secret group acting within the Unspeakables, these allegations are total fabrications.”

Revan was quiet as he considered both the impetus for such an article as well as the implications. He walked away from the desk and sat down in a soft leather chair near the darkened fireplace. James mistook his silence and said “Revan, these are lies. I have worked with the Unspeakables for more than 25 years and there have never been any cases where we made people disappear.”

Revan looked at James and said reassuringly “Oh, I don’t think the Unspeakables are at fault for anything. I was thinking that this seems far more subtle than Voldemort’s usual tactics.”

Realization broke over James “Of course, it has to be someone else in Voldemort’s camp or even possibly Dumbledore’s. He was almost as opposed to the Unspeakables as Voldemort was. And after last night, I wouldn’t put anything past him.”

Nodding Revan said without thought “Yes, he was but I think we should be looking to Voldemort. This may be the first indication that the Massassi are taking a more active role in this war. I imagine they were not happy with the way that Voldemort has bungled things in the last month.”

James looked at Revan in confusion “Who are the Massassi and why would they have any power over Voldemort?”

Looking over at James sharply as he realized what he had revealed, Revan replied evasively “The Massassi are an enemy that I have faced many times on different planets. The only description for them is evil. They are far darker than Voldemort could ever hope to be. Yet, they move slowly preferring to strike from the shadows with lies and rumors to weaken their enemies’ resolve before emerging.”

“If that is true, than this would be exactly their style. Although I am not proud to say it, the wizarding world is composed largely of sheep that follow the loudest voice or the easiest path. I will pass your information on to Martin. We may need to investigate this reporter Veritas Hawking.”

Platform 9 ¾s, London UK

James, Revan, Hailey and Lily had arrived at King’s Cross to see Hailey off to Hogwarts. There had been some discussion about whether she should return given Dumbledore’s actions the previous night but in the end, Hailey won everyone over. She wanted to be with her friends and she didn’t think that Dumbledore would dare strike back at her with the other students around. Unfortunately, they didn’t have enough evidence to sway a court. Given Dumbledore’s reputation, they would need an overwhelming case against him.

Hailey gave James a quick hug before moving on to her mother. She didn’t know why, but her father had been distracted and grouchy ever since he had read that article on the Unspeakables. If they were doing something wrong Uncle Sirius would do something about it. After giving her brother a hug, she ran onto the train to see her friends.

James, Lily and Revan watched the train depart before turning to leave. Before they could pass through the barrier again, the trio was surrounded by Aurors. Sirius himself had come to arrest his godson. Most of the parents stopped to watch the spectacle.

Sirius strode forward and announced “Revan Potter, you are under arrest for the murder of 15 men. Aurors, restrain him.”

James just rolled his eyes and watched the show. Lily was more concerned, she didn't know that Revan was an Unspeakable and therefore immune from prosecution.

Revan said in a loud but calm voice. "You have no authority to arrest me. Why are you wasting your time with this farce when you could be investigating potential Death Eaters and criminals?"

Sirius turned red and said hotly "I am investigating a criminal right now. I don't know what your parents see in you, but I see nothing but a killer. As far as authority, I am a Captain of the Aurors. I have a warrant for your arrest right here."

"It's fortunate for me that I am immune from prosecution." Revan said reasonably. The crowd around them had grown and many were chattering to each other confused by Revan's statement.

Sirius ordered "Don't move. Keep your hands where I can see them." Revan had been reaching into his pocket to retrieve something. Taking the initiative, one of the Aurors reached into Revan's pocket and pulled out a small badge.

Revan just smiled as Sirius groaned. "Yes, that's right you can't prosecute me because I was simply doing my job. I am an Unspeakable and since the Aurors have been so ineffectual in fighting the Death Eaters, we had to step in."

Many in the crowd gasped in surprise at the revelation. Revan sensed an opportunity to sway people to his side and began to speak. He turned towards the crowd before beginning "Is this the world I am fighting for? This is the 3rd time that Aurors have tried to arrest me for standing up in the face of evil. Rather than help the Unspeakables hunt down the Death Eaters and other criminals the Aurors focus on those that have stood up against our enemies. Why do they do this? I can only think it is because by standing up we shine a spotlight on their failures." Revan paused for effect.

Sirius and the Aurors were silent. There was little they could argue with against Revan at the moment.

Revan changed his focus somewhat as he began speaking once again “There is a cancer in the wizarding world and it is destroying you. No, the cancer is not Voldemort and his Death Eaters. They are simply symptoms of the greater problem. Many of you are the cause. You have allowed your fear and laziness to rule your lives for too long. As I told the Wizengamot, if you had stood up to Voldemort, he never would have gained so much power. Instead you sat back and waited for someone else to deal with the problem.

The time has come for you to pull your head out of the sand. The Unspeakables are not the answer to your problems. We won’t save you from your greatest enemy and the biggest threat to this world. Quite simply, we can’t save you from yourselves. Don’t look to the Aurors for blame either, they are but a reflection of yourselves going after the easy targets rather than the root problem.

When faced with evil, you have two choices. You can cower in fear and hope that the evil passes you by or you can stand and face it. For too long the wizarding world has cowered in fear. Veritas Hawking said in his article today that he would stand for those who had no voice. Who will stand for your children when the Unspeakables and Aurors are not there? It is time for you to stand and join in the defense of your lives and your world. It is time for you to stand and protect those who can’t stand any longer. It is time for you to stand because we can’t do it alone.”

The crowd and the Aurors were silent. Slowly the crowd was coming back to life as Revan’s words sank in. And then a young woman stepped forward, she couldn’t be much older than 20 and was probably an older sister to one of the students. She was not especially strong or bright but she knew what she had to do. In a loud clear voice filled with determination she said “I will stand with you.”

Voldemort’s Mansion, Little Hangleton

Voldemort was sitting in his main chamber with Kael. On the table in front of them were two copies of the Daily Prophet. The first was from that day and was opened to the article written by Veritas Hawking.

“I see you have one of your men in place at the Daily Prophet.” Kael said as he scanned the article and nodded at the tone.

"Yes, we will begin spreading rumors regarding the Unspeakables to undermine their authority as you advised." Voldemort said meekly. If any of his Death Eaters would have heard them, they would have been shocked by the subservience coming from their lord.

"Excellent, you will need to get agents in some of the other media outlets as well. If there is only one source spreading these tales, it will be easier to dismiss." Even as he said this, Kael turned his attention to the other issue of the Daily Prophet. It was much older and detailed the attack on Diagon Alley over a month ago.

"Why did you want more information on our failed attack on Diagon Alley?" Voldemort asked when he saw what Kael was reading.

Kael snapped his attention back to Voldemort; his eyes were blazing with anger. This fool dared question his actions; quickly he backhanded Voldemort across the face sending him crashing to the floor. It was many seconds before Voldemort was able to raise his head and get back on his feet. A large bruise was already forming on Voldemort's jaw.

"I am studying our enemy. This is the one that will lead them against us. He is who we need to eliminate."

Cringing even as he spoke Voldemort said "But he is only Potter's brat of son. Certainly he is powerful, but he couldn't stand up to our might."

Kael's eyes blazed again and Voldemort flinched back in fear. "He is more than you realize. Your Death Eaters will not be able to eliminate him, they don't have the skill. My apprentice will lead the attack against him when the time comes. Only he has the skills and power necessary to remove him from the board."

"But my men won't follow your apprentice. They will question my authority if I allow him to lead the attack."

Kael let the force enhance his strength. Moving faster than Voldemort could follow; Kael reached out and lifted the man from the floor by his neck. Voldemort began to choke and was grabbing desperately at Kael's arm to get him to let go. "My apprentice will lead the attack and

you Death Eaters will follow every command or I will destroy them myself."

Kael watched for a moment longer as the fear grew more prevalent in Voldemort's eyes. Finally he released the man and he crashed to floor gasping for breath. "Don't question my orders again Voldemort. Remember, you're alive at my whim only. Now have your men watch the man. I want to know his every move and we will only attack once we can predict his reactions. In a month's time, I expect you to have the information I need."

Not caring if Voldemort responded or not, Kael swept from the room leaving the most feared dark lord in recent history trembling on the floor of his chamber.

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

Meanwhile at Potter Manor, Revan's communicator was chirping again. He was greeted with a simple message from his crew. A smile formed on his face as heard the news. His fleet had arrived.

Chapter 13: Fall of a Sith Lord

October 8th, 2007

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

Revan was waiting for the arrival of Commander Halcyon. He was coming down from the flagship so that they could discuss strategies for drawing out the Massassi and contingency plans if Malak's forces were to find them.

Luckily, things had been quiet for the past month. The Death Eaters had not been active. It gave Revan time to plan and to get his new forces ready to face the coming threat.

Articles continued to appear in the Daily Prophet accusing the Unspeakables of more false arrests and atrocities. Despite this, public sentiment had remained in support of the Unspeakables, due in large part to the popularity of Revan. Since that day at Diagon Alley, Revan became a symbol for the need to take action. Despite his popularity with the public, there were those in the government that viewed Revan with suspicion and as a threat.

Young wizards and witches tired of the status quo flocked to his call whenever he was in public. However he had found that most lacked the training necessary to be of any use to him in battle. Accordingly, Revan and James had setup a training program with trusted Unspeakable agents. Every wizard and witch who followed Revan spent time learning the skills to fight the Death Eaters. Though Revan was not able to attend all of the training sessions he made a point to attend 2 to 3 sessions a week. He had heard from James that the Unspeakables and volunteers worked harder and were more focused whenever he was present.

To the surprise of many, including James, squibs were clamoring to be part of Revan's growing army. They had long been discriminated against because they did not have any magic and with Voldemort's return, they were one his primary targets. They had little chance of defending themselves without some sort of assistance which Revan was more than happy to provide. While they could not learn magic, they were being trained in hand-to-hand combat techniques. As time

went on, they were becoming a more effective fighting force than the other volunteers, perhaps because they did not depend on magic and were more open minded than the average witch or wizard.

Even within the Unspeakables, Revan was seen as a rising star. These were men and women that were used to taking action in order to safeguard their world. In Revan they had found a charismatic warrior who did not need to hide his actions or his face from anyone. It was something every Unspeakable longed to do, share their work and their lives fully with their friends and family. Revan was able to do that. Consequently, he was able to reach out to those they had sworn to protect and win converts to their cause.

Martin found himself relying on Revan's advice and looking to him to provide leadership, especially to the newer Unspeakables. He recognized himself in Revan. There was that same drive to fight and defend others. Sadly, there was also that same darkness in his eyes speaking of deeds and events that should never be experienced. Martin himself had done many things he would always regret and now he was doing it again. Revan was leading his agents in all but name and Martin had stepped back in response. It was only a matter of time before Revan took outright control and led the fight against Voldemort and the Death Eaters. Martin longed for that to happen so he could finally give up this burden.

Not everyone was as happy with Revan's rise to prominence with the public and the Unspeakables. The Minister of Magic, Marius Delstran, was currently sitting in his office. His approval ratings had gone up sharply when the Unspeakables were given authority to act on British soil. It proved that he was not going to hide his head in the sand and hope that the Death Eaters and Voldemort would simply go away.

Since that time though, he had become increasingly troubled. A few times a week, the Daily Prophet and the other newspapers published articles detailing the war on Voldemort. While the Unspeakables had been successful in curtailing some of the attacks, he couldn't fail to notice the rise of one of their agents. Revan Potter was becoming

one of the most influential figures in the wizarding world. He was young and appealed to the younger generation that had long wanted a leader they could relate to.

Marius was concerned that Revan would seek to expand his power base beyond the young and the Unspeakables. If he should manage to defeat Voldemort and his Death Eaters, he would have so much political capital there would be little anyone could do to stop his rise to power. Yet, there was nothing he would do to stop the man. Voldemort represented the single greatest threat to the Wizarding World and Marius refused to endanger the war effort. The best he could hope for was to be seen as the party responsible for putting the best people in place to protect their way of life.

He was honest enough with himself to recognize that he enjoyed his position but he wasn't so desperate to keep his job that he would sacrifice everything else in the process. No, his concern wasn't so much that Revan may rise to power in his place; it was that Revan was an unknown. There was no information on his background or his experiences prior to his return. For all they knew, the man could be worse than Voldemort.

With a sigh, Marius gave up this line of thinking. There was nothing to be done at this point, the die was cast and he would have to hope for the best even as he prepared for the worst.

Albus Dumbledore was not happy with the developments of the last month. More and more, the Wizengamot and the Wizarding World in general were ignoring his counsel and instead were turning to the Potter boy.

He leaned back in his chair and stared at the ceiling in his office. It was beyond his understanding why so many young people would choose to follow this man. In Albus' mind, he was nothing more than a killer wrapped up in a nicer package than the Death Eaters. If Revan was to defeat Voldemort and survived, which would be unfortunate in Dumbledore's mind, then he would most likely go on his own rampage and he would have hundreds if not thousands of followers behind him. No, it was clear to Dumbledore that Revan

Potter represented a greater threat to his beloved world than even Voldemort. Something must be done.

Albus continued to believe that the best approach was to erase Revan's memories and start from scratch but the question was how to go about doing it. He doubted he would be able to use Lily again; she had been refusing to meet with him since that night. It had been years since James had visited him without Lily so he was not an option either. Perhaps the daughter, she was still a student here. Yes, Hailey Potter would be the perfect avenue to Revan; he would never suspect an attack coming from his sister.

Heto Malico was once again taking station outside of Potter Manor. It had been surprisingly easy to find the Jedi's base of operations. The location of his family's home was well known and it had only taken a couple of days to realize that Revan spent the majority of his time either in or around the manor.

2 Death Eaters had been stationed near the manor for close to three weeks now. They had been observing the manor under the cover of disillusionment charms. Based on their observations, they found that James left regularly by 9am in the morning for work. While Revan, Bastila and Lily were in and out of the manor all day.

Heto occasionally joined the surveillance team. He wanted to get a feel for Revan before their assault. During his second visit, he had the chance to observe Bastila and Revan sparring. It was clear that Revan had incredible skill with the light saber, but he couldn't understand why he appeared to be holding back in his session with Bastila. In his mind, it was just a demonstration of Revan's weakness. He was clearly unwilling to harm the other Jedi in any way.

While Heto found Revan's reluctance to harm Bastila amusing, it was his demeanor with Lily and James that truly filled him with scorn for the man. Both adults were clearly weaker than either Revan or Bastila. They appeared to be on par with the Death Eaters. Despite this, Revan appeared to treat them as equals when they were clearly beneath him in power and intelligence. The primitives of this world would never be a match for a Jedi let alone a Sith.

Yes, the time was coming when he would show this Jedi what a true Sith was capable of. There would be no mercy. There would be no holding back. He would ride the waves of his anger and hate and crush this Jedi. Without the Jedi presence here, there would be nothing to stand in the way of his master as he sweeps over this world and delivers into the world to the Sith Empire.

Sirius Black, Auror Captain, was sitting in his office drinking a cup of tea as he reviewed the events of the last several months. He should have been thrilled that his godson was alive and well. Yet the first thing he does when he meets himis to condemn him for stopping a Death Eater attack on Diagon Alley. It wasn't that the Death Eaters had died, there was no question that they deserved the Kiss for their actions. The stumbling block in his mind was that his godson was not an Auror or even an Unspeakable at the time. He was just a vigilante and as an Auror himself, he saw vigilantes as being nearly as bad as Death Eaters themselves. There had been too many times during his career as as an Auror where someone had taken the law into their own hands to satisfy some petty need for revenge. In the past he had often thought of the Order of the Phoenix as a vigilante group. The big difference was that they did not kill anyone, they simply captured the Death Eaters and turned them over to the Ministry. So this made the group less objectionable in his mind.

What about now, Revan was an Unspeakable and therefore no longer a vigilante so why was he still avoiding his friend and godson? Even though he was alone, Sirius blushed when he realized the only thing holding him back from reconciling with the Potter family was his pride. He had been embarrassed that his Aurors had been so ineffectual in the battle. This was just compounded by the attack on the Wizengamot. It didn't help that most of the Aurors had felt the same way.

Now though things had changed. With the arrival of the Unspeakables, the Aurors were becoming a police force once again, leaving the Death Eaters for others to deal with. If Sirius had know ahead of time that the Unspeakables went after dark wizards he would have joined them instead of the Aurors but that decision was

long past. Many of the younger Aurors had joined the his godson's followers wanting to take a more active role in the war against Voldemort and his Death Eaters. Part of Sirius wanted to join his godson as well, maybe he would in the future but right now he needed to mend his relationship with James and get to know his godson away from the battles.

Setting the cup of tea which was now quite cold down on his desk, Sirius stood up. Gathering his courage, he left his office to go speak with James and get his friend back.

Today, Revan wanted to discuss with Halcyon the possibility of arming some of the squibs that had volunteered with standard blasters and arm shields. While the squibs were learning hand-to-hand fighting, they would not be very effective against the Death Eaters. Without magic or blasters, they would be massacred. Revan was not interested in using them as cannon fodder.

He reached into his pocket when the communicator chirped. His hand pulled the communicator out and pressed the receiver with a soft click "This is Revan, go ahead."

"Lord Revan, this is Commander Halcyon, we are inbound and should land in the next few minutes." The cool confidence of his commander could be heard clearly through the communicator.

"Land at the previous coordinates. I will meet you there." Revan said, directing the men to land in a clearing at the edge of the forest near the manor. His parents were no longer shocked to see shuttles arrive and depart though they still asked for a chance to see one of the larger ships. Revan felt a small smile tug his face as he thought about the way their faces would light up like eager children begging to see one of the ships.

"Very well my lord. Commander Halcyon out."

Revan returned the communicator to his pocket and started to walk towards the landing sight. He was amazed at some of the things that could be accomplished by using wands. His father had been able to

cast an illusion over the clearing that extended high into the atmosphere. As long as the shuttles followed a precise trajectory, then there was no chance of them being seen by anyone.

Unbeknownst to Revan, his movements were being shadowed by 20 Death Eaters and Heto Malico. They were waiting for him spread out across the grounds of the manor under Disillusionment charms. Heto looked on with disgust at the man who dared to call himself a Sith. From what he had seen the man was strong in the force but he lacked the killer instinct that any true Sith embraced.

As Revan made his way across the grounds, Heto grinned in anticipation. He wanted Revan to be far enough from the Manor that he would not be able to retreat inside. The Death Eaters were there to distract Revan until Heto could close with him. Once he had engaged Revan, the Death Eaters were to keep anyone else from interrupting his duel.

Finally, Revan reached the designated ambush site. The Death Eaters, moving as one dropped their disillusionment charms and opened fire with a barrage of spells. Reacting instinctively, Revan jumped high into the air using the force to guide his ascent. As he was falling, his light saber flew to his right hand from his belt and came to life with the characteristic hum. At the same time, his blaster slammed into his left hand.

He landed and rolled to his feet just outside the circle of Death Eaters, his saber held in front of him prepared to defend himself even while he opened fire with the blaster. Blazing red laser bolts shot across the ground and picked off the nearest two Death Eaters. His following shots were absorbed by hastily erected shields. Worry started to break into his thoughts when he took note of the number of Death Eaters arrayed in front of him until he realized that a contingent of his men were on the way and should be landing any moment. His musings were brought short by another wave of incoming spells. His saber left behind a faint red haze as it blurred through the air deflecting the spells away from him.

While Revan was defending himself, Heto was making his way around the battle to approach Revan from the rear. Unlike the Death

Eaters, he had not dropped his cloak. Luckily, with the noise from the battle, he did not have to be concerned about attracting Revan's attention. As he neared Revan, Heto slowly drew his force blade and gripped the hilt tightly in anticipation of his attack.

A spell slammed into the ground near Revan's feet. Flames and chunks of earth flew in all directions and blasted Revan backwards into the air. Twisting his body in the air, he was able to soften his landing and scrambled to his feet before the Death Eaters could fire off more spells but he lost his grip on his blaster and it was now laying a few feet away. Disregarding the blaster for the time being, he took advantage of the seconds in between attacks and thrust his hand forward pushing a wave of the force outward. Reaching to the force again, he let his anger flow throw him and increase his reflexes and speed.

The closest Death Eaters stumbled backwards as they felt the force wave slam into them. Those in the rear were largely insulated from the attack but were unable to attack again as their comrades stumbled into their line of fire. Before they were able to regroup, Revan opened his mouth and let out a blood-chilling scream filled with his rage. The ground in front of Revan erupted as a wave of energy rippled outward from Revan and the Death Eaters flew through the air as they were impacted by the wave. Slowly the Death Eaters staggered to their feet, blood dripping from noses and ears and prepared to face Revan again.

Heto had made his way behind Revan by this point and just snorted softly at the how easily their attack was disrupted. Though the scream was impressive, Heto snorted softly in disgust when Revan did not follow up with a more deadly attack. Waiting, Heto saw his opportunity to attack when Revan stood to face off again against the Death Eaters. Dropping his cloaking field at the last second, he tightened his grip and swung down forcefully with his force blade hoping to end the battle before it even began.

At the last second, Revan spun on one foot having sensed the Sith as soon as the cloak fell. His saber met the force blade with a shower of sparks. Heto just grinned maliciously at Revan as he pushed down on his blade forcing Revan's saber closer and closer to his face.

Suddenly, Revan dropped to ground and swung his leg out as he spun on his knee.

Heto's eyes widened in surprise at the lack of resistance against his blade. Before he could regain his balance, his feet were swept out from underneath him by Revan. Heto crashed to the ground and rolled to his left. His quick move saved him from Revan's follow up slash. Though he wasn't quick enough to avoid injury, Heto gasped in pain and surprise as he felt the light saber slash his left bicep.

His mind was spinning. He had not expected the Sith to expose themselves so quickly. Ruthlessly forcing his mind to focus on the battle, Revan returned his light saber to a defensive position after his attack. He moved around so that his back was not exposed to the Death Eaters. He watched as Heto shot to his feet and charged him. The anger and hate was blazing from his eyes. He swung his saber up to block the first downward strike. It was immediately followed by more rapid slashes as Heto continued his attack with incredible speed. Revan struggled to keep up with the pace of the attacks, and found himself being pushed back towards the manor.

Giving into his anger and hate of the Sith, the dark side flowed through Revan enhancing his speed and reflexes once again. With renewed vigor, he met each of Heto's attacks and began his own series of counter-strikes. While Heto was very skilled, he was being pushed back by the focused fury of Revan's light saber.

The Death Eaters were not the only ones observing the battle. On board the bridge of the transport shuttle, the pilot alerted his commander "Commander Halcyon we have weapons fire at the landing coordinates."

Halcyon, a tall pale skinned man dressed immaculately in the black uniform of Revan's forces approached the pilot. "Have we received any communication from Lord Revan?"

"No we haven't. We tried to contact him but there was no answer."

Face set in a grim visage; he set the communicator for ship-wide announcement. "Prepare for land battle. We have hostile forces at the landing site. We will deploy as soon as we have landed. Be on the lookout for Lord Revan, he may be injured."

Reluctantly Halcyon turned to the red droid that had joined him on the bridge. "You will join the troops on the ground, please try to limit collateral damage." He said with a weary voice as if he had had this conversation many times.

Red sensor eyes were glowing brightly as the droid answered in his cold mechanical voice "Of course Commander, it has been too long since the meat bags have met the business end of my blaster rifle." Before Halcyon could respond, the droid was walking towards the troop deployment bay.

Less than a minute later, the pilot was preparing the final landing sequence. "Sir, we will be landing in 30 seconds."

Precisely 30 seconds later, the transport landed and the bay doors began to open. The 30 troops along with the droid began to deploy. Emerging from the forest, they found the Death Eaters standing with their back to them watching the duel between Revan and Heto.

Lily and Bastila were inside the manor when the battle began. At first they had no idea what was going on but then the explosions caused by some of the curses could be heard echoing through the halls. They had been having tea waiting for Revan to return from his meeting with Commander Halcyon.

Like Revan, Bastila's senses had been fooled by the disillusionment charms and the cloaking field so she never detected the presence of the Death Eaters or the Sith until after they revealed themselves. Even then, she passed it off as the same vague sense of foreboding she had been feeling for the last month.

When the first explosion echoed hollowly through the halls, she paled. Realization struck her that there was a battle going outside the walls of the manor and Revan was most likely in the middle of it. She was

racing towards the entrance before she even said anything to Lily. She could only hope that the woman had the good sense to stay inside.

Unfortunately, Lily was only steps behind her. Her wand was firmly in her hand. She gasped when Bastila opened the front doors and clicked on her saber staff. The yellow blades sprang to life and Lily just watched as Bastila made her way towards the battle. Lily gaped for minute before following Bastila once again.

As Lily and Bastila emerged from Manor and got close to the edge of the battle, Bastila noticed that a group of soldiers and a droid emerge from the forest. Even as Bastila prepared to attack the soldiers opened fire. The Death Eaters nearest the forest were mowed down by the blaster fire. As the remaining Death Eaters turned to face this new foe, the droid charge forward, its mechanical laugh ringing above the din of battle.

“Take that meat bags!” HK-47 tossed a plasma grenade into the midst of the remaining Death Eaters.

The Death Eaters were mystified at what was attacking them. When the grenade did not immediately detonate, they turned back towards the soldiers. After the initial attack, shields were raised that dissipated the laser blasts. However, the shields were rapidly failing under the withering fire from the massed soldiers. The Death Eaters could not even retaliate because they were so focused on maintain the shields.

Bastila turned away from the Death Eaters and started to advance on Revan and who she assumed to be a Sith. Now that she was aware of his presence, the feeling of darkness rolling off him was overpowering. Focusing on Revan, she pushed away the darkness and moved ahead.

Before she could advance more than a couple of steps, the plasma grenade detonated. The concussion wave tore through the Death Eaters and was followed by flames and an ear shattering explosion. Revan though outside of the blast radius stumbled when he was hit by the concussion wave.

Taking advantage of Revan's momentary Heto thrust his force blade underneath Revan's light saber. Revan gasped in pain and felt his light saber slip from his grasp as the force blade sliced into his stomach. He raised his eyes to Heto's face and saw him grin maliciously as he thrust and twisted the blade deeper into Revan's abdomen. Revan moaned in pain as his knees collapsed and he slid off the end of the force blade.

Bastila and Lily both screamed his name as they saw Revan crumple to the ground. Before Heto could finish him off, HK-47 started firing rapidly at Heto while yelling "Get away from my master meat bag!" Fortunately, HK-47 understood that now was not the best time for more plasma grenades.

As Revan's world faded to darkness he faintly heard someone yelling. "Get a medical team down here; we need get Lord Revan to a Kolto tank immediately."

Chapter 14: Aftermath

October 8th, 2007

Ministry of Magic, London UK

Sirius left his office after finally gathering the courage to approach his best friend. It still boggled his mind how he had let things get so bad between them and it all came down to his pride when Revan had unintentionally embarrassed his Aurors. Sure he took the law into his own hands and while Sirius didn't condone that kind of action, he was more embarrassed by the fact that Revan had needed to act in the first place.

After a short walk and elevator ride, Sirius was standing in front of James' office. He could hear his friend puttering around and he almost chickened out, the hand that had been raised to knock on the door froze for a second. Taking a deep breath, Sirius squared his shoulders as if he was getting ready for battle and knocked somewhat hesitantly on the door.

James' voice, muffled by the door, was still clearly discernable when he called out "Come in."

Sirius took yet another deep breath and opened the door. James looked up; a smile on his face until he saw that it was Sirius entering his office. He took on a blank emotionless expression as he glared at his best friend. Sitting with his back straight, James asked coldly "What can I do for you Captain Black? If you are here to try and arrest my son again I'm afraid you will have to find someone else to help you out."

Sirius winced and his face fell. His eyes, usually so full of life were now dull and brimming with regret. "James, I didn't come to arrest Revan. I came to apologize. I have been an ass ever since Revan came back."

James felt a smile trying to break free but he kept his face emotionless. He missed his friend and he wanted Sirius to get to know his godson. "Why now?"

Sirius shrugged before answering “I don’t know. I miss you and Lily and Hailey. Revan is my godson; I want to get to know him. Honestly, I don’t have a reason. It just finally dawned on me that I was punishing him for embarrassing my Aurors. He shouldn’t have killed those Death Eaters that day in Diagon Alley. It wasn’t his responsibility. That’s the problem, he had no choice because my Aurors were either not there or ineffectual.”

A feeling of relief began to spread through James as he heard the sincerity in Sirius’ voice. “I can forgive you and I’m sure Lily can too. We have too much history together to give up everything now. The one I can’t promise is Revan, though he is very pragmatic and if you explain things to him, he will probably give you a chance.”

Sirius smiled at the chance James was offering him. “Thank you James. So what can you tell me about my godson?”

James snorted good naturedly “I don’t even know where to begin.”

“How about where has been for the last 26 years?”

James just shook his head. “As much as I want to tell you that is Revan’s story to tell. I’m not sure you believe me even if I did tell you. Suffice it to say that Revan has led an extraordinary life.”

“Was he trained to be a leader or was he part of the military somewhere? The affect that he has on people is somewhat frightening. Yet he has done more to mobilize the wizarding world than the Ministry or Dumbledore ever has.”

“In a manner of speaking, he was part of the military. The things that he has seen and done are both horrifying and awe inspiring. He has lived a life that I would never have wanted for him and yet he has come away from those experiences to continue to fight for others and protect those who can’t protect themselves.”

“That explains his actions in Diagon Alley. Most people would have run the other way, but he and his friend just went forward with the weapons blazing. Speaking of which, what were those things?”

"They are called light sabers and they are the primary weapon of his ...ahh order I guess would be a good name for it."

"They didn't look like any magic or muggle technology I have seen before. Where do they come from?"

Before James could answer, the door to his office burst open and Martin rushed in. His mind was just registering Sirius' presence even as he blurted out "James, there is an attack going on at Potter Manor. We need to get there immediately."

James shot to his feet even as his face paled at the implications of Martin's outburst. In seconds, his experience came to the forefront and he adopted a detached professional tone "We need to get there. Do we know if anyone is hurt? How many attackers are there?"

"I'm not sure, we got a signal from Bastila but you know they are not able to do much more than signal an attack." Martin answered.

Sirius was watching the two men and it suddenly dawned on him that James had to be an Unspeakable. There was no other reason for him to be so familiar with Martin. His demeanor was just another confirmation. Now the only question Sirius had was "How long have you been an Unspeakable?"

Martin cut off questions. "We don't have time for questions or explanations now. There is an attack at Potter Manor we need to stop."

Sirius nodded but the look he shared with James demanded that the conversation be picked up again when everything had calmed down. Together, the three men apparated to Potter Manor, not knowing that the attack was already over.

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

HK-47 continued to fire rapidly trying to bring Heto down. Heto just smirked at the droid as he parried the blaster bolts. Getting bored with the standoff, Heto activated his cloak field once again and raced away from the battlefield to observe the aftermath. The few remaining

Death Eaters saw the disappearance of Heto as a signal and activated emergency portkeys.

Lily and Bastila rushed to Revan's side disregarding the disappearance of the Sith Apprentice and the Death Eaters. Tears were running down Lily's face as she looked at the pale face of her son, the wound in his abdomen was ragged and bleeding heavily. His black shirt had taken on a glistening sheen from the spreading blood. Looking down at him, all she could think about was the time she had wasted blaming him for having different beliefs. James had accepted him for who he was. She couldn't get past his actions in Diagon Alley; she had refused to look at them in context of the attack. She did not agree with his actions but the real problem was her. Despite her arguments to the contrary, it wasn't really the deaths that forced her to turn away. Only now, did she realize what her real problem with Revan was. She was afraid that something would happen to tear him away from her a second time and if he was fighting against Death Eaters, that likelihood seemed to be that much greater. So instead of rejoicing that she had a chance to know her son once again, she spurned him and derided his actions. Now she may never get another chance.

Next to Lily Bastila was questioning Revan's men. "Where is the medical team? If he doesn't get help soon, he is going to die." She could feel her bond with Revan weakening. It frightened her to see him so weak and vulnerable. Revan couldn't die, he was too important to... She struggled to finish that thought. The familiar refrain about Revan being an important part of the war and the defense against the Sith didn't ring true in her mind anymore. No, Revan couldn't die because he was too important to her. Only now, as the bond between the two of them faded did she realize how much she had come to depend on his strength.

She broke herself from her thoughts and once more addressed the soldiers that were milling about. She could see shock on most of their faces, but overriding even that feeling of shock seemed to be fear and worry as they watched their fallen leader. Bastila marveled at the loyalty that Revan engendered in these men, it was one of the things that made him great. "What is the status of the medical team?"

"They will be here momentarily." Answered Halcyon. He had joined Bastila by Revan's side.

"He may not have that much time." Bastila muttered. She was almost desperate enough to try and heal him with the force, but the last time she had tried to heal someone, they had died. Bastila's efforts had just aggravated the injuries. Then a thought came to her. "Lily, is there anything you can do?"

Lily's head turned slowly as she came out of her daze. "What...what did you say?"

Halcyon snapped at Lily, he had not been around the woman much but he found her not so subtle comments about killing to be annoying and offensive. "She asked if there was anything you could do to help Lord Revan until the medical transport reaches us."

Lily bit her lower lip in thought. Revan's wounds were too great for her to heal but there might be something. "Yes, there might be something. I can't heal him but hopefully it will keep him alive until help arrives."

Not bothering to wait for a response, Lily pointed her wand at Revan and muttered a soft incantation. A soft green glow spread from her wand until it encompassed Revan's entire body.

Bastila just watched, hoping that Lily would be able to do something for Revan. Then Lily cast some sort of spell on Revan and for a moment she had thought that she killed him. His chest stopped rising and he was no longer moving or moaning or doing anything. She would have attacked Lily if it hadn't been for the continued presence of her bond with Revan which told her he was alive but in some sort of suspended animation.

"Commander stop, she has not harmed him!" She said as she caught Halcyon pulling his blaster from its holster.

"How can you say that? He isn't breathing, she killed him!" He said through gritted teeth.

"No, he isn't dead, I can still sense him."

Both Bastila and Halcyon turned to Lily for an explanation. "It is an emergency medical spell. It dramatically slows the patient's metabolism to give extra time for help to arrive or treatments to be administered."

Bastila smiled gratefully and sank down to her knees next to Raven. Running her hand through his short hair, she lost herself in her bond to Revan. As faint as it was, it was comforting to her that it was still there. The thought of losing him was terrifying her now that the adrenalin was wearing off. He couldn't die, she wouldn't let him. If necessary she would try to heal him but luckily Lily's spell had given her hope that he would survive long enough for the medical team to arrive.

Halcyon closed his eyes and visibly calmed himself down. Even as he opened his mouth to say something, his communicator chirped. His hand reached into his pocket and removed the small device. Clicking a button he said "This is Commander Halcyon, go ahead,"

"Sir, we are in our final approach. We should be landing in 45 seconds." The pilot's voice was clearly heard by all those nearby.

"Understood. Lord Revan's condition is critical and every second is important." Halcyon replied, reminding them once again of the urgency of their assignment.

Everyone looked to the sky as the sound of approaching engines could be heard. A smallish grey shuttle was approaching at breakneck speeds. The landing struts were already deployed and it was evident that the pilot had taken Halcyon's words to heart.

With engines of the approaching ship roaring, no one noticed the arrival of a group of 5 Unspeakable agents including James and Sirius. Immediately, the Unspeakables started scanning the area for threats. When James caught sight of Lily and Bastila he rushed over to them. As he got closer, he noticed that they were hovering over someone lying injured on the ground. He couldn't tell who it was but there was a hollow feeling forming in the pit of his stomach. Afraid of what he would find but more afraid of not knowing, James ran full speed to

Commander Halcyon was watching the medical transport's approach when he noticed something out of the corner of his eye. Turning his head, he saw James running at them from the direction of the manor. Never having met anyone of than Revan, Bastila, and Lily Halcyon pulled his is blaster and prepared to shoot James. He wouldn't take a chance with Lord Revan's safety.

Bastila looked up when she noticed Commander Halcyon pull his weapon. Following his aim, she turned her head and saw James running towards them. Jumping back to her feet, she pushed Halcyon's arm down. "He is Lord Revan's father." She said simply.

Sirius was still standing in the same spot that they had arrived at. He mouth was hanging open as he watched a large flying craft unlike any muggle vehicle he had ever seen before land near the edge of the field. It wasn't until the medical team was rushing out of the ship that he realized everyone had left. Walking swiftly he made his way over to the James and Lily.

By the time Sirius reached them a minute later the med techs were rushing around. After quickly examining him, they applied a field dressing to Revan's wound and loaded him onto a stretcher. While he was being brought onto the transport, Lily was being questioned.

"What did you do to him? I barely detect any life signs."

"He is in stasis; it will only last for an hour or so. After that, his metabolism will return to normal."

"Excellent, that will be more than enough time to get Lord Revan treatment." The med tech said even as the rest of his team was bringing Revan into the transport.

Bastila spoke up "I will be coming with you."

"Of course. Commander Halcyon I will notify you of any changes to his condition." The med tech made his way back to the shuttle with Bastila close on his heels.

Seconds after the pair boarded, the hatch closed and the transport took off. Sirius just stood there behind James and Lily as he watched the transport rise into the air and disappear seconds later.

With the transport on its way, Halcyon turned to his men. "I want a standard deployment. Cordon off the area and do a perimeter search for any remaining hostiles."

The soldiers saluted the commander and began to execute his commands. Before Halcyon could move on to other tasks, the droid broke in, much to his dismay. "What does the meat bag expect HK-47 to do until master returns?"

Halcyon groaned softly and turned to face the annoying droid. "HK-47 return to the transport. Once Lord Revan has returned, I am sure he will have additional orders for you."

HK-47 acknowledged the order and walked back to the transport and was heard to be muttering by everyone nearby "Ignorant meat bags, they should all be terminated with prejudice."

Sirius had thought the transport was incredible until HK-47 spoke up. Once more, Sirius was mystified by what he was seeing, it was a mechanical man and apparently by its speech it didn't have a high opinion of people. After watching HK-47 walk away, Sirius couldn't take it anymore and blurted out. "James what the hell is going on here?"

James had been hugging Lily when Sirius spoke. After giving Lily another quick squeeze, he let her go and responded "These are some of Revan's men."

"Revan's men? I don't recognize the uniforms and that flying ship was unlike anything I have ever seen and don't get me started on that mechanical man that just walked out of here."

"Why don't we go inside, I will explain things there?" James said reasonably.

Once he had seen that the battle was over, Martin sent the Unspeakables home, while he stayed. This was his chance to finally

get more of Revan's background. He had followed James over and was shocked when he saw how badly Revan was wounded. Even with magic, it would be touch and go and yet these people seemed more like muggles than wizards. Like Sirius he was amazed by the HK-47 and the medical transport but he was better and hiding it.

When James suggested they go inside, he followed along. He wasn't going to miss out on this. Once they were inside the manor, James led them to the den. After everyone had been seated James said "OK, I can give you some of the highlights of what you just saw but the details are for Revan to provide."

Before beginning his tale, James poured himself a drink. After offering one to everyone else, he returned to his seat and began describing Revan's past. In loose terms he told them of his childhood with the Jedi Order and his role in the Mandalorian Wars and the current war that was ravaging the Republic.

Martin was quiet throughout the entire thing. Much of the mystery around Revan was now clear to him. Despite this his apparent lack of reaction, he was reeling. The idea that there were thousands of populated worlds and flying between them was an everyday occurrence. The technology these people must have...

Sirius was not as restrained Martin. He was blurting out question after question. Like Martin, he was floored by the existence of the Republic. His godson was a general who was responsible for leading ships and men into battle. He had inspired the people to rise up and fight against the Mandalorians.

It definitely put the battle against Voldemort in perspective. It made things see so inconsequential, here they were struggling to beat Voldemort and his Death Eaters while Revan was leading millions of men in the defense in the thousands of different worlds.

"My god James, I can't believe Revan did all that. It's incredible."

James nodded and replied in a sad voice "Yes it is. He has done so much but there are things I can't tell you about. Despite everything he has done, he has had such a hard life. It isn't something I would have wished on him, even though he has done so much good."

Sirius said “But the way you describe this Jedi Order, it sounds like a very positive thing. It may be a little disciplined for my tastes but things couldn’t have been that bad.”

“I agree, but he didn’t spend his entire childhood with the Jedi. He didn’t go to them until he was 7 or 8 years old. The years before that were not the same sort of environment.”

Sirius realized he wasn’t going to get any more details out James about Revan’s childhood. So, he decided to broach a separate topic. “How long have you been an Unspeakable?”

Lily started to cough as she swallowed her drink wrong. “What?” She turned hurt eyes towards James. “You’re an Unspeakable? How long have you been an Unspeakable?”

James glared at Sirius. He looked at Martin and seemed to ask permission from the older man before answering. Martin gave an almost imperceptible nod to James. After getting authorization from Martin, James answered “Yes I’m an Unspeakable. I have been an active agent since shortly after Revan first disappeared.”

Lily’s face flushed red with anger and hurt “You’ve been an Unspeakable for 25 years and you never told me? How could you lie to me all these years?”

Martin answered for James. “Lily, James couldn’t tell you. He wouldn’t have answered the question now if I hadn’t given him authorization. We routinely check out agents to make sure that they have not told anyone of their status, even their families. Anyone who does is *Obliviated* along with anybody they may have told.”

James said pleadingly to Lily “Please, you have to believe me Lily. I wanted to tell you for so long, but the work we do is so important that I couldn’t risk it.”

“Important?” She said incredulously. “It was more important than being truthful with me?”

Now James was no longer defensive or apologetic. “Yes it was more important. In this one instance, honesty with you was not as important

as my job." Lily's jaw dropped, she never expected James to say something like that. He continued "Lily, I don't think you realize what exactly I've been doing."

"Then explain to me what you've been doing!" She snapped.

"Martin approached me after Revan disappeared. I didn't join because I wanted to fight against dark wizards. I joined because I wanted to make sure that another family never had to go through what we did the night we came home to find Revan missing."

Lily didn't know how to respond to that. She could hear the sincerity in his voice, but it still hurt that he had never told her. It felt like she had been living a lie. "So, all those times you were away for work...were you on an assignment or whatever?"

James looked sadly at Lily "Lily, I know what you are thinking. No, our life together has not been a lie. We have two children to be incredibly proud of and I have never loved you less than I do now.

Please just listen to what I am saying. There was a part of my life that I couldn't share with you, not because I didn't want to but because I had no choice. When Revan disappeared it was the most painful time of my life and I know it was for you too. It seemed like nothing would ever be right again, the defeat of Voldemort wasn't worth the price to me. If someone had offered me the chance to go back and save Revan I would have even knowing that Voldemort's reign of terror would have gone on. So when Martin gave me the chance to stop future dark lords from tearing other families apart, I couldn't pass it up. It allowed me to channel my grief into something positive and to move on."

Lily was silent for moment as she contemplated James' words. Her eyes glistened with unshed tears as she remembered that Halloween all those years ago. She wasn't sure she wouldn't have made the same decision. "I understand why you did it; but, it still hurts."

James could only nod before Lily went on. "I just need time. It will take getting used to but I trust that you wouldn't do something like this lightly."

James didn't say anything. He just got out of his chair and gives Lily a tight hug, grateful that she was trying to be understanding about the whole thing. Of course, finding out your long lost son was raised on another planet tends to soften the blow for something like this.

Well, that was one battle fought and won. Now James turned to the second battle. "Sirius, you have been strangely quiet during this. What do you have to say?"

Sirius opened his mouth only to close it again as he reconsidered his statement. Finally, he said "I wish you could have told me but I know the importance of secrecy."

James just sagged gratefully knowing that he wasn't going to lose one of his oldest friends. "Thanks Sirius, that means a lot to me."

Now Sirius looked at James with another question. "Please tell me that you didn't know that you didn't know that werewolves were going to be targeted by that dark lord wannabe 15 years ago. Please tell me that Moony didn't die because your status as an Unspeakable was too important."

James at first was outraged that Sirius would even suggest that he would sacrifice Moony. He relented though when he saw the fear in Sirius' eyes. It was obvious that he was terrified that he would lose the last of the Marauders. "God Sirius no, I never even knew about the dark lord until too late. That law we got passed this summer was more than window dressing. The Unspeakables have never operated on British soil until we got that law passed."

Sirius' body tensed and his face darkened anger. "How many people have died because of some bloody politicians being more concerned about their pockets than about the people!"

"I know Sirius; we have been struggling to get the law changed since before I even joined. It wasn't an easy decision to use Revan to help make this change. How do you think I felt, using my son who I hadn't seen for 25 years for a political gain?"

Surprisingly Lily said "Enough Sirius, I know you aren't blaming James but there wasn't anything he could have done. You said you

were arresting Revan because he took the law into his own hands, this would have been no different.”

“I know, I know Lily. It just still hurts knowing that Moony is dead because some dark lord used the werewolves to gather supporters and no one in power cared because it was just werewolves. Moony deserved better than that.”

No one said anything to that; there was really nothing to say. Instead, James offered a silent toast to their friend.

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

The medical transport rumbled as it took off. Immediately after take-off, the pilot came on and said “We are scheduled to dock with the Decimator in 4 minutes.”

Bastila looked over to the med-tech. “What’s his condition?”

“Lord Revan is still stable, but that is most likely because he is in stasis. Luckily it is giving us enough time to get Lord Revan into a Kolto tank.”

“A Kolto tank, so how long will he need to be in?” She asked even as she started to run her hands through Revan’s hair again.

“Based on his wounds, he will probably be in the tank for 2 maybe 3 days. If there are complications it may be longer though.”

Bastila tuned the med tech out after that. She went back to contemplating her feelings for Revan. When had they changed? Is this why she had felt so betrayed by him when he turned? She already knew the answer to that one. Yes, though she had never admitted it before or truly even understood it, she loved him. He had always been a bastion of strength for her and then he had turned to the dark side. The fight against Malak and the Sith was a valid enough argument for saving him, but it wasn’t the reason deep down that she had gone along. Now, she knew she wanted to save him for the simple fact that she loved him and that was why she was willing to give up the light side for him. She would never go dark, but she would join him in the middle.

Jumping slightly when the ship touched down in the hanger bay, she let go of Revan's hand and stood up. Quickly she moved out of the way as they took the stretcher with Revan's body and rushed him to the medical bay for treatment. She followed ignoring the stares of the crew at the sight of a Jedi and continued her vigil once she was in the med bay, waiting for Revan to return to her.

Somewhere in the UK

Heto Malico was nervous. His mission had failed. The Jedi still survived. The stealth field he had used prior to the battle had enough power for him to observe for a few moments before leaving the area. It had been enough for him to see that witch cast some sort of spell to save the Jedi's life. But, oh it had been glorious to watch the smug Jedi's eyes widen in surprise and pain when his blade slid into his abdomen. Yes, he would face the Jedi again and he would sow the seeds of fear in his mind before ripping the life from his body. Of course, he would do that if his master didn't kill him for his failure in the first place.

Upon entering his master's chamber, he approached slowly. His apprehension was growing with each step. Kael looked up from the documents and reports he was reviewing when he sensed the arrival of his apprentice. One look told him everything he needed to know. Now all that he needed to decide was whether the failure deserved death or not.

"Tell me why you failed? How was one Jedi able to best my apprentice and a group of Death Eaters?" Kael asked the threat clear in his tone though he had yet to straighten in his chair or otherwise move.

"Master he should have died. Everything went according to plan; the Death Eaters had distracted him while I approached him from behind. Somehow he sensed me through the stealth field and was able to block my strike. After a short battle, he was distracted by some dome droid throwing explosives and I ran him though. Before I could finish him off, the other Jedi as well as a witch approached. I would not have been able to get away had I stayed any longer." Heto said all this with his head down, accepting whatever punishment would come.

Kael's eyes blazed with power. His apprentice was a fool. "You should have died then if it meant completing your mission." He said coldly.

Heto felt the force swirl around his squeezing his body, slowly tightening its grip preventing him from moving. He watched with a bit of fear as his master rose from his chair and stalked over to him.

Again Kael's eyes blazed and Heto felt the force surrounding him change. He could feel the pressure being refocused and applied to his throat slowly. The airways were being constricted as Kael slowly increased the pressure. Spots started to flash in front of his eyes as he gasped for breath, his lungs screaming for oxygen. His mind was panicking as the need for oxygen became desperate. The edge of his vision started to go black and his mind started to shut down now that his airway was clamped completely shut. Then suddenly, he could breathe again and as he gasped for breath, he realized he was lying on the floor at this master's feet.

"Master thank you for sparing my life." He gasped.

"You will have one more chance my apprentice. If you fail again, the punishment will be far more severe. Perhaps it was a mistake to send you after the male. The female Jedi is clearly weaker in the force, without the bond that I have sense between them, he will be easier to defeat as well."

"Anything master, I will do anything you say."

"Leave me now, I will decide on a suitable punishment for you later." Kael said dismissing Heto.

Heto scrambled to his feet and left the room, not wanting to test his master's patience. If the woman was the key to defeating the other Jedi than maybe he could prove himself to his master by eliminating her. It would require careful thought and planning but he would do it. His master would not hear of another failure ever again. He returned to his quarters to begin identifying the best method for removing the female Jedi from the playing board.

Elsewhere in the galaxy

Darth Malak was pacing the bridge of his flagship. Despite his break from Revan, there was still a weak bond connecting the two men. Earlier he had almost been overcome by a wave of pain that swept over him from the bond. Obviously Revan had been badly injured, but unfortunately he was still alive. As long as he was out there, Revan was a threat to him. His forces had switched allegiance once already, there was little loyalty to him, he had never been able to hold them the way that Revan had.

An officer approached Darth Malak and said “Lord Malak, I have an update on the search for Lord Revan.”

Malak spun around. “What is it? Do you have his location?”

The officer grimaced before answering “No, we do not have his location, but we have narrowed down the sectors that he could be in. Based on the hyperspace trajectories we were able to extrapolate from the deserters, we were able to identify 5 sectors that he could be hiding in.”

“How many systems?”

“We don’t have an exact count. Some of the sectors are on the rim of the galaxy and haven’t be fully explored, but we are looking at maybe 40 or 50 systems.”

If he could, Malak would have grinned. It would take time but he would find Revan and remove him from the board. It was his time to rule and no one else would threaten that. “Send probes to each system. We need to find him and eliminate him as soon as possible.”

The officer snapped a salute after saying “Of course my Lord, it will be done.”

October 9th, 2007

Headmaster’s Office, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft & Wizardry

Albus was sitting behind his desk contemplating the course of the war against Voldemort. He was moving slowly, his attacks had been fewer and more effective than the first war. To his relief, uncontrolled

fear had not spread throughout the public, but unfortunately many of them were not looking to him for leadership. They were looking towards Revan Potter. Surprisingly large numbers of young men and women had flocked to join Revan in his fight against Voldemort.

Without realizing it, a frown formed on his face as he thought about this. Those men and women were being trained to fight and kill in Revan's name. Even if the cause was good, the fact itself was disquieting. What would he do with his army once he defeated Voldemort? It was even more critical now that he come up with a way to bring Revan over to his way of thinking. Only he could ensure that Revan had the skills necessary to defeat Voldemort.

He looked up when he heard a rustle of wings. A brown barn owl flew in through the window and dropped off his edition of the Daily Prophet. He unrolled the paper and on the front page of the paper had his mind spinning with ideas.

Revan Potter Wounded in Death Eater Ambush

By

Veritas Hawking

Revan Potter, Unspeakable Agent, was attacked today at his home Potter Manor. Death Eaters ambushed Revan Potter yesterday morning while he was out taking a walk. While he was able to fight off his attackers, he was critically wounded in the fight and may not survive.

Is this the kind of protection we can expect from the Unspeakables? Clearly, they aren't even capable of protecting themselves. Instead of being out there fighting the forces of darkness, they are fighting to stay alive while being seemingly ineffective. Have we seen a decrease in the number of Death Eater attacks? When was the last time we saw a legitimate arrest rather than another scapegoat ruthlessly killed or thrown into Azkaban without ever being a chance to defend themselves in court?

Once again, I call on the wizards and witches of Britain to demand an accounting of the Unspeakables' actions. We need to have proof that we aren't replacing one Dark Lord for a group of them.

Albus recognized the article for what it was, propaganda supporting the pure blood agenda. The article did have good news, Revan was injured. Maybe he could convince James and Lily that Hogwarts would be the safest place for his treatment, it would give him easy access to Revan and surely he would be easier to manipulate while he was weak and injured.

Chapter 15: Shadows of Past Losses

October 9th, 2007

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

James was sitting at a long mahogany dining table large enough to sit 12 people. A cold cup of tea sat before him as he stared off into space. It had been close to a day since Revan was taken away and there had still been no word on his condition. He could only sit here and wait to hear from Bastila. Neither he nor Lily had been able to sleep as both were consumed with worry over their son. To lose him now, so soon after finding him would be too much to bear.

Lily walked in and sat down near James at the table, her own tea quickly going cold as she too became lost in her thoughts and worries. The silence of the room was broken by a familiar voice calling out for them.

“James...Lily are you home?” Called the voice of Albus Dumbledore.

Lily called out “We are in the dining room Albus.” Both could clearly hear Dumbledore as he made his way to dining room.

Mere seconds later, Albus entered the dining room. “James, Lily I read about the attack on young Harry. Is there anything I can do?”

Lily shook her head while James answered quietly “He is being cared for right now and we can only hope for the best at the moment.”

“Perhaps you should bring him to Hogwarts. There he can be cared for and protected.” Albus said while plans were buzzing in his head. If he could get the boy in Hogwarts, he would have the access needed to bring him over to the correct way of thinking.

“Right now we couldn’t even if we wanted to. He is beyond our reach at the moment.” Lily said. While she knew he was in good hands, she just wished she were with Revan right now.

Lily’s response mystified Albus, what could she mean that he was beyond their reach? “It is always an option if you want it.” If he

couldn't get him to Hogwarts for healing, maybe he could get him there for training.

"Thank you Albus." Lily said.

"Have you given any thought to training him in magic? I know he is a very skilled fighter, but I have never seen him use a wand. Does he even know any magic?"

Lily looked up for some reason, she had never really thought about his lack of training. Maybe it was because he was so skilled with the force and as a fighter that she overlooked it. "I don't know but we could ask. It may give him another advantage over the Death Eaters."

Albus jumped at the opening "Of course it would and then he wouldn't need to kill them because he would have so many other options available to him. After all, we can't have our only hope of defeating Voldemort turning any darker than he already is." He expected some resistance but as his parents, they must be disappointed in his actions.

"What the hell are you talking about?" James said angrily.

"Surely you can't condone his actions? Are you so happy to have him back that you are willing to overlook the fact that his is a murderer?" Albus asked. It was time to lay his cards on the table. If he couldn't get the support of James and Lily, there was very little chance that he would be able to bring Harry around to the correct way of thinking.

Lily gasped and her face paled before flushing with anger. "How dare you! He is our son; I have already lost too much time to my own prejudices. He is not a murderer; he is a soldier defending us from Voldemort and the forces of evil. If that makes him a murderer than you better start arresting the army, Aurors and Unspeakables because they all are sacrificing their own innocence and peace-of-mind in the name of protecting others."

Before Albus could respond James jumped in. "Maybe you should be less concerned about the lives of Death Eaters and more concerned about the families that have been torn apart by them. How many children will grow up never knowing their parents because you are

obsessed with giving the criminals a second chance? You didn't give Grindewald a second chance did you? If the history books are correct, you killed him; does that make you a murderer too?"

Albus' eyes lost their twinkle and his face grew cold. "I did what I had to do. I am not a murderer and the situation is entirely different. The Death Eaters are simply misguided, they have been blinded by Voldemort but I can bring them back to the light."

"Do you hear yourself? You can bring them back to the light...the Death Eaters chose their path and must live with the consequences. It is the height of arrogance to think that you can redeem everyone. Why are you so willing to sacrifice the innocent and so unwilling to punish the guilty?" Lily said.

"I'm not, what would give you such an idea?"

"Because it is clear in all of your actions as Headmaster and leader of the Order of the Phoenix. You are never willing to give more than a slap on the wrist to someone regardless of the harm they may have caused. Rather than focus on our son, it is time for you to examine your own actions and decide who you are really fighting for." Lily finished.

James stood then and said "I think you should leave Albus. It is clear to me that you have no real interest in my son's well being other than serving as the instrument for your prophecy."

A sigh escaped Albus as he saw determination on both their faces. It was clear that he had misread the situation and there was little he could do to salvage it. Maybe he should approach Sirius; he had been very supportive of his views regarding Revan. The Auror may be able to convince the Potters of the necessity of his actions. "If that's how you want it, then I will leave but I think you will come to regret your position."

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Slowly the blackness receded and awareness returned to Revan. At first he was filled with confusion and then he recognized the feeling of warmth and weightlessness that he associated with the Kolto tanks.

Then he noticed the mask covering his face allowing him to breathe while fully submerged, confirming his suspicion that he was indeed in a Kolto tank.

As he floated in the tank slowly letting his body come back to life, he ran through the events that brought him here. His fight with the Sith Apprentice had been pathetic. While the apprentice was a skilled opponent, he was not up his own level and he should have defeated him easily. So why did he lose? While it would be easy to blame the Death Eaters or even his own forces distracting him while in the heat of battle it wasn't that.

The blame could really only be placed at his feet. He was just unprepared, he hadn't expected the Sith to show themselves so soon or so openly. It had thrown him and he let his fears of his past torture by the Sith distract him further. Even in his semi-conscious state, Revan felt ashamed of his performance against the Sith, it could not no, it would not happen again.

Determination to fight again filled him. He would punish the Sith apprentice and his master. They would beg him for death before he finally killed them. It was no less than they deserved for what they did to him. The Sith would never control this planet, he would burn it to ashes before he let them take it.

Despite his newly regained determination to destroy the Sith, Revan was still troubled. How would he overcome his past? He couldn't do it on his own. Despite his best efforts to put the past behind him, he had obviously failed. Anger and fear warred inside of him, anger at his weakness and fear that he would not be able to overcome it. It was almost overpowering in his current state.

Just as his emotions were reaching a crescendo, he felt a burst of strength flow into him and something else, something he hadn't allowed himself to feel for a long time. There was no doubt in his mind that the feelings were coming from his bond with Bastila. She loved him, despite his betrayal, despite all the deaths, and despite his turning to the dark side of the force, she loved him.

Without meaning to, he grabbed onto the feeling and held it tightly, letting it sink into him and fill him with her strength and confidence in

him. The last person he had loved was Malak, his brother in everything but blood. Then together they had destroyed their family in their quest to defeat the Sith and he admitted to himself reluctantly for power. This time would be different though; he wouldn't let his goals destroy what he felt for Bastila. It may be love, he wasn't sure but it could be and he wanted to see where it would take him. Regardless, he realized that he didn't have to worry anymore; Bastila had always been able to see into the hidden portions of his soul. She would be able to help him exorcise his demons and bring retribution down on the Sith.

Bastila was sitting in the med bay watching as Revan floated in the Kolto tank. It had been close to a full day since they had rushed back to the ship from Potter Manor. If it hadn't been for the stasis spell that Lily had cast, Revan probably would not have survived.

Bastila had not been impressed by Lily Potter when they first met. She had appeared to be a rather close-minded, overbearing woman more interested in punishing her son for taking action that day in Diagon Alley than in understanding the events that had shaped Revan into the man he was today. Recently though, Lily had been changing. It seemed that she had finally come to terms with the lengths that were necessary in order to defeat the Sith and their followers and was no longer fighting against Revan.

After hours spent watching silently as doctors and technicians scurried around making adjustments to various pieces of medical equipment, Bastila dozed off. A wave of anger and fear washing over her brought her to sudden alertness. Jerking her head around, she saw no signs of danger. A second of confusion passed before she realized the emotions were coming from Revan. He was waking up and must be reliving the battle against the Sith apprentice.

Even as she contemplated these thoughts, the emotions from Revan continued to grow until they almost overwhelmed her. She responded instinctively by sending her feelings for Revan through the bond. Her growing faith and confidence in him along with her newly realized love for him.

The response was almost immediate. She smiled as she felt Revan relax and gasped softly when he grabbed onto her the emotions she was sending over to him and held on tightly, using them to stabilize himself.

Once she had centered herself again, Bastila opened her eyes and looked at the figure floating in the Kolto tank. Revan was awake and was staring at her. It wasn't his attention that surprised her, it was his eyes. His eyes were no longer gold, or at least they were no longer only gold. They were now liberally flecked with green. She wasn't sure what to make of it, but it she felt a weight lift from her heart as an image of a young Revan with amazing green eyes first taught her to meditate all those years ago flashed in her mind. If gold was the sign of his fall to the dark side of the force, than the return of green to his eyes must signify a move towards a balance of the light and dark.

The two simply stared at each other for a moment before Bastila began to sense a growing feeling of impatience radiating through the bond. It quickly became obvious to Bastila that he wanted out of the tank.

"Doctor, he's awake." She called out.

It was almost funny the way that the medical staff hurried about at Bastila's words. A bubble of laughter escaped from her before she could clamp her mouth shut. The worry and tension that had been weighing her down since Revan was wounded lifted so suddenly with waking that she was almost giddy.

The doctor currently walked over to the Kolto tank after checking a number of readouts on the surrounding medical consoles. Pressing a small blue button to activate a communicator inside the tank he said "Lord Revan, now that you are awake we are going to remove you from the tank. Please remain calm while we drain the tank."

The doctor waited until he saw Revan sluggishly acknowledge the news before typing a sequence of commands on the console attached halfway up the tank. A soft repetitive beeping could be heard after the commands were entered and shortly the viscous fluid began to drain slowly from the tank. Revan sank to the floor of the

tank as the fluid levels continued to fall until finally he was kneeling in the empty tank.

A technician unsealed the tank hatch and stepped into the tank and helped Revan remove the mask. Free of the life support equipment, Revan was brought to a bed where he was rinsed off and given a mild stimulant to counter the effects of the sedative he had been administered while he was in the Kolto tank.

Seeing that Revan was more aware of his surroundings, the doctor said in a professional tone "Lord Revan, you have made full recovery though it was a close call. If you had not been placed in stasis, it is unlikely that you have survived the shuttle up from the surface."

His voice raspy from the breathing mask, Revan croaked "How long?"

"It has been a little over a day that you were in the tank. While your injury is largely healed, it will still be tender for the next day or two so I suggest you avoid any training or other strenuous activity for the next two days."

Nodding his head absently while he ran his hand over his now whole abdomen Revan replied "Yes of course."

Recognizing a dismissal, the doctor entered a few orders into his pad and left to return to his other duties. Waiting until the doctor had walked away, Bastila sat down next to Revan and started to reach out to him but stopped herself. The confidence she had felt before faded abruptly and she was felt fear gnawing at her, how would he react to the feelings she had been pushing through their bond?

While Bastila was gathering her courage, Revan had turned his head to study her face. She looked tired; her eyes were dark and her skin pale. He imagined she had spent the night worrying about him. A small part of him sneered at her weakness but he pushed that part of him down ruthlessly, Bastila was not weak. She had risked everything to bring him down and when the situation changed she adapted and moved on rather than getting trapped trying to avenge past wrongs.

"Who were you fighting Revan? Was that the Sith?" She asked quietly.

Revan took a long time to answer. His faced had flushed slightly with embarrassment as the fight flashed once more in his mind. "No, it wasn't the Sith, it was his apprentice. There are always two, a master and apprentice."

An apprentice had beaten Revan. If he couldn't beat an apprentice, then what chance did they have against the master with destroying everything else in the process? "He was an apprentice? But..."

Revan cut her off unexpectedly "Yes he was an apprentice. I know what you are thinking Bastila but it was not the apprentice that defeated me. I defeated myself." That small part of him was screaming at him to stop, it was too risky revealing his weakness to her. She could use it against him if she ever tried to bring him before the Jedi again. As he did before, he ignored the voice and pushed on.

Reaching out and taking a hold of his hand, Bastila said "What do you mean?"

His head rolled away from her to stare at the far wall. "I told you how the Sith killed me and brought me back over and over again. The fear that came from their torture is still with me. I thought it was buried deep enough that it would never surface again, but I was wrong."

Shame and anger were pouring off of Revan in waves that buffeted Bastila's senses. There was nothing for her to say so she waited for Revan to continue.

Slowly, Revan's head swiveled back to Bastila but his eyes were unfocused, not truly seeing Bastila as he continued. "After I got over my initial surprise that the Sith had revealed themselves, my focus was still fractured. I didn't realize what it was until I was waking up in the Kolto tank. The fear that I thought was buried came back and subconsciously I split my attention so that I was fighting my fear and the apprentice at the same time."

Bastila asked with a concerned voice "If you couldn't beat the apprentice, how are we going to be able to defeat the master?"

Revan's eyes focused on Bastila with a frightening intensity. "That's where you come in. You have always been able to get past my

barriers and force me to see truths I wasn't willing to face on my own."

Bastila smiled at him. Her old determination to aid Revan in this fight once again renewing itself as she searched his face looking for any signs of deception or malice. "I will do everything in my power to help you through this."

Revan relaxed back onto the bed with his eyes closed and allowed a soft smile to form on his face. "I knew I could count on you."

"What will the Sith do now?"

"Things will escalate now that they have shown themselves. We can expect more attacks but I also expect to see more attacks focused on you and me."

"Why, surely all the Unspeakables would be a threat to their power?" Bastila asked.

Revan just snorted. "The Unspeakables make capable soldiers but none of them are truly capable of surviving a fight with either of the Sith. You and I are the only real threats to their rule of this world."

Bastila swallowed "If you're right, then I'm going to need to train harder. I...I want you to train me. I still won't devote myself to the dark side but I need to learn to use at least some of the weapons of the dark side if we are going to win."

As Revan opened his mouth to respond, the med bay hatch slid open with a soft hiss. Both Revan and Bastila turned to look at the visitor. Commander Halcyon walked briskly into the med bay and made his way over to Revan.

"Lord Revan, the doctor told me you were doing well."

"What's the status of the affairs on Earth Commander?"

"There has been no change Lord Revan. We have not detected any signs of the Sith. They must have their stealth shields active in order to shield their weapons from detection."

"That's what I expected. Continue to monitor the planet and let me know if anything shows up."

"Sir I do have something else to report." He seemed reluctant to speak with Bastila present.

Revan didn't miss his glance at Bastila "Go ahead Commander, she has my trust."

"Very well, our remote relay satellites have detected probes in surveying many of the systems in this sector of the galaxy. Malak must have traced some of our hyperspace trails to this area."

Revan's hand clenched tightly around Bastila's in anger at hearing the name of his former friend and apprentice. He thought for a moment, plans spinning through his head. He knew Malak wouldn't give up. He could still sense his former apprentice even though their bond had been severed. Revan was too much of a risk to Malak's position. They needed to delay him.

"Commander, break the fleet into small groups and send them out to a number of systems that are in line with the probes' trajectories. They should lay hyperspace trails in all directions. Hopefully it will slow Malak down. I can't imagine he would be interested in this planet if we aren't here."

"It will be done Lord Revan." Halcyon turned to leave and begin the preparations but Revan called him back.

"Commander, make sure we still have enough ships here to maintain a minimal blockade if necessary. The Sith can't escape."

Halcyon simply nodded and left the med bay.

Revan turned back to Bastila and said "Tomorrow we should return to the planet. We can't let them think they have defeated me. They will not move if they know I am still a threat to their plans."

"That's fine, but tonight I want you to tell me what they did to you." Bastila said. If he wanted her help, she needed to truly know what he

had gone through. She needed more details, more than the generalities he had given her so far.

"I'm not sure this is the time or the place for that story." Revan said, dreading the necessity of describing his experiences to Bastila. Even though he wanted her help, he was reluctant to share those secrets.

"It is the best time while the experience with the apprentice is still fresh in your mind." She said stubbornly. Her arms were now crossed in front of her chest and she peered at him with a flat gaze that left little doubt in his mind that she would badger him until he gave in.

Revan sighed and knew this was necessary if he wanted to defeat the Sith and this fear once and for all.

Flashback

Revan paced back and forth on the bridge of his ship. According to the intelligence he had managed to obtain, the planet they were orbiting was a minor world in the Sith Empire. Despite that, it had taken a lot of time and persuasion on his part to get the location. Not surprisingly, people were not eager to be known as giving the Sith's secrets away.

The journey through hyperspace had taken close to three weeks. When they dropped out of hyperspace, Revan was surprised at the minimal defenses in place. It was apparent that the Sith did not expect anyone to have the temerity to attack one of their worlds. Still, he was leery about showing the full strength of his fleet.

"Commander deploy a relay satellite and have the fleet move to the adjacent system. They are to return only if they receive word from us or we miss 2 scheduled communications from us." Revan ordered.

"Sir if we move the fleet that far away, they may not be able to return in time to support us in a firefight." The captain of the ship said.

"I am aware of the risk, but I would prefer that the Sith not be aware of our total fleet size."

“Very well Sir.” The captain moved off to begin issuing commands to the fleet.

Once the orders were issued and the fleet began to move off. Revan moved over to speak with the captain again. “Captain, have a landing prepare for deployment tomorrow morning.”

“Are we looking at full deployment or a small incursion force?”

“Just a small force of 5 men. This is a scouting mission though this planet appears fairly primitive I find it hard to believe that the Sith have no defenses.”

The next day, Revan was seated in a shuttle approaching the planet a good distance away from a large settlement. After landing, they would approach on foot to attract less attention. As the shuttle approached the planet, Revan could feel the presence of the dark side growing stronger. The feeling of hatred and rage seemed to pervade the entire planet. Even though he had given up any claim to the light side, the feeling flowing through the force was repugnant to him. Before, he had always seen the dark side as a means to end, it was a needed weapon to defeat the Mandalorians and now the Sith. Before him stood an example of a culture that didn’t just use the dark side as a tool, they wallowed in it.

They landed roughly a half-day’s walk from the settlement in a densely wooded area. After camouflaging the shuttle, they 6 of them set off. It was a cool cloudy day with a light mist falling. As they neared the settlement, the men were wet, irritable and on edge. Even the soldiers with Revan could feel the malice that radiated from the buildings.

They spent the next day quietly observing people from the shadows. It was unlike any settlement they had ever been too. It was more like an armed military compound. There were no conversations, no interaction, everybody simply seem to go about their daily tasks, ignoring everything else around them. Fortunately very few of the inhabitants every ventured towards the edge of the settlement so Revan and his men were able to observe without being detected.

Revan was woken from his sleep the next morning by the soft chirping of his communicator. After activating the device, he said in a low voice "This is Revan, go ahead."

"Sir another ship has just entered the system."

"Prepare for..." Before Revan could finish, he heard what he guessed to be an ion cannon fire multiple shots.

"Sir, engines are down, the ion cannon has overloaded them." An explosion could be heard through the communicator.

Revan practically screamed "Open fire captain, destroy that ship and signal the fleet."

"Yes Lord..." Another explosion echoed through the communicator only to be followed by static. Up above, Revan's flag ship had taken a direct hit in the bridge, crippling it. The laser batteries on the Sith vessel continued to pour crimson blasts into the ship while the smaller guns targeted the life pods coming off. Less than 5 minutes after the battle began, the calm morning sky was broken by a flash of light as the ship tore itself apart and exploded, debris burning up in the atmosphere.

Revan and his men broke camp and prepared to make their way back to the shuttle. With it, they could signal the fleet to pick them up and then Revan would have his revenge for the destruction of his flagship.

They had just begun the trek back to the shuttle when Revan felt two disturbances in the force. There were two Sith nearby, probably searching for them. Revan pulled his light saber from his belt and kept it in his hand, ready to fight in an instant.

A startled exclamation drew his attention. Revan spun around to see the head of one of his soldiers roll to the earth as his body collapsed forward, blood pouring out staining the undergrowth of the forest path. Standing next to the body was a tall figure in silver armor that Revan immediately recognized as being of Sith design. In his hand was a long dark blade shimmering with an energy current.

The Sith simply stared into Revan's enraged eyes and smiled sinisterly. "You should not have come here boy. Now you and your men will suffer the consequences."

Revan didn't waste any time with talk, his light saber sprang to life with a hiss. The blood red blade held high as he approached his foe. The force flowed through him, bringing the world into sharp focus, pumping adrenaline and hormones through his system to increase his strength and reflexes. His arms were a blur as he swung his saber downward in a diagonal slash across the Sith's body. The slash was met by the Sith's blade, sparks flew and for a second Revan's light saber flickered before firming up again.

The two opponents strained against each other, Revan pushing forward trying to bring his saber into contact with the Sith who was pushing back with all his strength. Seeing he was not going to succeed, Revan jumped back and thrust his hand forward. Lightning blindingly bright arced forth and hit the Sith in the chest throwing him back against a tree as Revan continued to pour out more lightning. It was arcing over the armor which was turning black under the constant attack, smoke started to seep out of the face mask as the Sith was slowly electrocuted.

Before Revan could kill him, the Sith was able to bring up a shield that protected him from the lightning. Rather than continue the now useless attack, Revan again approached him, his movements even faster now. His whole body was nothing but a blur as he struck out again at the Sith. The first attack was blocked as was the second and third but it was obvious that the Sith was weakening, the lightning had injured him severely. Finally, the Sith's block was too weak and Revan forced the blade downward until with a sweep of his saber, he sliced the Sith's arm off at the elbow. Before a cry could be uttered, Revan swung the blade back slicing through the chest armor and nearly slicing the man in half.

Even as the Sith collapsed to the ground dead, Revan turned to see two more Sith approach his position. During the fight, they had dispatched his remaining men. Anger flared in him at the deaths of his men. His gold eyes flashing with power, he used the force to wrench a rock the size of his head from the ground and before the

approaching Sith could react, he sent it shooting at the one on the left. The rock a piece of solid granite impacted on the Sith's helmet, caving it in and crushing the owner's skull. The Sith dropped lifelessly while his partner snarled and attacked.

Revan felt something grip his throat. He couldn't breathe and panic started to bubble up into him. Knowing he didn't have much time because not only was he beginning to see spots, but he was also detecting more Sith approaching, so he concentrated and the ground at the Sith's feet. He didn't have enough strength to attack him directly so he levitated a great chunk of earth in front of the Sith into the air. The ground exploded upwards throwing the Sith from his feet and releasing Revan from his hold.

Grabbing his blaster from his holster, Revan fired. Red laser blasts exploded from the blaster and hit the Sith over and over again, overwhelming his armor and killing the man within before he could regain his feet.

He prepared to face the next two Sith when he heard the low distorted hum of a cloaking field deactivating. Revan never even turned around before he felt a blade slice through his armor and into his back. Pain exploded as the blade twisted ripping into his lung, shattering ribs and tearing muscles. Blood bubbled from his mouth as he collapsed to the forest floor. Before he died, he saw nothing but the expressionless mask of the Sith but he felt a wave of malicious expectation wash over him. Darkness claimed him, Revan died with three Sith standing over his body.

End Flashback

Revan's eyes were haunted as he finished telling the tale of his first death. "That was the first time I died at the end of a Sith blade, but it wasn't the last time."

Bastila was pale, she had grabbed onto Revan's hand during the tale. Her eyes were filled with unshed tears. "How could you have died?"

"Their technology and connection to the force allowed them to bring me back." Revan said, his eyes were closed and his body was tense. He was fighting to control the fear and panic that threatened to

overwhelm him. He had never told anyone what happened to him on that planet. It was too bad that he hadn't gotten to his worst memories of it yet either.

Bastila watched Revan as he struggled to regain control of his emotions. Again she sent him her feelings for him to latch onto. Eventually he regained control, but he was clearly exhausted. His eyes open once again turned towards her and he said almost pleadingly "Can we continue this discussion tomorrow? I don't think I am up for anymore at the moment."

Bastila nodded, thankful for the reprieve. She too was dreading the next day and hearing what the Sith did to Revan to inspire such fear and pain. After Revan was asleep, she left the med bay quietly to meditate on what she had learned.

Later that night

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Revan 's eyes snapped open and spun around as he took in his surroundings. The med bay lights had been dimmed to allow him to sleep. He had been dreaming about his capture by the Sith and the first time he died. The undercurrent of fear was still there, but it was less than before. It was almost like he was watching the events from an objective viewpoint. For the first time he was able to remember the events of that day without reliving them.

It seems that talking to Bastila had been worth it after all. If telling his story to her had already helped him this much then there was no doubt in his mind that he would be able to overcome any buried fear he still carried from his capture and subsequent torture.

Confidence began to bloom in Revan once again. Just knowing that he could truly overcome his fear was enough to strengthen his resolve. Soon, he would crush the Sith on Earth and then take the war back to their empire once Malak had been put back in his place. The Sith would be stopped and Revan would do whatever was necessary to ensure that there was nothing holding him back from doing so.

Slowly, Revan relaxed back onto the bed falling asleep once again. This time, he was undisturbed by nightmares of the Sith.

October 10th, 2007

Headmaster's Office, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft & Wizardry

Albus Dumbledore was once again sitting behind his desk contemplating the state of the wizarding world. Things were rapidly spinning out of his control, if he didn't do something soon to get Revan under his control, it seemed more than likely the wizarding world would fall to darkness. He wasn't sure which would be worse, the pure hate that Voldemort preached or the darkness wrapped up in good intentions that came from Revan.

Right now he felt his only hope was to use Sirius Black, the boy's godfather to get Albus access. In the past, Sirius had been very upset with the boy's actions so he should be amenable to Albus' plans. Plus as an Auror Captain, he could not be happy with the way his Aurors were being shown up by the Unspeakable agents roaming the countryside.

A small crystal globe started sitting on the corner of his desk started to glow softly before showing an image of Sirius Black coming up the stairs to his office. After a loud knock on his door Albus called out "Come in Sirius."

Sirius Black opened the door and walked into the familiar and welcoming office. He had always found the spinning gadgets to be slightly humorous for some reason and today was no different. Stifling his smile, Sirius moved into the office and took a seat across from his former Headmaster.

Albus was silent as he studied Sirius through steepled fingers. Finally he spoke "Sirius, I asked you here today to discuss a very important matter. As you know, the wizarding world stands on the cusp of chaos."

Sirius nodded. As an Auror he was more aware than most of how close their world was to collapsing in on itself. "Yes I am aware of this, but what more do you expect me to do?"

Inwardly Albus smiled in glee. Sirius was already putting himself in his hands. "The prophecy regarding Revan Potter and Voldemort must come to pass. But, I'm afraid that right now, Revan is not a suitable savior for our world. While he may have the power necessary to defeat Voldemort he would no doubt rise as a new terror in our world afterwards."

Sirius leaned back in his chair and looked up at the ceiling in thought. He couldn't believe that Albus would say such a thing about his godson. Then he had to chide himself because not too long ago he would have agreed with man whole-heartedly before he got his head out of his ass. Sirius was at a loss for what to do or say.

Albus mistaking Sirius' silence for agreement, Albus continued after popping a chocolate candy into his mouth. "It pains me to say it, but Revan represents a bigger threat to our world than Voldemort because he is the only one who can defeat him. Already he is gathering a strong following and we must do something to stop him."

There was a part of Sirius that shared Albus' concern. The way that Revan's following was growing was frightening. If he wanted to, he could probably storm the Ministry and while he may not win, the battle would be devastating. "What would you have me do?"

"I need you to get him here to Hogwarts. If possible, you must incapacitate him. Only then will I be able to alter his memories sufficiently to remove him as a threat. Then he can truly become the hero of the wizarding world."

Sirius thanked god at that moment that he needed to have an excellent poker face as an Auror otherwise he would have been horrified at Dumbledore's suggestion. "How can I do something like that? He is always with people and you have seen the way he fights, I wouldn't stand a chance."

"There we have an advantage. If the Daily Prophet is at all accurate, Revan will surely be weakened from his injury for a time and therefore more vulnerable. A simple power sapping potion in his food should strip him of his magic long enough for you to stun him and bring him here. You must hurry though, events are proceeding faster than during the first war and we need our hero to lead us."

Sirius felt sick. He had looked up to Albus as the leader of the light for many years. To hear him talk about forcibly changing someone's life so freely shook him greatly. He had to warn Revan as soon as possible. Standing, he said to Albus "I will do what I can."

Albus just smiled happily at Sirius, his eyes twinkling wildly as Sirius left his office.

Chapter 16: Collision Course

October 10th, 2007

Diagon Alley, London UK

It had been too long since he had participated personally in a raid. Now with the public's growing confidence in the Unspeakables despite the continued articles in the Daily Prophet, he needed to make his presence known once again. The situation was unacceptable, people were no longer living in fear of his name they way they were just a few months ago. Today, people would be reminded why they were right to fear his name.

"Acciter, are my Death Eaters ready?" Voldemort asked.

A tall-heavy set man dressed in the black robes and white mask of a Death Eater answered in a low gravelly voice "Yes my lord. We are ready to attack Diagon Alley as soon as you give the word."

"Excellent, let the attack begin." Voldemort said, his red eyes burning brightly with malice. He waited as heard multiple cracks, the only indication that the Death Eaters had apparated away. Now he would wait 5 minutes before he would join the attack to give the impression that this was nothing more than a typical raid and let the Unspeakables and any other rabble delude themselves into thinking they stood a chance.

Acciter and 10 other Death Eaters arrived in Diagon Alley. Without pause, Acciter gave the signal for the attack to begin.

The attack began and spells began streaking across the alley. Explosions rocked the alley. Fire and stone tore apart store fronts. Screams fought for dominance with more explosions. But still, Acciter was disappointed, while some people were running, he and the other Death Eaters were being forced to take cover when some of the shoppers began to fight back.

The familiar cry of *Avada Kedavra* was accompanied by green flashes of light. The Death Eaters were no longer playing. Now the goal was to kill as many as possible. More shoppers began to fall to the killing curse. The resistance began to falter as men and women died.

Mere minutes after the attack began, the Unspeakables arrived. 3 men and 2 women arrived via portkey in a small cluster near the edge of Diagon Alley by the entrance to Knockturn Alley.

“Standard deployment, disable if possible, otherwise take them down with extreme prejudice.” Ordered Marcia Masters with calm authority.

The Unspeakables moved out, targeting the Death Eaters. A flurry of light soon followed, spells flying back and forth between the groups in a blur. Fire and shockwaves echoed off the buildings of Diagon Alley. Walls crumbled underneath the onslaught filling the air with dust and littering the street with charred chunks of stone and wood.

Despite their superior numbers, the Death Eaters were fought to a standstill by the Unspeakables. Acciter was looking for some way to swing the battle back in their favor when another crack sounded above the battle signaling a wizard apparating in. A grin spread over his face when he saw that his master Lord Voldemort had arrived to join the battle.

Voldemort quickly surveyed the battle and hissed out a spell in parseltongue. His wand bucked in his hand as it spat out a shimmering orb of blue energy which soared majestically towards the pile of stone sheltering one of the Unspeakables. The orb hit the stone and spread over it like water. A bright blow glow began to emanate from the stone growing in intensity until it flashed brightly, blinding the onlookers and sending out a shockwave like a ripple in a pond. The shockwave lifted the Unspeakables body into the air and slammed it into a nearby window, his body was left bent backwards at an unnatural angle with blood trickling from his mouth.

The remaining Unspeakables didn’t waste any more time and turned their attention from the Death Eaters to Voldemort. Marcia cried out “*Avada Kedavra*” knowing that Voldemort could probably block her other spells.

Voldemort eyed the woman with contempt and apparated out of the way of the spell and appeared behind the woman. With a slashing motion, he threw an orange cutting curse at the woman's back. The spell hit her body shield and shattered it before slicing through her spine and into her chest. A feral grin was on his face as he watched her collapse to ground already dead.

The remaining civilians fighting the Death Eaters fled quickly when they saw Voldemort easily dispatch two of the Unspeakables. Voldemort decided to let them run, they would spread the word of his power and the failure of the Unspeakables, fear of his name would once again run rampant.

He noticed that the remaining Unspeakables were retreating to a more defensible position. With a sigh, he signaled his Death Eaters to return to head quarters. Before he followed them, he cast one final spell draining much of his strength before apparating out. The purple beam impacted a pile of debris near Olivander's. A hole formed sucking in everything nearby including bodies. Wind whistled through the alley to fill the vacuum created by the hole until it reached its limit. Its limit reached, the hole inverted and detonated. The force of the blast devastated the buildings, stone and wood disintegrated under the stress, entire buildings collapsed and the ground shook for miles around. There were no survivors from the blast and few if any buildings left standing in the entire alley. The only sound was the distant ringing of muggle alarms set off by the explosion.

Voldemort's Mansion, Little Hangleton UK

Almost immediately after the attack, Voldemort signaled his Inner Circle to join him in his throne room even though he was exhausted from that final spell. It was a pity it required so much strength to use, he would not have been able to cast it if there had been more resistance fighting against him. Though he was pleased with the outcome of the raid, Voldemort knew it would not do much to hamper the efforts of the Ministry or the Unspeakables. To make matters worse, this Revan Potter was continuing to ignite the wizarding world against the Death Eaters.

Acciter was the first to arrive; he was quickly followed by the other members of his Inner Circle. With a look from Voldemort, they sat down in their appointed chairs and waited to hear Voldemort's wishes.

"Though I am pleased with our raid today, we need to do something to strike at the heart of the Unspeakables and break their ability to resist us." Voldemort began.

Acciter asked "My lord, how can we do that though? The identity of the Unspeakable agents continues to be secret and we have been unable to infiltrate the group."

"We strike at the heart of the wizarding world here in Britain. The Ministry of Magic will fall before our might."

Simon Basker, an Inner Circle member since Voldemort's second rise spoke "The Ministry of Magic, surely you're not serious?" He visibly cringed when he realized what he had said.

Voldemort's eyes blazed and he decided to take a page out of his ally's book. Silently casting, a yellow-green light shot out from his wand striking Simon's left arm.

"Ahhhhh!" Simon screamed as the light spread over his arm and sank in disappearing. The skin started to darken becoming mottled turning a dark brown as it continued towards black. Flakes of skin and muscle started to drift to the floor, his arm decaying as everyone watched. The spell didn't stop until there nothing left of his arm, only then did the pain cease.

Fighting back tears of pain, Simon gasped "I'm sorry my Lord, I spoke without thinking."

Voldemort just waved his hand negligently, ignoring the fact that he had just tortured the man. "In three weeks time, we will raze the Ministry of Magic to the ground. Without a base of operations, the only organized resistance will be the Order of the Phoenix and that fool Dumbledore."

"Will not the Order join the Ministry if we attack?" Keldin Morhead asked.

"And if they do? What has the Order accomplished? They are weak, afraid of the power they possess. The only threat to my supremacy is Revan Potter and the Unspeakables."

"My lord forgive me for asking, but have you discussed this plan with your ally?"

Voldemort reluctantly gave the man credit for having the bravery to ask such a question; however, it was not enough to save him. "Avada Kedavra" was said in a cold passionless voice. The familiar sickly green spell struck the man in the chest snuffing his life. The body slumped sideways and fell to the floor.

"No one questions my orders, not you and not my allies. Prepare the Death Eaters for the attack. You have three weeks; I suggest you make use of them." Though he sounded confident and in control, Voldemort knew that if this attack failed he would face a stiff punishment at the hands of Kael Corpus. Desperately, he fought against the shiver that raced up his spine, his resurrection had been painful beyond belief, but he knew that Kael could make that pain pale in comparison to what he would receive.

The Inner Circle glanced surreptitiously at each other before quietly leaving the room to begin preparations for the attack.

October 11th, 2007

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Revan was sitting in his quarters. He had just gotten dressed and was getting ready to return to the planet when his door chimed. Out of habit, he checked his light saber before opening the door.

"Commander Halcyon, what do you need?" Revan asked, surprised to see the commander before his departure. He stepped back from the door to allow the commander to enter.

After entering, the door slid closed once again. "My lord, before you leave I wanted to get your approval on defensive preparations I would like to take."

Revan's eyes narrowed slightly when the commander didn't elaborate. "Commander, I don't have the time or desire to play 20 questions so please elaborate on the type of defensive preparations you are referring to."

"My apologies Lord Revan. I feel we should prepare for the worst. If Lord Malak should continue his search of this sector we may be discovered despite our diversionary tactics."

"What do you want to do?"

"Without a base of operations, we will soon run low on spare parts. I want to build facilities in the asteroid belt of this system. We can scavenge the necessary parts from the fleet until we have the first plants up and running. I would also like to begin placing gun batteries at key points in the belt to deter and forces that may arrive in the system."

Revan pondered the proposal. It made sense; it would give them an additional level of defense. "Commander, I know you are aware of the Star Forge, as long as it remains in Malak's control, we will never be able to secure this system."

"Yes my lord, but the defensive batteries will give us additional firepower if we decide to stay and should provide enough of a distraction if we need to retreat."

"It is an excellent idea Commander. Do what you can but don't strip the fleet; we need the ships in fighting condition. Keep me updated on the status of the project."

"Yes sir, thank you." Commander said and turned and left Revan's room.

Somewhere in the UK

Heto struggled to his feet as Kael his master pulled the force blade from Heto's thigh. A grunt of pain escaped his lips as he staggered upright, pain lancing up his leg. Though it wouldn't take long to heal the wound, he knew from experience that his master would not allow him to use anything to dull the pain.

A snarl filled with anger and disgust distracted him from the pain. The surprise evident in his voice he asked “Master what is it? What do you sense?”

“Your Jedi is still alive. He has just returned to the planet.”

Unease and a bit of fear wormed its way through him and before he stopped himself he blurted out “Are you sure? Even a Jedi should have died from those wounds.”

Kael glared at his apprentice. His eyes flashed coldly as he backhanded his apprentice across the face using the force to increase the strength of the blow. He reveled in the feeling of hand snapping Heto’s head back and in seeing him crash back to the floor moaning in pain.

Anger overwhelmed Kael and he swung his foot back and kicked Heto in the stomach hard, lifting him inches off the floor with the strength of the blow. “Your failure to kill the Jedi may cost us this planet.”

Heto tried to say something but all he could manage was another moan. He curled in on himself as he saw his master lift his foot for another kick. This time, the hard leather boot hit him in the chest. A sharp stab of pain ripped through his chest, a rib splintered from the blow but luckily didn’t puncture his lung. Still, his breaths were labored and painful as he worked to push the pain away and stand again.

“You will have one more chance to kill the Jedi. We are running out of time here and I can’t allow more of your failures to jeopardize our mission.”

Finally having struggled back to his feet, Heto asked in a wheezy voice “Why is time a problem, other than the Jedi the people of this world have no idea who the Sith are or that we are even here?”

“Because you fool, I have received word from the empire. They are concerned about the Jedi presence on the planet. It is too soon to move openly against the Jedi or their Republic puppets. If we can’t remove the threat, we may be ordered to abandon the planet.”

“What would you have me do Master?”

“I want you to join the Death Eaters in another attack. Organize an attack on the town of Hogsmeade in the next couple of weeks. With any luck, the Jedi will respond as always giving you a chance to finish what you started.”

“Yes Master, the Jedi won’t survive our next meeting.” Heto said this only to follow it with a cough that filled his mouth with the coppery taste of blood. Maybe the rib had damaged his lung after all.

Kael just left his apprentice standing waiting for his response. He knew that Heto was struggling to remain upright and was in great pain. Finally he answered with a threat “If he does, you had better hope you don’t survive the meeting because you won’t survive my punishment.” There was no malice or anger in the threat just the calm certainty of the outcome should his apprentice once again.

Potter Manor, Godric’s Hollow UK

The shuttle landed near the edge of the woods by Potter Manor. Shortly after touchdown, Revan, Bastila and a small detachment of soldiers that would be stationed at the Manor emerged from the shuttle. Commander Halcyon had been most insistent on the point and Revan conceded understanding his importance to the fleet. While he did not think they were needed, the additional troops would not be a detriment.

Walking quickly towards the manor, the 5 soldiers spread out around them as Bastila and Revan entered the large home. Hopefully James and Lily would not mind housing his men for the time being.

“Wait here, I will be back shortly.” Revan directed the men to the side room off the main entrance where they could wait while he and Bastila went to find James or Lily.

“James, Lily are you here?” Revan called out. They had already checked the study but no one was there so they were walking towards the kitchen next. It was too late in the morning for breakfast but perhaps they were having tea.

Lily's voice called out "Revan is that you?" The tension and hope were evident in her voice. The door at the end of the hallway leading to the kitchen flew open as Lily rushed out. She was followed by a slightly more in control James.

Before either Bastila or Revan could respond though, Lily had reached them and grabbed Revan into a tight hug. Her face was buried in his shoulder as she held on as if she was afraid he would disappear on her again. Tentatively at first, Revan returned the hug.

Lily only let go when she heard James clear his throat. She stepped back, a slight blush on her cheeks showing her embarrassment. However, that did not stop her from running her hands over Revan's abdomen feeling for his injury.

Revan allowed the action but said "You don't have to worry, I am completely healed. The doctor just wants me to keep my activities light for a few days. I must thank you though; I am told that without your spell I would not have survived long enough to make it back to my ship."

Eyes blurring with tears, Lily hugged him again. "I'm so sorry for how I treated you. Seeing you fight that first day, the idea of losing you again terrified me so I wanted to push you away."

Revan was at something of a loss, he had never been an overly emotional person. He began rubbing Lily's back softly while, trying to comfort her. While he was doing this, he was sending a desperate look at Bastila for help which James caught and couldn't help but grin at.

James took pity on him though and said jokingly "Lily, if you wouldn't mind, I would like to hug my son too."

Lily blushed again as she let go and stepped back to watch James hug Revan tightly as well. Despite his tone, he had been very worried and was just as happy to have Revan back with them though he didn't have anything to feel guilty about.

Bastila having enjoyed Revan's discomfort said "Unfortunately, it will take more than that to keep him down."

James and Lily laughed, thankful for something to lighten the mood as Lily led them back into the kitchen. Tea cups were on the small table so obviously, Revan and Bastila had interrupted them. Lily cast a quick warming charm on the tea and offered a cup to Revan and Bastila. Revan declined but took a seat and Bastila happily accepted. She had quickly come to enjoy the English tea, it had a much subtler flavor to what she was used to.

Holding up his hand to stop any questions from James or Lily, Revan asked "I have 5 men with me. I was hoping that you could find rooms for them in the Manor."

Lily nodded quickly. She was actually relieved that there would be additional security available if something should happen again. Clearly the wards were not enough. "Who were you fighting that day?"

Revan's face closed off and Bastila tensed at the question. Though he was reluctant to go into it, both of them needed to understand the enemy they were facing. It was more than Voldemort and his pathetic followers, the real power would be the Sith Master and his apprentice.

After taking a calming deep breath, Revan began to explain Sith and the Massassi. He explained their society and their emphasis on the dark side of the force. Special attention was given to the fear and malice that permeated their society and fueled the need to expand their empire lest it drown in its own evil. Bastila noticed that he left out his death and torture on the Sith planet.

"You think that there are Sith here on Earth?" James asked quietly. He knew that there were enemies out in the galaxy that his son had faced but he was not prepared for such a malevolent enemy.

"Yes I do. An apprentice would never be allowed out on his own and the thing I faced was not skilled enough to be a Sith Master."

"Are there others? Will they attack again?" Lily asked.

"No it is unlikely. In my experience when they travel to worlds not in their empire, there is only one master and one apprentice. Yes they will attack again; Bastila and I are the only real threat to their plans for

this planet. Voldemort is most likely a pawn for them. Based on what I have been told of his ‘resurrection’, I believe he was brought back using a combination of the dark side of the force and Sith technology.”

“They can do that, bring back the dead?” Lily asked breathlessly. She couldn’t help but be awed by the possibilities.

Revan grimaced at the memories of his resurrections before answering. “Yes they can. It is not something they do often, more often than not it is used a means of torture. With it, they can take all hope away from their prisoners for even death won’t allow them to escape torture at the hands of the Sith.”

James and Lily were horrified by the idea. “How can we hope to beat an enemy like that if they just keep bringing people back to continue the fight?”

“They are far from being all powerful. I have defeated my share of Sith but circumstances conspired against me when I fought against the apprentice. It is only a matter of time before they strike again.”

“Isn’t there any way to fight them?”

“Yes, you could overwhelm them with sheer numbers, but the cost will be high. Their fighting skills far surpass those of anyone I have seen. It is most likely because you rely so heavily on your magic that even with training you are simply not as fluid using both magic and physical attacks.”

James fell silent. He had always prided himself on his fighting abilities and the fact that he did not solely rely on magic to win his battles. After training with Revan and Bastila, he came to realize how much further he could have gone, but he would never reach his full potential now. The Jedi were trained young for a reason, it wasn’t so much the skills, those could be learned. Making them instinctual was the difficult part and while adults could do it, it took much more time and effort to overcome years of preconceived notions and bad habits.

A laser blast echoed off the halls and kitchen followed by some muffled yelling and another blast. Lily and James looked

questioningly at Revan and Bastila not recognizing the sound. They were startled when the two jumped up and ran out of the kitchen back towards the entrance where the men had been stationed. Both had their light sabers drawn and were ready for action as they burst into the room, James and Lily were just seconds behind them.

Revan stopped at the entrance when he saw that his men had surrounded someone. "Captain, report."

"My lord, this man entered the manor but did not match any of the descriptions you gave us. He resisted our attempts to restrain him." The captain motioned to the man kneeling on the floor.

When he saw who it was, James blurted out "Sirius, what are you doing here? You can let him up, he's ok."

"James, what's going on?" Sirius practically shouted.

Revan stepped forward "You can let him up." He was about to leave himself having dismissed Sirius from his mind as irrelevant when the man called out to him.

"Revan, I need to speak with you."

"What have you come to arrest me again?" He said snidely.

"No...no, look I am sorry about the way I acted. I was embarrassed and took it out on you."

A simple nod was the only response Sirius got. He sighed; clearly it would take a while to earn his godson's trust. Still, he needed to tell him about Dumbledore's efforts towards Revan.

Lily suggested "Let's go back to the kitchen. Sirius, I can get you something to eat." James, Sirius and Bastila followed her towards the kitchen.

Revan ordered "Captain, take your men and patrol the grounds. Quarters will be assigned to you within the manor." After receiving a salute from the men, he followed the others back to the kitchen. The others were already seated when Revan arrived.

"Revan, I came to warn you about Albus Dumbledore."

Lily asked "Why would he need to worry about Dumbledore?"

Sirius took a deep breath and braced himself for the explosion when he explained "He wants me to bring Revan to him while he is incapacitated so Dumbledore can *Obliviate* his memories and make him into something more acceptable, meaning no killing."

James' face turned an unhealthy purple while Lily simply paled. Revan and Bastila were calmer but were talking quietly about the consequences of such an action. Finally, James growled "Who the hell does he think he is? What gives him the right to change someone's personality like that?"

Sirius just held up his hands and said "I don't agree with him, that's why I am warning you. Still, I don't think you should ignore the situation. Maybe if you confronted him with the other Unspeakables there, he would back off. As it is, he thinks this is his war to lead though he really hasn't done much of anything since Revan arrived."

Bastila spoke for the first time "I agree with Sirius, we should confront him. If he is going to be an enemy, I would rather it be known upfront than having to look to the shadows waiting for him to strike again."

"If that's what you want to do, I can speak with Martin. He has never trusted Dumbledore either."

Revan chimed in "I have never been one to hide from a fight. If he wants a confrontation, then I say we give it to him."

Sirius cautioned "Don't fool yourselves into thinking this will stop him. He still believes in the prophecy and he wants to make sure that he can control how it plays out. Confronting him may force him to act more openly if he feels that he has no chance with subterfuge."

"Should we confront him now or should we wait and see if he tries to act on his own?" Lily asked.

James suggested “Let’s wait a few weeks and see if he does anything. Regardless, we can approach him before the end of the month.”

Sirius grinned “Besides, it would be more symbolic if we confront him on the anniversary of Voldemort’s first defeat.”

October 24th, 2007

Hogsmeade, UK

It had not been a pleasant two weeks for Revan and Bastila. While there was only a single raid by the Death Eaters that was quickly crushed by two squads of Unspeakables and the ever increasing number of Revan’s followers, tensions were still running high. Every day was spent in training and the nights were filled with discussions of his torture at the hands of the Sith.

The sessions were difficult for both Revan and Bastila. Every night, Bastila listened for hours as Revan described his torture and death on that forsaken planet. Revan was forced to use different words to describe the events each time so that he didn’t slip into a pattern and simply repeat a rehearsed story.

Initially, the effects on Revan were not positive. In the mornings, it was obvious that he had not slept well and his eyes looked haunted. Despite this he walked into each session with Bastila with no hesitation, ready to face once again the horrors of his past.

After close to a week, Revan began to notice different aspects of his experience that he was blind to before. By reliving his experiences over and over, the pain and terror associated with them began to fade. It was definitely still there, but it wasn’t as unreasoning and consuming as it had been.

Revan and Bastila were able to learn things about the Sith. It did not surprise them that based on Revan’s experience, fear was their greatest weapon. Something Revan had known but had fallen prey to none the less. He realized that the longer he was in their control, the less they actually had to do to him. His own memories and fear did the rest. Certainly, they were incredibly strong in the force, but as he

had seen in his first encounter before he died, he was definitely a match or superior to many of them.

This realization brought with it new found confidence and peace of mind. It did nothing to lessen his determination to rid this world of the Sith presence though. During the second week, they began to examine his fight with the Sith apprentice in addition to his nightly retellings.

It was during this time that Revan asked James to join them. While Revan appreciated the effort that Lily was making, it was James that he felt closest to. Also, James was an Unspeakable and he needed to understand the true enemy they were facing. Bastila had suggested they bring James in once Revan was more comfortable in facing his past sensing how difficult it would be.

Together the three of them dissected and analyzed Revan's torture every night. James came to understand that much of what the Sith did to his son was not that different than what he had experienced at the hands of the Mandalorians during his childhood. It made him want to scream in anger and kill the Jedi that had taken his son from him all those years ago. Even though Revan had survived and grown stronger as a result of that upbringing, he should never have had to.

James, Bastila and Revan had finished dinner on the night of the 24th and were walking towards the suite of rooms that Revan and Bastila had claimed. As they were walking down the dark hallway, Revan's communicator beeped. Surprised at the intrusion, he pulled it from his pocket and activated it before saying "This is Revan, go ahead."

"Lord Revan, this is Commander Halcyon. There has been a hyperspace incursion at the edge of the system."

Revan's body tensed and he stood straighter as he asked "Was it a probe or something else?"

"It was a light corvette class ship. It did not match any Republic design or the few Sith ships we have information on. At this point, I would have to say it was a scout for Malak."

"Were you able to destroy it?"

"No, it fled the system before we could stop it. What are your orders Lord Revan?"

"Recall the fleet immediately. We will need every ship that we can get. What is the status of our project?"

"We have established a light perimeter barrier but it will not be able to hold off much at this point, though it could help neutralize enemy fighters. The factories are not yet operational."

"Focus on strengthening the perimeter, we are going to need every advantage we can get but don't strip the ships of too many spare parts. Also, make sure the gravity well generators are strategically placed to ensure that ships won't be able to escape. If we are lucky, he won't attack with too large a force initially."

"Yes my lord. I will contact you an update in 10 hours."

"Excellent, Revan out." The conversation over, Revan turned to Bastila and said "We can't take much more time dealing with the Sith. We won't be able to hold Malak's forces off as long as he controls the Star Forge."

Bastila nodded in agreement. "Then we should continue with our plans here. There is nothing else we can do until either the Sith or Malak make a move."

Nobody else said anything and the three completed their journey to the suite of rooms in the manor. Tonight's recitation of events was no different but there was a sense of urgency with the threat of Malak's fleet hanging over them. Revan again walked through his torture and subsequent deaths. The story had long since become old hat for the three adults. He quickly moved onto the battle with the Sith apprentice. They were no longer discussing Revan's feelings regarding the battle because he had finally understood that subconsciously the fear from his torture had come back at the sight of the Sith so once again he was fighting himself. Now they were discussing the apprentice's tactics and possible goals and future targets.

The three had been discussing events for quite a while when the clock struck 11pm. James looked up surprise on his face “We’ve been talking for close to three hours...” Before he could finish his sentence, the Potter Crest on is robes began to flash along with the Unspeakables badges worn by Revan and Bastila.

Revan and Bastila stood, straightened their robes and made sure that their light sabers were securely fastened. It would not do for them to come loose during the transport. James finished looking over the information on the attack. “They are attacking Hogsmeade. So far there is no sign of Voldemort but he normally does not show up until 5 or 10 minutes into the raid.”

Revan and Bastila nodded and grabbed onto James outstretched arms. Without another word, James apparated the three of them to Hogsmeade. As soon as they arrived, Revan and Bastila pulled their light sabers from their belts and clicked them on. The familiar hum was barely audible above the screams and cries coming from the village.

James and Bastila moved off away from Revan as the three made their way towards the battle. They emerged from between two houses near the Three Broomsticks. Revan saw a number of Death Eaters near the end of the main street. “James, Bastila take the main group, approach them from the far side. I am going to circle around and we can catch them in a pincer attack.”

Despite their age difference, James recognized Revan as his commander and understood there was a time and place to question orders. A battle was not that place, so he nodded his head and darted across the street to get into position.

Bastila paused for a second, it was clear she wanted to argue with Revan. Then, like James she realized that this was not the appropriate time or place. With a look towards Revan that promised a future argument, she followed after James to get into position.

Revan was about to move when a figure materialized across the street. He was leaning casually against the wall looking directly at Revan with a cruel smile on his face. It was a look that Revan recognized immediately.

Revan felt anticipation surge in him. Relaxed and confident he began to stride across the street, the blood red beam of his light saber pointed down. Yes, it was going to be very different this time. His fears weren't the master of him, he was their master and tonight he was going to show the Sith why they should fear him.

Chapter 17: Peace Through Superior Fire Power

October 24th, 2007

Hogsmeade UK

Heto watched as Revan stalked towards him. A frown of disappointment flashed on his face when he realized that Revan was not radiating any of the fear that he had sensed during their first meeting. Still leaning against the wall, he taunted "Well look, the Jedi has come back to play. Are you ready to be schooled again?"

Revan was halfway across the street when he responded "It will take more than a wet behind the ears Sith Apprentice to teach me anything." As he walked slowly, he absent mindedly deflected away stray curses with his light saber.

The casual confident moves that Revan was using were disconcerting Heto. How did the Jedi know he was just an apprentice, had he faced Sith before? "You don't have any idea of the power I wield, but I will be more than happy to give you another lesson. Maybe I will spare the female after I am done with you and keep her for a special lesson." Heto said with a lecherous grin.

Revan didn't respond. He simply raised his light saber and prepared to attack.

Heto drew his force blade and attacks quickly. Throwing up his left hand, he pushed at Revan with the force trying to throw him across the street.

Smirking, Revan held his light saber in front of him and used it as a focus as he pushed back, letting the force flow through him in a tidal rush. The air rippled around him as he diverted the Sith's attack. He just stood calmly in the center of a growing vortex of power.

Heto was not as relaxed. Sweat started to break out on his forehead as he struggled against Revan. His hand clenched around the hilt of his force blade he fed his hat and anger into his attack but still Revan stood there in front of him. A tentative step forward brought him closer to Revan in an effort to strengthen his attack.

A wide grin spread onto Revan's face. While standing there watching as the Sith grew increasingly distressed, he marveled at the freedom he felt. With a flash of insight he realized that it wasn't only his fears that had fallen away, his doubts about his actions and his regrets about the deaths he had caused had also dissipated.

The ripple of power around him grew in size. There was something different, the force was singing to him as it never had before. He had never felt so complete either as a Jedi or a Sith. Why should now be different? What was different about his connection to the force? Again another insight struck in as many seconds. It wasn't the force that was different, he was different. He was opening himself to both the light and dark sides of the force. The teachings of both the Sith and Jedi were wrong. The two sides were not in conflict with each other, there were complimentary. They worked together naturally to maintain the cycle life and death, creation and destruction. Only together could the cycle continue. The Jedi and the Sith were breaking that cycle by ignoring one side of the force, only by opening oneself to the light and the dark and truly accepting both sides would you be able to understand the need for balance and the power associated with that understanding.

A surge of power roared into him, almost as if the force was rewarding him for finally realizing this basic truth. A green-gold colored glow emanated from his body and his eyes were radiating power. With a loud cry of exultation, reveling in the freedom, completeness and power he felt, Revan pushed the full strength of the force against the Sith.

An explosion of light and sound followed and a distortion wave spread outward from Revan. Before Heto could react, the wave slammed him into the stone wall behind him. Windows shattered all over Hogsmeade and the ground shook. Bastila, James, the Death Eaters, everyone flew through the air as the wave passed and came crashing down to the ground.

Even as the wave dissipated, ripples continued to spread through the force. Wizards and witches everywhere on Earth that were set in their

ways, unwilling to take a stand for what they believed in sensed the awakening of something powerful and were filled with fear for the birth of something beautiful and terrible. The others, the ones willing to fight felt a surge of hope and promise for a future that would be filled with change and wonder.

Dumbledore sensed the power and signaled the Order of the Phoenix. Whatever it was, it was in Hogsmeade and could be a threat. Anything or anyone that powerful would need to be contained before it could threaten the wizarding world.

Voldemort was sitting in his throne room, waiting to hear the results of the attack on Hogsmeade. A cold shiver ran up his spine, the power was immense. There was a new player in this war and now the question was which side he was on.

Kael was brooding as he waited for his apprentice to return. He was shocked by the feelings coming through the force. It couldn't be the Jedi; they were ignorant to the power of the dark side. Whoever he had sensed was a threat to the empire and would soon learn to fear the Sith. He would not give up this planet, regardless of the success of Heto's mission; it was time to call in additional forces.

Elsewhere in the galaxy, Kreia was broken from her meditation. A smile spread out across her face. In a pleased voice she said "Revan, finally you have realized your potential. Finally, you are ready to take up your true role in the galaxy." Standing from her position, she made her way out of her chamber. It was time that the brothers once again take their place side by side to stand against the darkness and the galaxy would tremble at their footsteps. With a whispered command into a secure communications link, she set her plans into motion.

A soft groan escaped the Sith as he slumped to the ground dazed. Revan just stood his ground waiting, while the Sith rolled back to his feet.

Hate radiating from his being Heto raised his force blade into attack position and charged Revan. His vicious downward strike was met by Revan's blood red light saber. Sparks flew and ozone could be smelled in the air when the energy in the two weapons clashed.

Pushing up and forward, Revan forced the Sith to take a step back. Immediately, he began his own attack, slashing across his opponent's chest. It too was blocked and the two battled back and forth for several minutes.

Revan remained calm and in control while the Sith grew increasingly frantic. In desperation, he used the force to augment his strength and speed. Revan followed suit and soon the duel was a blur of red light and flashes as the blades met over and over again. Unbeknownst to either Revan or Heto, the other battle had never restarted and the combatants, Unspeakables, Death Eaters, and the newly arrived Order of the Phoenix, were watching the duel, marveling at the skill and power being displayed.

Tiring, Heto overextended an attack. With a quick maneuver, Revan blocked the attack, swinging the force blade away from his body and leaving the Sith open for retaliation. A quick slash to the Sith's right thigh left a deep wound and the smell of burning flesh.

Heto hissed in pain and in desperation jumped over Revan's to land on the roof of a nearby house. As soon as he landed he fed all of his hate and fear into another attack. Yellow-gold lightning began to arc between his fingers before he thrust his hand out shooting a bright bolt towards Revan's position.

Without pause for thought, Revan held out his free hand and called the lightning to him. It collected in his hand, forming a shimmering golden sphere with electricity arcing over the outer shell. Again, acting on instinct, he threw the ball back at the Sith.

Eyes bulging, Heto leaped away back to street before the lightning hit the roof his leg screaming with pain when he landed. The upper level

of the home erupted in flame as the lightning spread over the wood igniting everything it touched. Heto was only just able to raise his blade in time to stop Revan's next strike but he was slowing due to fatigue and the wound to his thigh.

Revan, tiring of the game, spun low as if to sweep the Sith's feet from underneath him. Instead, his slashed his light saber across the Sith's ankles severing the Achilles' tendons in both legs.

Pain lanced through his legs and he screamed out even as he collapsed to the street, his legs unable to support his weight without causing massive pain.

Revan wasted no time. He kicked the force blade out of the Sith's hand and held his own light saber just above the man's chest. "I told you it would take more than you to teach me anything."

Trying to sound like he was in control, Heto spat "Just finish it Jedi. My master will avenge my death!"

"Yes, tell me more about your Master. Where can I find him? I need to tell him how disappointed I am with his teaching if your skills are any indication. If you tell me, I may make your death quick, otherwise..." He just left the statement hanging allowing the Sith to make his own conclusions.

Glaring, the Sith turned his head hoping that a Death Eater would be able to distract the Jedi. Unfortunately, all he saw was the Unspeakables and Order watching in morbid fascination. The Death Eaters had taken advantage of their distraction and port keyed to safety. Rather than answer he tried to pull his blade to his hand using the force. Before it could reach him though, a scream ripped from his throat when Revan calmly pressed the tip of light saber through his wrist. The bones and tendons were burned away leaving his hand attached to two thin strips of flesh.

"I asked you where you Master is, I suggest you don't test my patience." Revan said as if this was just an ordinary evening.

Revan sighed when the Sith did nothing more but grit his teeth and glare at him. "Fine but are you sure he would show you the same

loyalty?" Even as he asked his question, he pressed the saber against the Sith left upper arm and allowed the blade to slowly burn through flesh and bone. "It doesn't have to be like this, I will make it quick if you just give me the information I need."

Another scream broke the silence of the night. Tears of pain ran unbidden down Heto's face. "My master will destroy you and your family for this. The Massassi will come and then you will see what real power is." He gasped out.

James paled when he saw the Revan was torturing the man. He started to walk forward to stop him when he felt someone grab his arm. Turning he saw that it was Bastila.

"Don't" she said simply.

"How can you stand there and let him torture that man? It isn't right." James argued.

"You know what they did to Revan. Do you really think he would do this to just anyone? I don't think there is any other viable method for getting information from him."

"That is a Sith?" James asked incredulously. "He looks so normal."

"What did you expect them to look like, monsters?" Bastila asked sardonically.

James muttered "It still doesn't seem right though."

"You of all people should know that sometimes we need to do things we wouldn't otherwise do."

Reluctantly he nodded and she released his arm. "It doesn't mean I have to like it though." He said finally.

"No it doesn't and you never should."

"Really, I thought you were going to show me the power you have? Obviously it wasn't anything too impressive. If you won't tell me where your Master is, tell me the location of the Death Eater's headquarters." Revan figured the Sith would have less loyalty to Voldemort and may be willing to give up the information.

Doubt filled Heto's mind. Could he give the Jedi this information? The Death Eaters were his master's allies but it wouldn't be threatening his master directly. He knew he wasn't going to live and his resolve was weakening.

Revan saw the determination fading from the Sith's eyes and pressed the blood red blade against his chest. The blade sank in just into the muscle before he stopped. The pain and fear were obvious on the Sith's face now. "I am tiring of this game. If you don't give me the information I want, you won't have any limbs left before I finally decide to kill you." He said coldly.

Heto stared into Revan's gold-green eyes and was about to speak when he saw his chance.

Albus Dumbledore approached Revan; disgusted by the man's actions he grabbed his arm distracting him. He said authoritatively "You can't torture this man. I won't let you."

"Who are you to stop me from doing anything old man?" Revan hissed.

Heto saw Revan's distraction and with one final scream forced himself up and onto Revan's light saber. It burned through his heart and killed him instantly.

Revan's eyes blazed when he saw the Sith's body. "You better have a damned good reason for interrupting me. He was our best chance to get the locations of the Death Eaters and his master."

"You were torturing that man. The Unspeakables may have the authority to track and kill Dark Wizards but I don't think that extends into torture. Why didn't you simply use Veritaserum?"

James and Bastila approached and joined the argument. "Dumbledore what are you doing here, the Order has no authority to interfere with an Unspeakable."

Bastila was furious. Because of this old fool they had lost their best chance of finding the other Sith. "You have no idea what you have done. He was our best chance to get that information and because of you the source is dead!"

"He's dead because Revan decided to torture him instead of taking him into custody." Albus drew his wand again and pointed it at Revan. "I'm afraid that I can't let you go, you will need to come with me. If you explain your actions to my satisfaction I may let the matter drop."

By this time, the Unspeakables had taken up positions behind Revan, James and Bastila. The Order had taken up a counter position behind Dumbledore.

"I don't have to explain anything to your satisfaction. In fact, I suggest you put that wand away right now. You are threatening authorized agents of the government. Are you really prepared to face the consequences? Are you followers prepared to spend the rest of their lives in Azkaban?"

The Order looked a little less certain but none of them lowered their wands. Clearly they were prepared to follow Dumbledore regardless of the repercussions.

"I'm sorry my boy. You mean too much to the wizarding world for me to allow you to go down this dark path." Dumbledore pointed his wand at Revan. Hoping to catch Revan by surprise, he silently cast *Stupefy*. The red beam shot from his wand but was intercepted by Revan's light saber. The beam was deflected towards an Order member who was forced to dive out of the way.

The Order was shocked for a second that Albus Dumbledore would attack Revan Potter. The feeling of shock wore off almost immediately so they followed his lead and started firing stunning and disarming spells at the Unspeakables.

All but one of the Unspeakables dove out of the way and began to return fire. James joined the other Unspeakables and began attempting to disable the Order members. Bastila waded into the order, swinging her light staff while dodging spells.

With a small grin at the attack, Revan just stalked forward to face off against Dumbledore. "You just made a big mistake old man."

Dumbledore's twinkling eyes faltered for a second before he fired off a string of spells. Revan again deflected the first two spells harmlessly but the third spell was an explosion hex that detonated on impact with his light saber. The explosion knocked the light saber from Revan's grip and he crashed into the ground with a loud grunt.

Holding out his hand as he rolled to his feet, Revan called it back to him using the force. Before Dumbledore could react, Revan leaped forward in the air, diving over Dumbledore's head. Even as he landed, he swung high at an Order member directly in front of him. The man screamed when the blade sliced into his wand arm just above the elbow joint, severing it completely.

Dumbledore spun ready to cast another explosive hex at Revan. Before he could snap it off, Revan thrust his hand forward pushing with the force. Dumbledore felt like he had been slammed by a great weight that sent him flying from his feet. With a wall rapidly approaching, he apparated to a position behind Revan with a soft pop.

Revan quickly spun looking for Dumbledore. He took the opportunity to quickly survey the battle and noticed that the Unspeakables had stunned or disabled many of the Order members. Those not stunned were maimed and clearly showing wounds from Bastila's light staff. Arms and legs were missing, each injury crippling an Order member.

When Revan heard the soft pop signaling Dumbledore's apparition, he flung his light saber using the force to balance its flight and help it to fly true. Albus had just reoriented himself from his apparition when he saw the light saber flying towards him. Showing a surprising amount of agility for a man his age, he dove quickly to right side. Unfortunately, he was not quick enough and it speared him through the left side of his lower abdomen.

Revan walked over to the man who was clutching his side. Summoning his light saber back to his hand, Revan clicked it back on and held it to Dumbledore's throat. "Give me one reason why I shouldn't end your life right now!" Revan growled.

James and Bastila hurried over. Though the action could be justified, it would be a political nightmare if Revan were to kill Dumbledore. So James put his own hand on Revan's arm light to push the light saber away. Dumbledore simply glared up at them while he clutched at his side in pain. "It would be more trouble than he's worth to kill him now. Let the Unspeakables have him, he can be brought to trial for attacking us."

Revan didn't release the light saber; he simply studied Dumbledore and then James before clicking it off and stepping back. "Old man, you try something like that again and I will see your position and life destroyed in the wizarding world. When I am through with you, the people won't trust you with anything."

James held out a hand to help Dumbledore stand, only to have it slapped away by the man. "This isn't done; you overestimate your power here. When the public hears of your actions tonight, they will turn away from you."

"And who will they look to in order to fight this little war, you? You have had your opportunity and you are still screwing it up. What I did tonight was necessary to crush the enemy, you may not be willing to do it, but someone has to." Revan said scornfully.

"I guess the public will have to decide." Dumbledore responded confident that the public opinion would swing his way.

Before Dumbledore could leave James added one final comment "Dumbledore don't think that because I'm not arresting you right here that you have gotten away with anything. Expect to receive a visit from the Aurors tomorrow."

After Dumbledore and the Order apparated or port keyed away, James turned to Revan. "Revan, I can't say that I agree with what you were doing but Dumbledore didn't have any right to stop you."

"It is not something that I particularly enjoyed myself." Revan replied. James could swear he heard an unspoken 'anymore' somewhere in the statement.

"Dumbledore is right about one thing though, there is going to be public and political fallout from this. I won't delude myself into thinking that the Daily Prophet won't have a story on the front page tomorrow announcing what happened during the attack."

"Nothing else had any chance of success; his mind would have been too strong for your Veritaserum. Though, it would have been prudent to interrogate him away from prying eyes."

Bastila asked "What was that shockwave? I can still feel the ripples of it in the force but they are fading quickly."

Revan mulled over his words before answering "I came to realization about the force or more specifically about the light and dark sides of the force and their true relationship. It allowed me to experience the force in a way that I never have before."

"What relationship, they are opposites diametrically opposed to one another."

Revan just shook his head and explained briefly his insights into the force. He knew that until Bastila truly accepted the dark side as more than just a tool or necessary evil, she would never have the same experience. In fact, there were only a handful of other people that could truly understand his revelations. For just a moment, the image of his friend and brother appeared in his mind, not as he was now but when they were young before they had started on this path. There was another friend who could understand the significance of this but she had already paid a high price for her involvement with Revan.

Voldemort's Mansion, Little Hangleton UK

Voldemort was sitting tensely in his throne room as he waited for word from his Death Eaters. If all went according to plan, then Revan Potter would be dead and the forces holding back his rule of the wizarding world would collapse. However, it wasn't the lack of news that was making him tense. No, his ally was waiting with him. Not that

he would ever admit it aloud, but Kael Corpus frightened him. The hate that continually radiated from the man made his own pale by comparison.

It was bad enough having to wait with the man, but then that wave of power washed over him. Since then, Kael had been alternating between fear and determination. Voldemort watched nervously as the man paced back and forth arguing with himself. Despite his best efforts he was unable to catch more than the occasional word. Still, if Voldemort could find whoever it was that controlled this new power, he may be able to break himself away from Kael's grasp.

After what seemed like an interminable wait to both Kael and Voldemort, the Death Eaters returned. Immediately upon their arrival in the throne room, they knelt down with their heads touching the floor.

Kael looked on with disgust, knowing that Voldemort needed such displays as a symbol of his power. The man was worse than an amateur. Every day he regretted bringing him back to life but the fear he had inspired in the wizarding world had seemed worth it at the time. Now he wasn't so sure. The Jedi had been amazingly effective at neutralizing him and his influence so much so that there was now only a minor undercurrent of fear despite the continued attacks.

"Speak" Voldemort ordered.

Acciter raised his head and gave his report. "My lord, the attack went as expected. Revan Potter, the woman and James Potter showed up along with other Unspeakables. I didn't see much of the fight between Revan and Heto."

Voldemort asked "Where is he now?"

Acciter swallowed nervously "I'm not sure my lord, but I suspect he is dead. Revan was torturing him for information when we port keyed out."

"Crucio" Acciter had been expecting the torture but still writhed on the floor as pain exploded in his body. Screams and moans echoed off the walls of the chamber for more than a minute before Voldemort released the spell. "Why did you leave him behind?"

Shuddering and gasping for breath, Acciter said with his head bowed "We would not have survived my lord. Our only chance was to escape while they were distracted."

The unmistakable sound of a blade being drawn could be heard by all in the room. Acciter was forced to look up into the cold emotionless eyes of his lord's ally. Swallowing nervously his Adam's apple rubbing up against the force blade held against his neck, Acciter reconciled himself to whatever fate this man had in store for him.

Kael could feel his rage simmering beneath the surface, just waiting to be unleashed. If his apprentice lost to the Jedi then he deserved nothing less than death. No, what upset him now was the humiliation he would face if he lost this world. As much as he was loathe to admit it, it was time to call in for the Massassi warriors. He would need troops more capable than these pathetic wizards.

Still, the fact that his apprentice deserved his fate did not mean that this man as leader of the Death Eater force would escape punishment. "Rather than join my apprentice, you fled like cowards." He stated while putting more pressure behind the blade. It was just enough for the tip to pierce the skin but not deeply, any further and he could slice into the man's windpipe.

Acciter could feel a small trickle of blood roll down his throat. Because he was still recovering from the *Crucio* he was able to avoid showing any signs of pain from the blade. He swallowed again, trying to pull away from the blade at his throat only to have his head pulled back sharply by his hair.

"My apprentice may have deserved death for his failure but you deserve death for deserting him." Kael said sharply.

Acciter turned panicked eyes to Voldemort, pleading for mercy. Kael didn't wait any longer, he made a very fine slice across the man's wind pipe and nicked his jugular but otherwise left the man unharmed. He knew that untreated, the man would die within the next few minutes from suffocation or blood loss. Either way, he would enjoy watching the panic in the man's eyes as his life faded. Before stepping back, he kicked Acciter in the chest forcing him backwards to the ground so he was lying on his back.

None of the other Death Eaters dared to move. Kael simply watched enjoying the scene as the man died and raw fear radiated from everyone else in the room, even Voldemort.

Acciter was struggling to breathe, he could hear air whistling in his wind pipe and feel the steady pump of blood down his neck from his jugular. Black spots started to flash in his eyes and as death approached he started struggling even harder to catch his breath. It wasn't long before blood loss and lack of oxygen rendered him unconscious.

His entertainment finished for the time being, Kael turned to Voldemort. "You will notify me of any future attack plans. I will kill this Revan Potter personally." Not bothering to wait for a response, Kael turned sharply on his heel and stalked out of the chamber to return back to his head quarters. He had a message to send to the Sith Empire.

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

Revan, Bastila and James had just returned to Potter Manor when his communicator signaled him. With a tired sigh, Revan clicked it on. "This is Revan, go ahead."

Commander Halcyon's cool professional came through. "My lord, I apologize for contacting you so late, but there is something up here that requires your attention. I have taken the liberty of sending a shuttle to pick you up."

"Is that necessary, can't this wait until morning?" Revan asked a slight whine in his voice. The adrenalin from the battle had long since worn off and his muscles were getting heavier. He chose to ignore Bastila's grin.

"Yes my lord, I believe it is."

"Very well" Revan said and clicked the communicator off. Head hanging in self-pity he trudged outside to wait for the shuttle.

James chose to go outside and wait with Revan. At first he was going to ask about the torture but then he decided it was too fresh in his

mind right now. They ended up talking quietly about the battle and how Revan was dealing with the aftermath. Despite some of his actions in questioning the Sith, James was proud of the way Revan handled himself and mastered his fears.

Revan didn't look at him but said none the less "It wasn't just my fears, tonight I found peace with my past decisions and actions."

"I'm proud of you Revan; it couldn't have been easy reliving what they did to you. I'm not sure I could've done it."

"There was no choice, even Bastila couldn't defeat the Sith right now. She could probably match many of them in skill, but she doesn't have their viciousness."

James was about to respond when the now familiar roar of the shuttle engines signaled the arrival the shuttle. The two men watched silently as the shuttle landed. Revan was striding towards it even before the loading ramp had finished opening.

"I should be back by tomorrow morning." Revan said.

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Revan was greeted in the landing bay by Commander Halcyon. Curiosity was burning in him now; the commander would not have greeted him personally unless it was something serious.

"What was so urgent that you had to bring me up here tonight?"

"Before I go into that, we have detected multiple incoming ships. By our current estimates, they will arrive in approximately 8 days."

"Do we have any information on the composition of the incoming force?"

"It appears to be a relatively small task force; we have only picked up 15 hyperspace signals."

Revan nodded. It could be a lot worse, his fleet was significantly larger but they would still need to make sure that none of the ships

got away otherwise Malak would know the exact composition of his forces. "What is the breakdown of ship class?"

"There are 4 capital ships based on the information and the remainder appear to be composed of a mix of cruiser and destroyer class ships."

"Move the gravity well generators further out; we need to make sure that none of the ships get away. Continue work on the defensive batteries as well, without a source for spare parts yet we can't afford to take too much damage."

"Yes Lord Revan." He led Revan away from the shuttle towards the lift.

"What is the real reason you brought me up here?" Revan asked. While the information on the incoming fleet was important, it was not sensitive enough to require a face-to-face meeting.

"A small cargo ship dropped out of hyperspace earlier this evening. Unlike the scout ship it did not flee. Instead, it flew straight for the planet."

"What was its cargo?" Revan asked as the two men left the hanger bay and entered the lift.

"It didn't have any cargo to speak of, just the normal stores for a long term voyage." Commander Halcyon paused for a moment when the lift doors opened. "There was only a single occupant on the freighter."

"Who was it?" Revan asked.

The lift opened up again onto the detention level. Rather than answering the question, Halcyon led Revan over to the only occupied cell at the moment. Inside was a woman of medium height. Revan recognized her immediately though it had been a few years since they had last seen each other. In fact, he had not seen her since the battle at Malachor V.

"General? I thought you were exiled by the Jedi Council."

Chapter 18: Transitions in Real time

October 24th, 2007

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

The short, lithe woman stood up gracefully from the detention cell floor. She was dressed in all black, with form fitting pants over calf-high leather boots and military style tunic. Her light blonde hair was cut short and was pulled back from her face. A slight smile graced her aristocratic features as she greeted her former leader. “I would think that after all this time you would call me by my name. If you try hard you would probably remember it.”

Revan reached over the control panel on the side of the detention cell and deactivated the security field with the press of a button. An easy smile on his face at her comment, he said “Kalia, it’s been a long time. Last I heard you were exiled by the Jedi Council.”

The smile fell from her face and she left the cell. “I was, I was wandering through the outer rim when I picked up your coded signal.”

Revan dismissed Halcyon and led Kalia away to his quarters. “So you decided you would come and look me up or are you working for that traitor Malak?”

“Many would describe you the same way, attacking the Republic after the Mandalorian War. No, I have had no contact with anyone since I was exiled.”

Revan turned his head and looked at her. He was disturbed by her presence, or lack thereof in the force. It was like there was a hole, an empty space where she was. “What happened to you? The last I saw of you was during the battle of Malachor V.”

Kalia was silent as she followed Revan. Finally she spoke when they reached his quarters. Her voice was filled with anguish he had never heard from her before. “There were so many voices screaming through the force that day. I thought I was going to go mad and I did the only thing I could.”

"You cut yourself off the force didn't you?" Horror filling his voice.

"Yes. Recently though, I have started having flashes of you and Malak. At first I thought they were memories I had suppressed but I saw you standing on this planet with Malak at your side."

"That is not a surprise really. I expect we will be facing off against each other again whether it is here or somewhere else. So how do you fit into this, unless there is more that you aren't telling me?"

Revan motioned for her to sit in one of the available chairs in his quarters. After doing so, "After I put myself before the Jedi Council, I never thought I would return to your side. I probably wouldn't have if these flashes hadn't started."

"How is that even possible if you cut yourself off from the force?"

"I don't know. Nothing else has returned, I just get these flashes and occasionally sense things through the force like I used to. I had already decided to come here when I felt the ripples in the force from whatever it was you did, that just made me more certain that I was where I needed to be." Whatever Revan had done, she knew that he was no longer a devotee of the dark side. Oh, she didn't think he was an angel but he radiated a sense of balance now that she had never felt before from him or any other Jedi.

"Where you needed to be? While I admit, I would welcome you by my side once again; you still haven't explained why you're here." Though he was happy to see Kalia once again, he was too tired to play games.

A soft chuckle rose from her lips, it was so easy to get under Revan's skin sometimes. Usually he was the consummate leader but when he was tired, as he clearly was, he lost all his patience. "It didn't seem like you and Malak were enemies but the reason I am here is because I saw myself there as well and there were others, but I didn't recognize them. In the sky there were fighters of a design I have never seen before but it was evident they were designed to inspire fear."

"Right." Revan had enough experience with force visions to know that the truth of what she saw but he wasn't sure what to do with the knowledge. The only way he would see Malak again was on the other side of a battle. "Unfortunately, I may know where those fighters come from. Still, are you willing to once again join me? I could use someone with your experience and ..." Smiling he finished "It is always nice to have another practice dummy for sparring."

"Practice dummy? If I remember right, you were the one on the ground at my feet last time we practiced. Yes, I would like to resume my position and another chance to put you in your place."

Revan stood and closed the distance between them, clasping her forearm he said "It's good to have you back friend. It's been too long. For now, get some rest and then I want you to work with Commander Halcyon to coordinate our defenses. We are expecting a force from Malak to arrive in the system soon. And, by the sounds of it, we need to plan for an attack from the Sith Empire as well."

Kalia paled. "The Sith Empire, you found them?"

Revan just nodded, the look on his face giving her all the information she needed.

"What is the composition of the incoming fleet?" Kalia asked professionally, preferring to switch away from a touchy area.

Revan pressed a small black button on the wall near his bed. Immediately, a voice rang out through the communicator. "Bridge here."

"This is Lord Revan; please have Commander Halcyon come to my quarters."

"Immediately my lord." The channel closed with a click.

"I will let Halcyon give you the details. My time has been spent planet side. There are a pair of Sith on the planet that have been stirring up trouble."

Kalia was confused. "Why would the Sith bother with this planet, based on the minimal scans I performed being detained, there is nothing of value there?"

"True, they are primitive but there is a secret community of thousands of force sensitives on the planet. They have come up with some way of artificially channeling the force but strangely it is only the dark side."

"But if that were the case, I would think they would have destroyed themselves with that many dark force users."

"The wands that they use to channel the force somehow insulate them from the more negative aspects of using the dark side." Revan was interrupted from further explanations by a soft chime letting them know someone was outside.

"Come in." Revan ordered.

The door slid open with a hiss and Commander Halcyon entered the room. "My lord, how can I be of service?"

Elsewhere in the Galaxy

"Commander Halcyon, General Kalia has once again joined with me in battle. I would like you to coordinate the fleet defense for the upcoming battle with her while I return to the planet." Revan said.

Kreia opened her eyes, the vision from the far away planet fading. A cold smile was her only expression as she sat cross-legged on the floor of her quarters. The pieces were all moving into position. There was only one left to maneuver.

Rising from the floor, she signaled the captain of her small ship using the wall communicator. "Captain, do you have any news to report?"

"We have just received word from your agent, the message has been delivered."

"Excellent, proceed to the prearranged coordinates Captain."

"Yes Ma'am." The captain replied respectfully.

Kreia sank back down and prepared to meditate in preparation for her meeting with Darth Malak. Once he was on Earth, everything would be in place.

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

James moved into the den after seeing Bastila to the suite her and Revan used. Throwing a handful of floo powder into the fireplace, he stuck his head in and called for Sirius.

"Sirius, Sirius wake up!" James called loudly.

After a few minutes, Sirius staggered over to the fireplace. It was clear that he had been asleep by his messy hair and half-closed eyes. "James what do want? It is late."

"I need you to come to Potter Manor; we need to talk about Revan." James said, his tone conveying the importance of the discussion.

Sirius blinked at James as the words slowly made their way through his consciousness. "Is he ok? He wasn't injured again was he?"

"No he is fine, but there was an attack tonight and we need to discuss the ramifications."

"Ok, I will be there. Just give 10 minutes." Sirius didn't wait for James to reply; he just turned and went back to his bedroom to get dressed.

While Sirius was getting ready, James made a similar call to Martin. As the Head Unspeakable, he needed to be involved in this. Once that was done, he went to get Lily.

Fifteen minutes later, James, Lily, Martin and Sirius were sitting in the den. After putting up a privacy ward, James sat down again.

Sirius asked the first question. "James, what was so important that we had to talk about it in the middle of the night?"

James sighed and rubbed tiredly at his eyes. It had been a long night already. "As you know, Voldemort's forces attacked Hogsmeade tonight. What you probably don't know is that after the initial moments of battle, it became obvious that it was an attempt to kill Revan specifically."

Martin who had read the reports knew James' concerns and asked "What makes you say that and why Bastila isn't here?"

James glared at Martin. The man knew precisely why Bastila wasn't present. "First, the attack was aimed at Revan because the Sith Apprentice was clearly waiting for him. He didn't even show himself until Revan arrived. To answer your second question, Bastila is not here because she is too close to Revan and is only helping us because of him."

Lily said "You make it sound like we aren't on the same side. What happened tonight? All you said earlier was that Revan killed that man."

"I don't know if you felt it, but Revan did something tonight sent out a shockwave blasting everyone from their feet. At the same time, I had a vision filled with future possibilities and hope but I couldn't help but feel some trepidation as well." James finished quietly.

"He did that? I was in my flat and I felt that. It was exactly the same; it was a sense of limitless possibilities opening up to me in the future. It gave me more hope that we could win the war than almost anything else since his return."

Lily and Martin nodded in agreement. Martin raised the question "So why were nervous or leery? You have always been very supportive of Revan in the past?"

"I love Revan. His return has filled a hole in my soul that has been with me since his disappearance. It isn't just the power he displayed, it was almost scary the amount of power he can wield. He makes Dumbledore look like a first year. It wasn't even the fact that he had to torture the man to try and get some answers. From everything I have learned from him and Bastila and the history I have been given access to, the man would have been immune to Veritaserum or

anything similar. The thing that scared me was the fact that he was so calm about it and the battle with the Order of the Phoenix afterward." James paused to take a sip of whiskey before continuing.

"There was no pleasure he took in the act or in his response to the Order. Revan simply did what he felt was necessary to reach his goal and he has no remorse for it either."

Lily gnawed her bottom lip with concern "Isn't that what you need when you fight a war?"

"Yes it is. The problem is that for Revan this is just a small skirmish in a much bigger conflict. He has told me about the enemy he is fighting, and I am afraid of what he is willing to do or sacrifice in order to defeat them."

"So what would you have us do? We can't condemn him for something he might do." Sirius argued.

"No and I am not condemning him either. We need to watch him; there is more to his past than we know. I don't know if I could ever raise my hand against him but I will not let him lose sight of us as family and individuals. My greatest fear right now is that at some point he may view us or even this entire world as an acceptable loss in his war."

Lily straightened in her chair. Determination radiating from her being. "Well, I won't let that happen. I did not get him back only to lose him again. We will make him see that we are not pieces on a board to be moved or sacrificed at will."

Malak's flagship, Elsewhere in the Galaxy

Malak stared into the depths of space from the viewport of his ship. The body of the assassin still lying on the floor at his feet, broken and bloody. The message found on his body had been simple enough. Whoever sent the assassin promised information on Revan, information necessary to bring about his downfall. He would have to go alone though.

A trap this obvious would not be Revan's style. It was clearly the work of another player. Still, he couldn't afford to let this opportunity pass, every day that went by saw more of his forces questioning his power. As long as Revan continued to exist, he would be threat to his standing. It was critical that he remove him, whatever his former friend had done recently had sent shockwaves throughout the force and signaled him as a power to be feared once again to every Jedi and Sith.

Nodding his head, his decision was made. Malak would head to the planet provided by the assassin. He would even go alone, secure in the fact that he was strong enough to defeat any opponent. After all, even Revan had fallen to his plots. A fleet would wait for him though; outside the system and ready to come to his aid should he need it.

Malak looked scornfully at the body before sweeping past him to issue his orders to the fleet and prepare for his departure. If whoever this contact was did not provide the promised information, Malak would see to it that they regretted the day they were born for the rest of eternity.

Somewhere in the UK

Kael sat brooding in the darkened room. No sounds could be heard other than the soft whirring of his communication terminals. There was a message to be sent. With the death of his apprentice, it was unlikely that he would be able to defeat the Jedi and secure this world on his own.

Finally, swallowing his disgust at the necessity of his request, he sat in front of the communication system and sent off an encrypted message. It was three simple words that would forever change the course of this wretched planet. "Send the Massassi."

Soon the Jedi would know why the Sith Empire had existed for thousands of years. This planet would be a minor obstacle on their path to conquering the Republic and any others foolish enough to stand against them.

His task done, Kael went to the practice room and began preparing for his fight against the Jedi. His apprentice would be avenged.

Chapter 19: Hunters and Prey

November 1st, 2007

Elsewhere in the Galaxy

Malak's ship was approaching the planet. With only minimal input from him, it proceeded along the preset route to the coordinates given to him by his would be assassin. Just the thought of the assassin was enough to stoke the fires of his anger. Whoever had requested this meeting would pay if their information was inaccurate regarding his 'brother.'

The ship rocked softly as he entered the atmosphere and approached the landing sight. Retrorockets fired to further slow the descent of his ship as it descended the final thousand feet coming to a rest on the cracked bed rock. After securing the ship, Malak checked his light saber and blaster. Secure in the knowledge that there were few if any that could challenge him; he lowered the landing ramp and exited the ship.

Malak scanned the surrounding area for any signs of threats. All he saw were cracked boulders and barren landscape. A mechanical growl could be heard emanating from him as he waited for his mystery information to make their appearance.

Fortunately, his patience was not tested for long. Only a few minutes had passed before he noticed a figure approaching him. There was little he could tell other than basic height since the figure was wearing a black cloak with the hood up. Briefly he considered meeting the figure halfway but quickly dismissed the idea preferring to meet on his own terms.

Despite the bright sunlight of the day, the temperature was cool. His metallic jaw reflecting the light, Malak said as soon as the figure was close enough that he did not need to raise his voice "If you have any hopes of leaving here alive, your information better be valuable. I have little patience for fool's errands." His hand was resting on the hilt of his light saber as he finished his threat.

A soft laugh could be heard coming from the cloaked figure. Pale thin hands emerged from the sleeves of the cloak and reached up to push the hood back. "Is that any way to greet one of your former teachers?" The voice asked with a chuckle.

Malak was taken aback by the grey hair and gold eyes of the woman that had been teacher and master to his brother turned enemy. Kreia always had a secret agenda, but he refused to blindly go along with her schemes. What could she be doing here? There had been no contact with the woman for some time. He had hoped she had retreated to some world never to be seen again.

"Why would you betray your former Padawan?" Malak asked coldly.

"Who says I am betraying my Padawan? I have seen a great many things through the force and your confrontation with Revan is just one of those things, important though it may be."

Malak scoffed "If you are not betraying him, then why would I believe anything you have to say? Why would I confront Revan? Any resources that he still commands could be overwhelmed easily with the forces loyal to me."

Kreia asked mockingly "Ahh, are they truly loyal to you or are they biding their time until someone stronger comes along, a true Sith lord?"

"I am the Sith Lord now, there is no other!"

Kreia laughed and it was a cruel sound that almost made Malak take a step back. "You think so do you? You are still the apprentice, Revan yet lives and grows even stronger in the force. The only way for you to solidify your position as a Sith Lord is to face Revan and defeat him."

If he could, Malak would be gritting his teeth in frustration. "Why not simply kill him from afar? Why face him in battle?" Malak asked. There was a reason, he had chosen to betray Revan to the Jedi a battle between him and Revan was by no means an assured victory.

“Stupid child, it clear why Revan was the master and you the apprentice. If you do not face him in battle, then those dark Jedi that follow you will rise up and bring your empire crashing down. Your only hope is to show them that you are worthy of the title Sith Lord.”

“How am I to find him? Unless...” Malak’s eyes narrowed “You know where he is don’t you?”

“Of course I do, I was the one who set him on this path. You too would know where he is if you would only recognize what you deny.”

Malak was never one for riddles or mysteries and he hated her taunting. “What are you talking about Kreia? I have no way of knowing where Revan is. He has remained hidden from me ever since he escaped from the trap I had set for him.”

“Are you sure of that, are you sure that you have truly severed all your ties to him?” She asked. She watched him, waiting for the realization to come.

Malak’s eyes shot wide open when he figured out what she was referring to. But it wasn’t possible; he had severed his bond with Revan long ago. Almost fearfully, he began searching his mind, he found it, there it was a mere shadow of what it once was, but it was there.

“I see you have recognized that your link with Revan still exists. Apparently, you did not truly want to sever all ties with him otherwise it would be gone. Yet it remains, weak and tenuous but there none the less.”

Hatred radiated off of Malak, hatred for Revan and for Kreia. But there was a small spark of hope too. That piece of him that still thought of Revan as a brother, that preserved a remnant of their link felt hope that the brothers could come together again. “I will kill him and solidify my position as Sith Lord!” He said forcefully while ruthlessly crushing that piece of hope within him.

Kreia teased him “You will try but it will be a simple matter for Revan to destroy you with the power at his command. Now, more than ever Revan has become an instrument of the force. You would do well to

learn that before you make a move that can't be taken back. Search your bond for his location and you will find him."

Kreia raised her hood once again and began walking back the way she came. Softly she said to herself "Go, take your place at his side Malak. You have had your time to play; it is time to walk the path set before you once again."

Malak glared at her retreating figure before he stalked back to his ship. "I will find you brother and prove my place to all who would question my authority and power."

Somewhere in the UK

Kael was working through the force blade forms that came to him instinctually now after long years of practice. Slowly, he lost himself to the flow of the blade and his anger and frustration bled away. He continued in this vein for more than two hours until he was broken from his practice by an incoming communication.

Walking over to the communications terminal, Kael activated the readout and reviewed the message. It was short and to the point. More importantly, it promised punishment for those responsible for threatening the plans of the Sith Empire. The message simply read "The Massassi have been dispatched. There will be a reckoning."

For the first time in days, Kael smiled. Not many people would have found comfort in his expression for it was one that promised pain and torture to any who stood against him. Now, he could focus on that fool Voldemort. Perhaps the worst part of his apprentice's death was the necessity for Kael to work more closely with Voldemort. The man truly had no idea of his place in the grand scheme of things. Once the Jedi were dispatched, he would show Voldemort who was in charge. Until that time, or at least until the Massassi arrived in force, he needed the resources the man had in order to continue his offensive.

Voldemort's Mansion, Little Hangleton UK

Later that same day, Kael arrived at Voldemort's mansion. As ever, he found the location to be faintly nauseating. It was all designed as a pitiful exhibition of power. It was obvious that Voldemort had no true

idea of what power was or he would have realized that the display was unnecessary and only served to undermine his authority with those intelligent enough to see it.

As usual, Kael did not greet any of the Death Eaters and went straight towards Voldemort's throne room. A simple glare at the handful of Death Eaters in the room with Voldemort sent them scurrying for the exit. "We need to discuss this attack of yours on the Ministry of Magic." He said with a tone of command clear in his voice.

"My Death Eaters will be prepared. They will never suspect that we would dare to strike them directly. In one blow, we will cripple the Ministry." Voldemort responded with confidence.

Scornfully Kael said "How will you deal with Revan Potter and his whore? They seem to be more than able to turn your attacks back?" The man's attacks had been pathetic with little strategy other than the all out attack. It was no wonder that the Jedi had been able to thwart so many of the attacks.

"No one can survive the Killing Curse; he will fall just like everyone before him."

"Yes, because that has been so effective before. If your magic was so effective, they would have been dead already. So tell me, why will this attack be any different from your previous attempts?"

Embarrassed, Voldemort asserted trying to defend himself "I'm attending this attack personally. No one has ever been able to stand before my power."

"Obviously, that explains why you needed us to restore you to power following your defeat by a child. Before you continue this farce tell me what spells have been effective against the Unspeakables and Revan Potter?"

Voldemort had to force himself to not snap at the man. Kael's power was greater than his own. "They are able to deflect virtually every spell thrown at them, including the Unforgivables. Maybe if you could give me some of those blades that you apprentice used we could match Potter."

A cold laugh erupted from Kael. “Those blades are not meant for the likes of you. Someone like you would not be able to use them effectively without years of training. There are no spells that are effective against him?”

Voldemort finally gave some thought to what the man was truly asking. If he was honest with himself, he knew that Kael had a valid point. It was obvious that the typical attacks were no longer effective. “There is one possibility.” Voldemort admitted reluctantly. “I dismissed the report because only one of my Death Eater’s reported it. He saw an exploding hex impact against Potter’s weapon and detonate rather than be deflected.”

It wasn’t much, but it made sense. “Ok this is what you are going to do. You and your Death Eaters will not use any Unforgivables in the attack on the Ministry. Exploding hexes and similar spells will be your primary weapons. Anything that can have an area effect should be used.” Before Voldemort could protest or agree, Kael finished “I will be there to make sure you follow my orders.”

“I expect to see you and your Death Eaters practicing this assault. For too long, I let my apprentice deal with you. Your failures will no longer reflect on me. You and your men will follow my instructions or I will kill you all myself.”

“Why now?” Voldemort asked almost despite himself. His body tensed in preparation for punishment of some kind. He had learned quickly that his ally did not like to be questioned and could react harshly when he was.

“Revan Potter must be drawn out. It is unlikely, even if you attack using something of a strategy for once that you will be able to defeat him. The pleasure of killing him will fall to me. I will have my vengeance on him. He embarrassed me by defeating my apprentice and for that he will suffer.” Kael’s eyes had taken on an unnatural glow as he instinctively reached for the dark side of the force to feed his anger and hate.

“Of course, and with Potter’s death, the people will cower before me.” Voldemort asserted.

He did not notice the scornful glance sent his way by Kael. The Massassi were on their way. Once the Jedi were eliminated, he could finally dispense with this fool and begin to actively bring this planet into the Sith Empire.

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

"James, whatever happened to your other friend from school?" Revan asked curiously. In the past week, he had learned more about his family and their time growing up than the months he had spent with them previously. He suspected it had something to do with his torture of the Sith Apprentice. Though he couldn't quite fathom the end goal.

A little life left James' eyes as he thought about Revan's question. It had been a long time since he had thought about Moony. Lily put a hand on his back and rubbed it soothingly even as her own face showed great sadness.

"He was killed a few years after you disappeared." James said softly.

Bastila asked "Was it retaliation from the Death Eaters?" She was no stranger to loss. Dealing with it never became any easier, the pain was just less raw over time.

James just shook his head. "No I don't think so. After Voldemort's defeat, there was a backlash against the many so-called dark creatures. Remus had always been an outspoken critic of the Ministry's position on the rights of werewolves in our society for obvious reasons. He was found one morning near Sirius' home stabbed with a silver dagger. They never found who did it."

"Did anything change after that? Was there any indication of who did it?" This from Revan.

Lily answered for James "There was never any investigation, since he was a werewolf, the Ministry didn't care."

Bastila was mystified by the idiocy of this world. "And they wonder why these people join Voldemort? The better question would be why they wouldn't. If anything, the best you can really hope for is neutrality given their treatment in the past."

"Not everyone feels that way, but I think you have seen enough of the wizarding world to know that change does not come easily and prejudice is prevalent in many forms." Lily said simply, not trying to justify anything.

"There is part of me that thinks this world deserves the Sith but then I remember that the wizarding world is but a small part of the overall population. That and no one really deserves what the Sith would do to this world. I mean seriously, you still use candles and owls when the rest of the world is hundreds of years more advanced. What is the point in not embracing the opportunities offered by the new technologies being developed every day?"

Though Revan had had little interaction directly with the non-wizarding world, his ships had been monitoring the planet in general and he was pleasantly surprised at their level of technology compared to the wizards. It would fit his plans nicely. He would need a base of operations to strike out at Malak and the Sith. This system was loaded with resources and he could make use of the population to man ships or to swell his forces. Perhaps that would be a task for the General, he needed to determine the best way to bring this planet under his control without wide scale destruction or death, it would defeat the purpose if he had to start over from scratch and rebuild the entire infrastructure of the planet instead of just enhancing it.

Lily changed the topic to something more pleasant. "Your sister suggested that we all meet for lunch during her next Hogsmeade weekend. With everything going on, she is worried about you and your father."

Revan shrugged his shoulders, still somewhat distracted by his thoughts and plans. "That would be nice; we haven't had a chance to really get to know each other." He answered absently.

James glanced at Lily and smiled. Since their discussion the prior week with Sirius and Martin, they had been trying to give Revan a better sense of their world and help him form some emotional attachments in order to keep him grounded.

"She'll be thrilled maybe a few of her friends will join us. From what she says, you are the talk of the school despite Dumbledore's efforts

to the contrary." That last part was said bitterly. Neither James nor Lily was very happy with the man and they had been seriously tempted to pull Hailey out of school and send her elsewhere to get her away from his influence.

Lily was interrupted by the now familiar chirp of Revan's communicator. Even as Revan was removing the communicator from his pocket James said "You still haven't given us a tour of your flagship like you promised."

Revan smiled and nodded at James while saying "This is Revan, go ahead."

Commander Halcyon's voice was clear through the communicator. "Sir, I have dispatched a shuttle to pick you up per your instructions. The enemy fleet is an estimated 8 hours away."

"I will be waiting. Have a status report ready for me on my arrival Commander." Revan ordered before clicking off the communicator.

He stood up and was ready to leave and meet the shuttle when he noticed the stares aimed in his direction. "There is an incoming fleet, most likely from Malak. I am going up to lead the battle." He explained simply.

Bastila started to rise from her seat to join him but he said "You're staying here. The attacking fleet is not that large but should something happen, someone has to stop the Sith. If we are both lost, the only option left would be to scorch the planet."

It took a couple of seconds for James and Lily to realize what Revan meant. They paled dramatically while Bastila prepared to argue with Revan. The look he gave all of them was that of a general ordering his troops. It was obvious, he expected them to comply, and there was no question in his mind. After seeing that his message had been delivered, he left the manor to await the shuttle.

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Revan was greeted by Commander Halcyon as soon as he landed. "Lord Revan, General Kalia is waiting for us on the bridge."

“What is the situation?” Revan asked as they crossed the landing bay towards the elevators.

“The enemy fleet should be dropping out of hyperspace in approximately 7 hours. We have deployed the majority of our forces just inside the asteroid belt and behind our defensive perimeter. The Decimator will break orbit shortly to join the rest of our forces.”

“Fighter screens?”

“Given the size of the enemy fleet, we hope to avoid using the fighters. The asteroid miners and factories are not yet operational so any forces we lose will not be replaced for some time.” Halcyon replied. He and General Kalia were prepared to argue with Revan on this point if he pushed for the use of fighters.

“That is reasonable; I assume that you expect that the laser batteries in the asteroid belt will provide sufficient cover fire to minimize the impact of any enemy fighters?”

The elevator doors opened onto the bridge and both men stepped out. “You are correct Lord Revan. The defensive batteries will primarily target the fighters while we focus on the capital ships.”

General Kalia was alerted of their presence and moved to join the two men. She approached Revan and said “We are ready to break orbit on your word.”

Revan waved his hand negligently. While he expected discipline and respect from his subordinates, he had little patience for useless decisions. “Link us up with the fleet General.”

After she issued the order, the ship vibrated slightly as the mighty engines fired breaking them away from their orbit. Kalia had another topic to bring up with Revan. “Lord Revan, earlier today we intercepted a coded transmission to Earth. The encryption bears no resemblance to anything that the Republic has used or anything that you or Malak has ever used.”

“Sith?” Revan asked.

Kalia responded professionally "Presumably. It is probably a response to the death of the Sith Apprentice you told me about. The computer is currently analyzing the message to break the code, but it is slow going."

"Let me know when you have something. I think it is safe to assume that they are sending additional forces. We will need to get our asteroid factories and miners on line if we are to have any hope of holding against a prolonged assault."

Halcyon tried to bring the discussion back around to the upcoming battle "We have broken the fleet into 4 primary groups. Each group consists of 5 battleship class capital ships. The capitals ships are supported by small flotillas of destroyers and cruisers to provide support against fighters and fast moving ships."

"Have one of the groups move behind the largest moon of the gas giant. Once the other three groups engage with the enemy they can emerge and strike from the rear to cut off any retreat." Revan ordered after a moment's thought. No doubt Kalia and Halcyon had similar thoughts.

Halcyon moved away to issue the order. "Gamma group is under way and will be in the moon's shadow shortly. The gravity well generators are fully charged and are awaiting activation. Once the enemy nears the asteroid belt, they will be activated."

Kalia turned to return to her station when Revan called out to her in a cold tone. "General, don't withhold information from me again. I expect to be notified immediately the next time we intercept any transmissions." The threat was clear in his voice.

"I apologize Lord Revan; I only thought to wait until we had something more concrete." She said respectfully.

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

7 hours later

Revan rejoined Kalia and Halcyon on the bridge shortly before the enemy fleet was expected to arrive. Already, he felt the adrenalin

coursing through his veins and his nerves were on fire with anticipation for the coming battle. “Is the fleet deployed?”

Kalia answered “Yes all ships are in place.”

Alarm klaxons started to sound in the ship. A bridge officer announced “Enemy fleet has dropped out of hyperspace. Estimated time to reach the asteroid belt is 5 minutes.”

Revan ordered “Don’t start firing until they are within range of the defense batteries in the asteroid belt. We don’t want the rabbit running before the trap can close.”

The crew waited silently as the enemy moved ever closer. Their ships were arrayed in a triangle formation. Destroyers were arrayed in the front with the cruisers completing the shell around the four capital ships.

The destroyers were flat vessels with 6 engines to provide speed and maneuverability. At only 150 meters in length, they were the smallest capital ship and lacked any fighters but their 6 quad laser batteries were deadly in anti-fighter fire and could provide covering fire to the other larger capital ships.

The cruisers were shaped like a hammerhead shark with the forward section perpendicular to the main body of the ship. It measured over 500 meters in length and was armed with a mixture of defensive laser batteries, proton torpedo launchers, and turbo lasers. Unlike the destroyers, the cruisers carried a small complement of fighters for additional defense and attack power.

The largest capital ship were the battleships measuring just short of 1,000 meters. The ships were triangular in shape and mounted a large main cannon in the bow of the ship. Anti-capital ship torpedo launchers and turbo lasers provided additional firepower. Like the cruiser, multiple squadrons of fighters could be launched within minutes.

“Enemy ships will enter firing range in 10 seconds.” A bridge officer announced.

Revan responded in a calm voice "Activate the gravity well generators and open fire as soon as they are within range. Signal the Gamma group to begin their approach in 2 minutes."

"What do you have for me?" The commander of the enemy fleet asked as soon as they dropped out of hyperspace.

"Sir, we are getting intermittent power readings from the asteroid belt but the asteroids are masking any ship signatures."

"Take us in, the traitors can't have many ships and they are probably in disrepair which would account for your intermittent readings. Launch all fighters." The commander finished.

Small one man fighters began pouring out of the fleet. Each fighter was armed with a pair of proton torpedoes and a pair of laser cannons mounted on the end of forward sweeping wings. A secondary set of wings rotated up from the main wings and also carried a pair of laser cannons. With the wings deployed into the cross like formation, the fighter was slower but more maneuverable.

The fighters formed up into squadrons and moved ahead of the fleet on their approach to the asteroid belt.

"Fighters have been deployed and the enemy fleet is now in firing range."

Immediately red laser bolts began shooting out from the asteroid mounted defense batteries. The initial barrage caught a number of fighters by surprise. Silent explosions of fire and debris were all that marked the fighters as they flashed out of existence.

The fighters broke formation and began targeting the defensive batteries. Silver-blue torpedoes launched from multiple fighters and began homing in on their targets. Moving at incredible speed, the torpedoes impacted against 4 of the asteroids housing defensive batteries. The explosions destabilized the asteroids and they

shattered into thousands of tiny pieces, the batteries themselves were destroyed in the resulting detonations.

At the same time, Beta and Delta groups powered up their weapons and targeted the enemy destroyers and cruisers as they approached from above the plane of the asteroid belt. Alpha group which included the Decimator was approaching from below the asteroid plane and focusing on the four capital ships.

Beta and Delta groups moved forward. The destroyers' defensive fire was decimating the enemy fighter formations. The cruisers began launching torpedoes at the closest ships before following up with intense turbo laser fire.

The battleships added in their own fire. Massive cannons mounted on the bows of the ship opened up and golden red beams began arcing out towards the enemy cruisers and destroyers. Each battleship targeted a different ship. Their main cannons sheared through shields and armor vaporizing everything in their wake. Secondary explosions destroyed many of the cruisers as fuel and ammunition was destroyed.

The remaining enemy fighters had managed to destroy or disable the defensive turrets in the immediate area but only a fifth of the fighters had survived the assault. The remaining torpedoes were launched at two destroyers in the Beta group. The remaining 30 fighters followed in the wake of the torpedoes firing their laser canons as soon as they were in range.

4 of the 10 torpedoes made it through the defensive fire. Three of the torpedoes slammed into the same destroyer. Massive holes were blown in the armor opening up sections of the ship to space. The third torpedo impacted the bridge shattering the armor and crippling the ship. Bodies were sucked out into space before emergency hatches slid into place leaving the charred sections exposed to the vacuum of space. All weapons fire coming from the ship ceased and it hung dead in space.

The last torpedo hit a second destroyer near its hanger bay. Defense shields and armor took a portion of the blast; the remainder was

translated to the hanger bay doors which flew into the ship crushing several shuttles and crew in the process.

The fighters focused on the disabled destroyer, raking it with laser fire. Small red blasts tore into the armor and burrowed deeper into the ship. Escape pods began to launch as the surviving crew fled.

Another destroyer and two cruisers moved in while the fighters were finishing their strafing run against the destroyer. They were able to catch the fighters in a cross fire with the remaining destroyer. Small flashes of fire signaled the end of the fighter threat.

While this was going on, Gamma group began approaching the enemy fleet from the rear. At the same time, Alpha group opened fire on the enemy battleships. The destroyers and cruisers bracketed the enemy battleships with laser and turbo laser fire, preventing them from maneuvering away. The Decimator and the three other battleships in his group opened fire with anti-capital ship torpedoes and the bow mounted cannons. The torrent of fire ripped two of the battleships apart before they could respond. The other two were severely damaged but still in the fight.

The enemy battleships opened fire on Alpha Group. Explosions devastated two cruisers when the anti-capital ship torpedoes blew holes through the entire ship. The cruisers hung in space dead for a few seconds before they were destroyed by the main cannons.

The flare of the explosions so close their own ships halted Revan's firing pattern. Gamma group had moved into position and finished off the remaining two battleships from behind. Engines were destroyed by concentrated laser blasts and torpedoes impacted the rear of the ships tearing them open and leaving them adrift.

The remaining two enemy cruisers tried to retreat only to find their hyperspace engines disabled by the gravity well generators. Before they could even get a message off, they were destroyed by the fire from the remaining vessels in all four groups.

Before leaving the bridge of the Decimator Revan ordered "Send shuttles out to pick up any life pods and prepare any prisoners for interrogation."

November 5th, 2007

Elsewhere in the Galaxy

Malak had rejoined a small task force and was currently heading towards the last known position of the fleet he had dispatched to follow up on sensor readings from one of the scouts. He knew with a certainty that surprised him that this was Revan's location. The only other information he had was flashes of a blue and green world filled with force sensitives and Revan standing in front of a large army.

His task force was small, to reduce the chance of detection. It would still be necessary to approach the system in his personal ship to maximize stealth. Not that he trusted Kreia, but the old Jedi Master was correct, he would never solidify his position until he had personally bested Revan.

With a sigh of annoyance, he sank to the floor in his personal quarters. It was still another 12 days until they reached the nearest system to Revan's location. Nothing else was pressing at the moment; the war with the Republic had ground to stalemate. So he decided to explore the remains of his bond with Revan, he may be able to get some insight into Revan's current disposition and activities. Any extra information could give him the advantage needed to finally destroy his brother once and for all.

His eyes closed, Malak slipped into a meditative state and reached through the bond to lightly touch Revan's mind.

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Revan was still on board following the destruction of Malak's fleet. Revan remained to work on plans for the subjugation of the Earth with the General and Commander Halcyon. The fragment of the Sith message they had been able to decode so far gave every indication that their military forces were on their way. Revan knew that the Sith would not give up the world without a fight, even if he killed the remaining master. Now though, they were in danger of fighting a war on two fronts, one against Malak and the other against the Sith and Massassi.

It was while he was contemplating this that he felt the touches of a presence he had not felt for a long time. Recognition was not long in coming; Malak had finally discovered that their bond was not fully severed after all. Ruefully Revan shook his head, Malak had never been as subtle as he believed himself to be. Revan's mind relaxed slightly to follow the path of Malak's search in order to discover his goals.

A smile formed as he realized that Malak was looking for. Like Bastila, Malak would be a useful ally if he could bring him around once again. The resources of the Star Forge alone would be invaluable in fighting the Sith. The smile turned predatory as Revan prepared a carefully constructed set of memories for Malak to find. It was only a matter of time before he was confronted by Malak personally and he needed to lay the groundwork now so that Malak would be in the correct mindset. Yes, it would be good to see his brother once again; they had much to catch up on.

Chapter 20: Escalating Conflict

November 6th, 2007

N.O.R.A.D., Cheyenne Mountain USA

General Edward Martin was sitting in his office reviewing the latest reports. Ever since the end of the cold war, Cheyenne Mountain had lost most of its purpose. You didn't need a sentry on the constant lookout for nuclear attack the way you did back then. Now days, it seemed like they spent most of their time monitoring old satellites that were still in orbit or assessing the impact threat levels of near earth objects, namely asteroids.

The phone on his desk rang, sounding particularly loud in the quiet office. Rather than pick up the receiver, he pressed the button to turn on the speaker. "What?"

"Sir, Colonel Maxwell is asking to speak with you." His aide said.

"Very well send him in." The meeting request was unusual enough to pique the general's curiosity. He met with the colonel once a week; their next meeting wasn't schedule for a few days yet.

Seconds later, there was a hard, crisp knock on his door. "Come in." He called out.

The door swung open and his aide announced the colonel. The colonel walked in and stood at attention before the general's desk while the aide stepped out of the office once again and closed the door.

"Colonel, take a seat." Once the man had sat down in one of the two available chairs.

The colonel handed over a folder to the general before sitting down. After flipping open the blue file folder, the general glanced through the photos stacked in the folder. He wasn't entirely sure what he was looking at. At first glance, they looked to be nothing more than standard shots of the asteroid belt but the photos were dotted with

was looked like small flashes. “What exactly should I be looking for colonel?”

“Sir these photos were taken yesterday by the Hubble Telescope. You are looking at a portion of the asteroid belt near the current position of Jupiter.”

“Is there a problem with the Hubble? What are these flashes, they almost look like explosions?” The general asked.

Nervously clearing his throat, the colonel answered “Well, based on our analysis that’s what we think they were. This is going to sound insane but the only explanation some of our best scientists have come up with is that there was a battle out beyond the asteroid belt.”

The general smiled, thinking that the man was joking until he saw him grimace. “We weren’t able to get any visuals, but the Herschel Space Observatory was targeted at the same area for a coordinated survey with Hubble. As you know, the Herschel is designed to pick up infrared radiation and it was able to capture a number of heat plumes.” The colonel handed over a second folder.

The general looked through the photos. This time, the explosions were joined by heat signatures that were moving too quickly and erratically from photo to photo to be natural. “This is for real?”

“Yes it is. The heat plumes are not of natural origin. Something is out there general and by all appearances, they were fighting against someone else.”

The general’s mind was reeling. The implications of this were immense. Not only were they not alone in the universe but someone was hanging out right on their doorstep. To make matters worse, they were at conflict with another party or at least they had to assume so given the evidence. “Thank you colonel. You’re dismissed.”

The colonel stood and saluted before leaving the office, closing the door behind him. The general leafed through the photos once again, dreading the call he was about to make. Sighing, he picked up his phone and said “This is General Martin from N.O.R.A.D. Cheyenne

Mountain; I need an emergency meeting with Joint Chiefs tomorrow morning.”

After getting confirmation from the Pentagon scheduler, he hung up the phone and exited his office stopping long enough to have his aide set up transportation. In his wildest dreams, he never expected to be bringing something like this to the Joint Chiefs. Ruefully shaking his head, one thought kept running over and over; he knew he should have taken that early retirement.

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

Lily and James were eating lunch. Lately, James had taken to eating lunch at home rather than at work. Now that Lily was aware of his real job at the Ministry, he relished spending as much time as possible with her. There was no longer any tension between them before there had always been a gulf between them. It had at times put a strain on their relationship.

After taking another swallow of ale, James asked “Why are you so quiet today?”

“I wish Revan were back. At least we know he is ok and wasn’t injured but why is he still up there?”

James had been wondering the same thing. It was amazing how fast he had gotten used to having his son back. “I’m not sure; I don’t think Bastila knows either. She seems a little nervous lately. I do know that when he gets back I’m going to make sure we get that tour of his ship he has promised us.”

Lily smiled. James was still like an excited first year at times. But she had to admit she was pretty damn curious herself. To think that her son had spent the majority of his life visiting different planets throughout the galaxy, even if much of that time was during a war it was still amazing. “Hopefully he remembers that the Hogsmeade weekend is this week and he promised to go.”

“If not, we’ll have Bastila remind him next time he checks in.” James remarked.

Lily put her napkin on the plate and began to clear the table. James finished his sandwich and brought his dish over to the sink. "I still don't understand why you don't use magic to clear everything."

"It's not the same as doing it by hand. Magic is not for everything." Lily explained for the thousandth time.

"Whatever you say dear." If there was one thing that James had learned over their many years of marriage, it was that you didn't argue with Lily unless you absolutely had to. She was both incredibly stubborn and hot tempered given the right stimulus.

Lily didn't bother turning around but a knowing smile graced her face. James had been trained well not to argue about silly things like doing the dishes with magic. He had just leaned over her shoulder to give Lily a kiss when Bastila burst into the kitchen.

"James, we have to leave. The Ministry is under attack by Death Eaters."

James and Lily paled. "Do you know how many?" James asked as he took off his robe. It would only get in the way.

"No, the message was cut off. We received a second message from agents out side of the Ministry; there are anti-apparition and anti-portkey wards up. We will need to come in through the main entrance."

James gave Lily a hard kiss before turning to leave with Bastila. "Has Revan been notified?"

"I was going to do that now." Bastila answered. On their way out of the manor, Bastila pulled out a small communicator. "Decimator, this is Bastila I need to speak with Revan."

A clear voice answered back "It will be a moment Jedi Bastila."

Less than a minute later, Revan's voice came through "Bastila what is it?"

"Revan, you're needed planet side. There is a Death Eater attack at the Ministry. You will need to come in through the main entrance; all other forms of access have been cut off."

"I'm on my way; I'll bring a squad with me. We will have to land in Diagon Alley though. Not my first choice, but there is little option." Revan turned to issue the orders while he finished up with Bastila.

"James and I are about to port key to Diagon Alley. We will enter with the other Unspeakable agents on site and try to contain them." Bastila said crisply.

"Our ETA is 15 minutes. Try and keep things under control." Revan closed the channel and made his way down to the hanger bay. The troops were already gathered by the time he reached the shuttle.

Ministry of Magic, London UK

Voldemort had arrived in the main entry hall of the Ministry of Magic with Kael and 20 of his Death Eaters. It represented a good portion of his experienced forces; the Unspeakables had been inflicting significant losses in the last few months. However, by taking out the Ministry of Magic, they should be able to make an organized defense extremely difficult and it would deal a significant blow to public confidence.

At his command, the Death Eaters spread out and began shooting spells at anything that moved. Kael stepped back into the shadows to watch and wait for the Jedi to arrive. He smiled when he noticed that none of the Death Eaters were using the Unforgivables. They were currently sticking to blasting curses and other radius spells.

Screams and explosions echoed off the walls of the large chamber. The Auror guards assigned to security were downed in the first seconds of the attack. One of the Ministry of Magic workers had the presence of mind to activate the intruder alarm. Klaxons rang on every level of the Ministry signaling an attack.

Aurors began to arrive via a specialized portkey that only worked in the Ministry. They were programmed to go wherever the alarm had

been triggered. Sirius and all Aurors in the building began to arrive. The nearest Death Eaters opened fire on them immediately.

Sirius' orders could barely be heard over the explosions as they dove out of the way. "Break into teams of three. Take them down! Do whatever way you half to!" Two Aurors joined Sirius as they dashed away from their arrival point and searched for cover as they threw spells back at the Death Eaters.

For the briefest of moments, Sirius thought they might push the Death Eaters back until he saw Voldemort enter the battle. Like his Death Eaters, he seemed to be avoiding the Unforgivables but Sirius almost wished he was. One blasting hex from Voldemort blew apart three Ministry workers that were hiding behind a small pile of rubble.

Outside the Ministry of Magic

By the time that James and Bastila arrived, there was already a group of 10 Unspeakables working on breaking down the wards that had been raised. Martin was pacing back and forth, occasionally yelling out for an update. James and Bastila approached him, while they waited for the wards to fall.

Martin turned to James and asked "James where is Revan?"

"He's on his way; he should be here in 15 minutes."

"Hopefully he isn't needed sooner than that."

After another good five minutes, Martin was about to bark out another demand for an update when the air in front of the Ministry shimmered and wavered like water before falling with a flash of pale blue light.

Now that the wards were down, Martin prepared his team. "Ok, with the wards down, we need to expect that they will be waiting for us. Break into two teams. We are not looking for prisoners in this one, there is too much at risk if they manage to take the Ministry."

"Everybody go!"

Inside the Ministry of Magic

The damage in the few short minutes that Voldemort and his Death Eaters had been attacking was immense. The main hall was in shambles. The lifts were disabled, only the Aurors were able to move between the floors now, it would take even Voldemort some time to work his way through the wards that now separated each of the floors.

When the wards he had setup outside the Ministry fell, he felt the pulse of magic. "Kael, we are about to have company. Do you plan on doing anything in this battle?" Voldemort called out caustically.

Kael was barely able to conceal his snarl of annoyance at Voldemort's arrogance. Still, he straightened from where he was leaning against the wall, having sensed the approach of a Jedi. He didn't have to wait for long. The main entry doors disintegrated in a loud explosion, debris raining down.

Kael drew his force blade and prepared to face the Jedi. He was disappointed when he saw the Jedi whore rather than her master. Then a sinister grin spread across his face, perhaps this was better. Now, he could make the other Jedi suffer the loss of his whore the way he suffered the loss of his apprentice.

Golden eyes glowing with a hard malevolent light, Kael thrust his free hand forward and midnight blue almost black lightning reached out seeking targets in a desire to cause pain and death.

Bastila sensed the attack at the last second but was not quick enough to intercept it with her staff. She felt her body stiffen as the lightning coursed through her causing her muscles to spasm. A scream was forced from her lips as the pain overwhelmed even her Jedi conditioning.

Two Unspeakables peeled off the main body and began attacking Kael in an effort to distract him. Neither man was able to get past Kael's defenses but it was enough to distract him.

Bastila gasped for air as the lightning and pain dissipated. She lifted her head in time to see the Sith swing his blade deflecting another set of spells before spinning and reaching out with his force blade. Like a hot knife through butter, the force blade sheared one of the Unspeakables' heads off just above the shoulders. Blood fountained

from the wound as the body collapsed to floor, the head rolled some distance away.

The man's partner growled at the death and attacked with renewed vigor. Bastila regained her feet and once again switched on her saber staff and prepared to face off against the Sith Master.

From the onset, it was clear that the Sith was toying with her. None of her attacks ever came near him as he blocked or dodged. Bastila struggled and felt her frustration growing, unlike the Sith, she was covered in small slashes and nicks from his force blade. Her only hope was that Revan would arrive in time.

Voldemort/Martin/James

Martin and James had been moving towards Bastila's side when they caught sight of Voldemort attacking a group of Aurors that had been cornered. Sharing a quick glance, they positioned themselves to attack Voldemort. As much as they wanted to check on Bastila, this was a battle.

The two old friends separated to make it more difficult for Voldemort to take them out. Once in position, both James and Martin yelled out the same spell. *Avada Kedavra* and twin beams of sickly emerald light shot towards Voldemort.

Voldemort, lost in the pleasure of the battle did not notice the attack until he was struck by both spells in the back. A shimmering energy field seemed to absorb both spells. But Voldemort still screamed in pain as the device given to him by Kael shorted out burning through his robes and searing the skin on his right hip. A slight limp showed his injury as he spun to face his attackers.

A deep purple spell hurtled from his hand and a similar spell shot forth from his wand. Each spell zeroed in on Martin and James. Neither of the men was willing to take a chance with something cast by Voldemort. Shields were cast and both men dodged the incoming spells. Unlike the normal explosive hex, this one just caused matter to break apart into its base elements.

James paled when the debris that had been shielding him shimmered and fell apart into a shower of dust. Even as he regained his feet, his wand was moving in a complicated pattern as he cast a string of spells one after another.

Voldemort smiled as he deflected the spells effortlessly into the Aurors that were nearby. Two of the three Aurors were ripped apart, limbs torn from their bodies, blood spraying over the floor by the force of the spells. "Impressive Potter, I didn't think you had it in you to pull something like that off."

Martin took advantage of Voldemort's distraction and cast a similar string of spells. The first two were absorbed by the shield Voldemort raised, the last made it through forcing Voldemort to his knees.

After casting another shield, Voldemort turned his blood red eyes toward Martin and slammed his palm down onto the floor while chanting softly. Red and yellow energy began pouring from his hand into the floor until it built up a critical mass. When it did a line of fire flared into existence and moved inexorably towards Martin.

James could feel the heat from the flames even from his position on the opposite side of Voldemort. None of his spells had made it through the shield but it was flaring now, a sure sign that it was nearing collapse. Raising his wand above his head, he began chanting his own spell, something he learned as an Unspeakable. Brownish green energy began gathering at the tip of his wand. It was being gathered from all around him. The spell he was casting was too powerful for any single wizard; it needed to pull in ambient magic from the environment. James only prayed that the wards separating the floors would protect everyone else as he pointed his wand down at floor by Voldemort's feet.

The swirling ball of brownish green magic sprang from his wand and sailed towards Voldemort, impacting the floor by his feet. Rather than an explosion, the magic created a small swirling black vortex that began sucking in matter and free magic. Spells swerved towards it and were sucked in. With each spell and piece of stone, the vortex grew larger.

Voldemort released his fire spell and moved away from the vortex with great difficulty, struggling for each step against the pull. When he was just than 10 feet away, the vortex collapsed in on itself before exploding outward with a blinding flash of white light. Voldemort's body flew into a nearby pillar and collapsed to the ground stunned.

Even his position did not insulate James, the explosion caused the entire building to quake, shaking damaged tiles and stones loose from ceiling. Not realizing his danger, James failed to dodge a piece of stone masonry that fell and struck him in the shoulder, driving him to the floor under its weight.

Martin unable to escape the fire from Voldemort's spell had suffered extreme burns over half his body before the spell dissipated. He was in no position to dodge the aftereffects of James' spell. His wounded body escaped the worst of the blast but like James he was caught by the aftereffects. A large piece of masonry fell on his chest, staving in his ribs. Struggling to breathe as his lungs filled with blood, Martin died a short while later, bloody foam on his lips a testament to his final moments.

Revan

Revan and his men arrived in Diagon Alley. Their shuttle causing a panic to the wizards and witches that were going about their business oblivious to the attack underway in the Ministry. Issuing orders quickly, Revan and the detachment of troops entered the Ministry.

Revan scanned the interior for any sign of James or Bastila while his men fanned out and began shooting at the remaining Death Eaters. James and Voldemort were the first that he spotted. The noise from his troops' blasters made it useless to call out.

Voldemort had shaken off the blast and was standing again and leaning slightly against the pillar for support. He was about to move when he heard the noise of the blasters echoing above the few explosions and incantations still going on around him. Turning his head, he eyes found Revan approaching him and he caught sight of more than 10 uniformed soldiers attacking his Death Eaters. Grimacing in disgust, Voldemort issued a retreat command and portkeyed away, but not without leaving Revan with a parting gift.

James hadn't moved since collapsing to the floor so he never even saw Voldemort's final spell. It sliced into his right leg searing through flesh and bone severing it just above his knee. He screamed once in pain before passing out.

Revan was about to move towards James when Bastila's scream caught his attention. He turned and raced towards her as he saw the Sith stab his force blade through her forearm between the two bones. She screamed again and dropped her staff as he twisted the blade and forced the bones apart and sliced through arteries and veins.

Kael grinned as he pulled his blade free and prepared to face the other Jedi. "Come to save your whore Jedi?"

"No, Bastila can take care of herself. I just wanted to see if the Master was as pathetic as the apprentice." Revan said easily while he slid his light saber from his belt and clicked it on. The blade was casting an eerie red glow over his face in the dim light of the entrance high.

"Why are you wasting your time on this pathetic world? It will be your final resting place Jedi if you don't leave." Kael taunted, dropping his free hand to his side, the black lightning begin to arc between his fingers.

"I already killed your apprentice, once you're dead, there won't be any Sith left on this planet." His saber held at a ready position in front of him.

"This planet will be crushed beneath the heel of the Sith Empire and I will make sure you are there to see it happen."

"I hope you aren't counting on help from your Massassi warriors." Revan taunted again, enjoying the look of surprise and hate on the Sith's face. "Did I forget to mention we intercepted your message? Sadly for you, it was never received. You are all on your own little Sith."

Power flared from Kael's eyes. The black lightning exploded from his hand and screamed towards Revan.

Revan was already moving; he spun out of the way and reached out with the force. Knowing that the Sith's armor protected him from many attacks, he focused on his unshielded hand, the one shooting lightning at him. He gathered the force around the Sith's hand, increasing the pressure exponentially.

The Sith's attack faltered as the bones in his protested against the increasing pressure. Nerves were screaming at him as he clutched his ruined hand to his chest, the bones splintered and crushed.

Both opponents used the force to enhance their strength and speed as they faced off against each other. Their bodies were a blur as both struggled to get the upper hand. Blades clashed against each other, warring for dominance and position. The pair danced back and forth, Revan's saber leaving numerous scorch marks on the Sith's armor, but none of his blows was more than glancing. His own armor showed nicks and gouges from the thrusts and slashes of the Sith's blade.

Again the two blades locked together. Revan looked at the Sith calmly across their blades. Power was radiating from his body. "You can't win."

For a brief moment, fear flashed across Kael's eyes, and then it was gone replaced by anger and hate once more. He surprised Revan with a burst of strength, forcing him back a couple of steps. "It's just a matter of time before I kill you Jedi." With that, he turned and fled towards the entrance.

Revan knew he would never catch the man so he threw his light saber at him using the force to guide it and speed it up. Kael sensed the incoming blade and moved to the side. Revan adjusted the blade but only caught the Sith in the arm slicing through it just below the elbow.

The Sith staggered for a moment, clutching at his elbow with his crushed hand before racing through the entrance. By the time Revan reached the outside, the Sith was gone. Still, he it wasn't a total loss. He looked down and grinned maliciously at the severed arm and force blade that were on the ground near his light saber.

Moving back inside Revan walked over to Bastila. She was unconscious and her face was pale and she had tied a strip of fabric torn from her robe tightly around her injured arm. The damage must have been too severe for her to heal with the force. Revan was about to call for his men when he was approached by an Unspeakable.

“Revan, your father...” The Unspeakable cut off, unsure how to proceed.

“What about my father? Is he dead?” Revan asked.

“No, but before he fled Voldemort cast a spell that severed your father’s leg.”

“Ok, but I thought you could regrow lost limbs?” He asked confused.

“Normally yes, but the spell cauterized the wound so we won’t be able to do anything for him.” The Unspeakable said apologetically.

“Fine...” Revan turned away and waved his men over.

The commander jogged over to Revan “My Lord, the area is secure. We lost 2 men and 3 others are injured.”

Revan nodded and ordered “Commander, we will need to bring my father and Bastila aboard with us. Both require immediate medical attention.”

“Yes my Lord.” The man turned away to begin issuing the orders to have everyone returned to the Decimator.

“Commander, have a shuttle sent to Potter Manor to retrieve Lily. She will undoubtedly want to be aboard to be with James. I will be with you shortly.” His men began moving about like a well oiled machine, gathering the dead and wounded and bringing them to the shuttle. Revan was preparing to leave for the shuttle when another Unspeakable approached him.

“Revan; please keep us informed of James’ condition.”

“Why?” He asked bluntly.

"We just found Martin's body. He's dead. James is now the senior Unspeakable so for the time being, until a new head is chosen he will be in charge." The Unspeakable explained.

"Very well." He handed the Unspeakable his communicator and explained its use to the man. "I will radio you with his condition."

"Thank you Revan."

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

Lily was frantic as she waited for news. Her mood was made worse when the shuttle came roaring down. She left the safety of the manor to approach, curious to see what it was doing here when the battle was in London. She waited as patiently as she could while the ramp lowered and a man walked down to greet her.

"Lily Potter?"

A cold pit opened up in her stomach at the question "Yes I'm Lily. What's happened?"

"Ma'am I need you to come with us."

"What? Why?"

"I don't know the details ma'am. I only know that there were some injuries and Lord Revan felt you would want to be present during the medical treatment."

"Revan? Who was injured? Did anyone die?"

The man looked at her apologetically "I'm sorry ma'am but I really don't have any more information. All I know is that someone was injured but not who or how bad. Please, come with me, we will have you on board in less than 15 minutes."

Anguish filled her voice "Yes, please take me with you." She was listless for the journey, worry overwhelming her.

November 7th, 2007

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Revan, Kalia, and Lily had just entered the medical bay after eating a short breakfast. There had been little sleep the previous night for Revan and Lily as they waited for word on James' and Bastila's condition. On entering the bay, the Chief Medical Officer, an aging man of medium height with thinning hair and a noticeable paunch walked over to them. "Lord Revan, General it is good to see you."

"Save the pleasantries doctor, how are James and Bastila doing?" Revan asked tightly, partly from worry and partly because Lily was clutching his arm so tightly he thought she was going to cut off the blood flow.

"Both patients have been stabilized and are currently in Kolto tanks. They should be out later today." There was something about his expression that told the three visitors that something was wrong.

Lily was the one to break the silence "But? What aren't you telling us?"

Clearing his throat a little nervously, the doctor glanced at Revan before turning his attention back to Lily. "Yes, well both have suffered some injuries that we were not able to repair. Unfortunately, we were unable to save your husband's right leg."

Lily started to cry and she grabbed onto Revan to keep from collapsing. Revan however was not as upset because he knew that there were options available. "Was there any nerve damage that would prevent the use of an artificial limb?"

The doctor was grateful for Revan's question. He had been worried about his reaction to the news. He shook his hand and quickly read over the report on James he had on the data pad. "No, there is nothing to prevent it. In fact, before we put him in the Kolto tank, we took all the necessary readings and measurements. The medical droids are preparing the leg now and it should be ready by the time he is removed from the tank."

Revan nodded and turned to Lily "Lily, I know it sounds awful but you don't need to worry. There was no permanent damage..."

Revan didn't get to finish his sentence because Lily cut him off angrily "No permanent damage, he lost his leg. I would call that permanent damage. Wasn't it enough that we lost you for 25 years and now this?"

Kalia tried to step in "Lily, the doctor said that there was nothing to prevent James from using an artificial leg. Now while I'm sure that such options are not very desirable on your planet, in the Republic artificial limbs are virtually indistinguishable from the real thing. After some time to adjust, James will be walking and running just like he used to."

Lily turned her tear filled eyes to the doctor "Really, is what she said true?"

"Yes it is."

Before Lily could say anything else Revan asked about Bastila. "Is there anything else wrong with Bastila were you able to save her arm?"

"No, I'm afraid not. The tourniquet she had applied when the artery was severed starved the tissue of oxygen for too long, there was nothing we could do. So, like James, she will be fitted with an artificial replacement."

"She won't be happy about that, but unless she wants to go around with only one arm she won't have a choice." Kalia muttered under her breath. The amused look from Revan told her that she hadn't said it as softly as she thought.

"Their other injuries were not life threatening so I am confident that they will make a full and speedy recovery. I suggest you come back around dinner time, which is when I expect to remove them both from the tanks."

"Thank you doctor. I think Lily would like to stay but unfortunately I have matters to attend to." Revan and Kalia left the medical bay leaving Lily to sit in silent vigil by the tank that James was floating in.

Chapter 21: No Rest for the Weary

November 8th, 2007

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Revan and Kalia were reviewing the current fleet status reports. Repairs from the battle were virtually complete but there was still concern about a lack of reinforcements. The fleet was not very large and would not be able to hold off a prolonged siege from the Sith or from Malak. As it stood, their greatest advantage was the natural resources available in the system and the time they had had to establish a defensive perimeter.

Something had been bothering Kalia for a while now. She couldn't understand why Revan was willing to risk his few remaining ships to safeguard this planet while he hunted down a pair of Sith. Through their conversations she had learned of his torture at the hands of the Sith, but that still didn't explain why he was willing to risk everything for an inconsequential planet.

"Revan, there's something that has been bothering me for a while now." She said tentatively, unsure of how he would react to someone questioning his actions. He had always welcomed dissenting views during the planning of an operation but once everything was set he did not take kindly to further questions.

Looking up briefly from the reports spread out before him, Revan said distractedly "What is it?"

"I understand that your family is here, but why are you willing to risk the remnants of your forces to protect this back water planet?"

Revan was silent. He just continued to review the reports as if she hadn't asked a question. Finally when Kalia was about to give up hope of receiving an answer, he turned to look her in the eyes. "You're the first person to ask that. Even Bastila has never come out and asked me, I think she prefers to think that I am here to fight for my family." He finished with a sarcastic smile proving to Kalia that family was not the reason

"So if it isn't for your family, why are we staying here?"

Taking on the tone of a commander describing his army's goals, Revan explained "This planet, despite the fact that it is primitive, is too valuable a resource to let the Sith have it without a fight."

"Yes, the system has abundant natural resources, but there is nothing that couldn't be found elsewhere and the planet itself is really no different. Why is it so critical to keep away from the Sith?"

"There are a few million witches and wizards on the planet. Each one is force sensitive to some degree. If not for them, I would never have stayed, but think of the pool of potential Jedi or Sith that the planet represents. I will glass the planet before I let it fall to the Sith."

Millions of force sensitives, the power such a force offered was tremendous. "How has it gone undiscovered for so long? The Jedi would surely have taken the children for training."

"The only Jedi that knew of this planet was Kreia and she never shared the knowledge with anyone, including me until recently."

"Ok, so I see why you are fighting to keep this planet from falling under the Sith's rule. Their army would be huge, filled with force sensitives. Nothing the Jedi or Republic could field would be a match against something like that."

Revan gave her a measuring stare. She was right about one thing; he didn't have enough forces to protect this planet. Ironically, Malak in his effort to learn more about Revan's state of mind had opened up their bond and allowed Revan into his own mind. It had taken patience on his part, but he had been able to lead Malak around to memories of the Star Forge and Malak's time there after betraying Revan.

Now all he needed to do was to get someone on the inside. Until Kalia's arrival, the only person he could send would be Bastila and he didn't think she would be willing to go. "Is Commander Halcyon up-to-speed on the fleet status and construction efforts?"

Surprise at the question showed in Kalia's eyes. Was Revan unhappy with her performance? Then another thought struck her and she almost laughed out loud. Why was she being so paranoid, she hadn't acted like this since she was a Padawan? She took a calming breath and felt her confidence return. "Yes he is, we have been working closely together since my arrival."

Revan nodded, pleased with the answer though not surprised. Kalia was too experienced to keep the command staff in the dark. Of course it could bite you in the ass too as Malak had used the information to betray Revan. "I have a mission for you."

Kalia smiled and stood up, her back ramrod straight. "What do you need me to do?"

"I want you to take a battleship and a cruiser to the Star Forge. I have recently acquired the access codes. You will take command of the station and begin construction of a new fleet to strengthen our forces."

Kalia was stunned. She couldn't get her voice to work for a moment as processed the order. The Star Forge was powered by the Force and was able to construct ships of all sizes at an incredible rate. It was the reason that Revan and Malak had been able to lay siege to the Republic.

Her mouth moved soundlessly a few times before she finally was able to respond. "But, how did you get the codes? With those you can cripple Malak's forces; do you have agents at his side?"

Revan laughed coldly "Malak gave them to me, when he foolishly opened our link again. He has been trying to bring up past fears and undermine my confidence for days now. I just took advantage of his efforts and directed his own memories to reveal the current access codes."

"Why, why would he do something so foolish? Even if you hadn't been able to get information from him, it would warn you of his intentions." She argued.

Revan just shook his head “Malak was my equal in many things, but subtlety was never his strong suit. He no doubt thought he was being stealthy but I sensed the change in our bond almost immediately.”

“Do you want ships immediately or do you want to hold them at the Star Forge?” Kalia asked, given the distance communication would be time consuming. So knowing his plans ahead of time was critical.

“We are going to need the ships here so you use your best judgment.”

“Very well. I will take the *Adjudicator* and the *Exeter*. I will send Halcyon to you for any additional orders you may have.” She finished before beginning to walk off to gather her things and transfer to the battleship *Adjudicator*.

“Send regular communications and don’t forget to use the current encryption codes.” Revan called out to her.

Kalia turned to respond but ended up just rolling her eyes at his order. Did he expect her to transmit sensitive data on an open channel for everyone to hear? She wasn’t a rookie.

A few hours later

Revan was working in his office. He would be heading to the med bay soon to visit his father and Bastila but there were plans he needed to set into motion first. Even if either woke up before he got there Lily was no doubt holding vigil and could provide any explanations before he got there.

The door slid open admitting Commander Halcyon. As always, the man’s uniform was impeccable and he stood at attention waiting for Revan to acknowledge him. Rather than say anything, Revan waved the man over to a seat.

Halcyon delivered his brief report in a professional tone “Lord Revan, General Kalia has left the ship. She expects to be underway within the hour.”

"Excellent Commander, in the General's absence, I expect you to once again take command of the fleet while I am on the planet."

"Do you have any specific orders in that regard Lord Revan?"

"Yes, I want you to begin putting together a plan to occupy the planet with a minimum of destruction."

"Occupation my Lord?" He blurted without thinking.

Revan glared at the man. "Yes Commander, I said occupation. This planet is too valuable to let fall to the Sith once we leave. For now determine the feasibility of occupation with our current forces, if the General's mission is successful we will have access to the Star Forge again and everything that comes with it."

"My apologies Lord Revan but given the nature of the enemies we face, having the Star Forge under our control would be invaluable."

Revan nodded his agreement with the Commander. "Commander I also want to initiate a ground search of Britain. We need to find the Sith's location, hopefully before his reinforcements arrive. Voldemort is a secondary target but the search parties should be fully armed and prepared to shoot on sight."

Again Halcyon just nodded, accepting his orders without question. "I will establish a search grid and send teams down. The risk of exposure will go up if there are any active conflicts."

Revan smiled grimly. "It is a risk we will have to take. We have played this game too long as it is. I will instruct James to have the Unspeakables go on the offensive as well. It will be more difficult for either target to hide with searches being carried out by magical and non-magical forces."

"Anything else my Lord, if not I will issue the orders?"

Revan looked down at the navigation charts in front of him. Without looking up again he said "Malak is on his way, he should be here sometime in the next 5 to 8 days." Guessing that Halcyon was expecting Malak to bring a fleet he explained further "He is coming

alone. He plans to face me one on one in order to claim the title of Master.”

“What would you like done?”

“Let his ship through, once he lands, jam all communications and activate the gravity well generators. I don’t want him leaving the system.”

The two men discussed Revan’s orders for a few more minutes. Halcyon asking questions to clarify priorities and secondary objectives. When the orders had been explained to his satisfaction, Halcyon prepared to leave the office after being dismissed by Revan.

The door opened before Halcyon could leave and a senior bridge officer entered. He stood at attention and spoke “Lord Revan, Commander Halcyon my apologies for interrupting”

“What is it Captain Batell?” Halcyon asked.

“Sirs, the Black Star has lost power while undergoing repairs and refit and is drifting.”

Halcyon sighed tiredly “What are you trying to tell us Captain? How bad is the power loss?”

The Captain was still standing ramrod straight when he delivered the bad news “Engineers estimate that they can have full power back up within the next 4 hours. However, the Black Star had drifted out from behind the dark side of the moon.”

“Why not just tow her back?”

“We have already done so, but there is a good chance that she was picked up by the surveillance satellites around the planet.”

Revan rubbed his eyes. The last thing he needed was to cause a panic on the planet before he was ready to begin his occupation. “There’s nothing to be done about it now. Thank you captain.”

After the captain left, Revan leveled a look at Halcyon “Commander step up the priority for plans on occupation. If the Black Star was observed, it is going to light a firestorm in the world governments.”

His work done for the moment, Revan brought everything to his quarters before heading off to see how Bastila and James were doing. He needed a distraction from the coming conflicts.

Med bay

Lily was sitting next to James while the doctor explained his condition. Like Lily, James reacted poorly to the news that his leg was unsalvageable. Immediately, images of Mad Eye Moody walking around with a wooden peg leg filled his head. It would be impossible for him to continue as an Unspeakable agent, he simply wouldn't have enough mobility. He found that more upsetting than the loss of the leg itself.

James was so lost in his thoughts that he didn't even hear the doctor describe the artificial leg he would be fitted with shortly. In fact, he only returned his attention to the doctor when he received an elbow to his ribs from Lily. Blushing faintly he said “I'm sorry, my mind wandered can you repeat that.”

The doctor repeated his description of the leg. James was surprised to hear that they were giving him an artificial leg. It apparently would take time for him to adjust to it because it would not be the same as his real leg. At first he thought this meant that it would be weaker, more easily injured. This was not the case. He was actually excited to learn that the leg would be stronger and would not experience fatigue so James would have to learn to recognize signs of strain or exhaustion that he may ignore otherwise and damage his real leg.

Lily was a little less excited about the whole thing than her husband was. The leg was always going to be a reminder of how dangerous his real job was. Her son had been lost for so long because of the war and now she almost lost her husband. Despite this, she did not want to see James crippled and was thankful that Revan's people could heal him.

Both James and Lily shared a brief look of shock when the med droids brought the completed leg out for attachment. James in particular was looking at the leg with some apprehension. He just knew that it was going to hurt like hell. Sure enough, he almost broke Lily's hand squeezing it so hard while he fought the pain.

After close to a half hour, the procedure was done. James was covered in sweat and Lily was rubbing her hand trying to restore the circulation. Once again the doctor began to explain the types of rehab that James would have to go through in order to master the leg. James nodded in all the appropriate places while never taking his eyes off his new leg. It was sleek dark silver. The internal mechanism could be seen in spots near the knee joint but the remainder looked like corded muscle.

Lily couldn't help herself. She reached and ran her hand along the cool metal in what used to be her husband's thigh. "Will it always feel cool?" She asked curiously.

"It will typically be room temperature."

James was ecstatic. He had felt Lily running her hand over his leg. It was incredible that something mechanical could so perfectly mimic his real leg.

The three looked over towards the main hatch when they heard it slide open. Revan strode in. He was somewhat surprised to see that James already had his leg attached. For a moment, he felt pity for his father. Malak was the only time he had ever witnessed someone undergo the procedure and he knew it was incredibly painful. Unfortunately, Bastila would go through it as well. But at least she could fall back on her Jedi training to move beyond the pain.

Revan spent some time checking up on his father while the doctors continued attaching Bastila's new hand and arm. He and his parents spent a few minutes talking about James' injuries and actually laughing about what he could do with his new leg. It had been so long since he had truly laughed, Revan marveled at the feeling. Liberating, that was really the best description for it. He felt liberated if only for a few moments, the problems and the enemies he had to face didn't seem as important or consuming.

Movement out of the corner of his eye caught Revan's attention. Turning away from James he noticed that the doctor and droids had finished attaching Bastila's arm and she was flexing the hand and apparently testing out her dexterity by reaching for various mechanical instruments arrayed around her.

Revan made his way over to Bastila, leaving James and Lily alone for the moment. Her back was to him so she didn't notice his approach until he rested his hand on her shoulder and gave it a gentle squeeze by way of greeting.

"How does it feel?" Revan asked, feeling no need to clarify what he was referring to.

Bastila looked down at her metallic silver hand flexing each of her fingers separately for a moment. Since they had pulled her from the tank, her emotions had been all over the place. Meditation was what she needed to center herself once again.

She watched the play of the metal as the servos underneath contracted and relaxed mimicking muscles and tendons. "How do you think it feels?" She spat bitterly.

Inwardly, Bastila cringed at her accusation. It wasn't fair to blame Revan but she needed someone to lash out at and he was the best target. Even if it was only indirectly, he was partially to blame for her condition. He could have arrived sooner or never brought her to this forsaken planet in the first place.

Revan had his own frustrations that he was dealing with. Things were going to come down to the wire. If the Massassi came in force, there was little chance he would be able to defend the planet. Even if his plan for the Star Forge worked, it would take time for the ships to be built and arrive in this system. His best hope oddly enough lay in his ability to bring Malak back to his side. There was little doubt in his mind that Malak would have a fleet nearby. With luck, the additional forces would be enough to hold out in the short term against any assaults. Listening to Bastila whine about something that was a result of her own failures was not helping his mood either.

Revan replied coldly without any pity "You've heard my experiences over and over again but you never took them to heart."

Bastila bristled at the implied accusation, clenching her fist reflexively. Her new hand crushing the fragile medical instrument she had been holding. "I've been practicing with you for weeks now..."

Cutting her off Revan said sharply "Yes and you've improved greatly. But until you can release your fear of losing control, you will always be weak."

"What would you have me do, fall to the dark side like you and Malak? Maybe you'd be happy if I led a war that killed millions of people. Would that make me strong enough for you?"

James and Lily turned to look at the pair, surprised since they rarely argued.

"I did what was necessary to protect people from the threat of the Sith. Do you really think the Republic or the Jedi have any chance of standing up to the Sith? You couldn't even beat one Sith one on one and you are held up as a model for what the Jedi should be."

"You have a strange way of protecting people. Maybe you can explain it to the survivors of the worlds that you have destroyed. The Mandalorians may have been defeated in the war but you just continued the conflict. At least they weren't traitors to the Order or the Republic."

Revan's eyes blazed "The Mandalorians lost their honor. They killed for the sake of killing and needed to be put down. You and the rest of the Order didn't have the stomach to do what needed to be done. You accuse me of killing people in the name of protection but what about you and the rest of the Jedi Order. My actions were my own, you stood by and let the Mandalorians destroy world after world while you stood by doing nothing."

"Where has your crusade gotten you? Hunted by the Order and the Republic where you are viewed as one of the worst criminals in recent history. I know where it has gotten me." She hissed holding out her metallic hand for his inspection.

"Yes poor Bastila, she went up against a stronger opponent and lost. Should I get on my knees and beg for your forgiveness because you couldn't get over your fears and prejudice to face down one enemy. You lost, get over it and move on. If you ever need a reminder of what we are fighting all you have to do is look down."

Revan just stalked out of the med bay. He could talk to James about the Unspeakables later. Right now, he couldn't take any more of Bastila's misdirected anger. Despite his feelings for her, there were more important things going on than an immature Jedi wallowing in self-pity.

James and Lily were still staring at Bastila and the Revan's back as he stalked out of the med bay. "What were they arguing about? They told us about the civil war but I always assumed that they were on the same side."

James shrugged his shoulders. "They must have known each other before it started. It's obvious that Bastila thinks Revan betrayed her and the Jedi. But it doesn't make sense, I thought he was betrayed so which side is Revan fighting on?"

"I don't know and I'm almost afraid to find out. If Bastila isn't lying, Revan ..." She couldn't say it. Her son would never do that; he would never sacrifice all those people.

Warm, comforting arms wrapped around her and held her tight. Similar thoughts were running through his head. Unlike Lily, James had seen many of Revan's memories. He knew there was darkness in his son, a drive to attain his goals whatever the cost. It was his biggest fear that Revan would one day sink into the abyss, now he began to wonder if he hadn't already been there and pulled himself out.

Gunboat Beachhead, Elsewhere in the galaxy

Malak stood up from the pilot's chair after completing a systems check. All systems on the ship were operating at peak efficiency. The stealth field was active and should prevent him from being detected when he dropped out of hyperspace. Satisfied with the condition of

the ship, Malak moved back to his quarters to begin his meditation again.

After years of practice, his mind was cleared of outside thoughts and stimuli in a matter of seconds. He could feel the bond connecting him to Revan, like a bridge across the emptiness of space. Once again, he reached out over the chasm to touch his former brother's mind. Contact was made quickly and he found himself submerged in memories of Revan's torture at the hands of the Sith.

Against his will, he felt some sympathy for what Revan was put through. The Sith were a fearsome enemy, not unbeatable but simply merciless. This was why they had attacked the Republic following the end of the Mandalorian wars. The Republic would never survive against an enemy like this, it needed to be strong to face the coming storm.

Lost in the meditation, Malak's thoughts began to drift without realizing they were being subtly guided by Revan. Where had things gone wrong? When had their war become a war of conquest? Would even the power of the Star Forge be enough to stand against the Sith when most of the planets under his control had been leveled during their conquest? It would take years for them to be rebuilt.

His wanderings through Revan's mind had given him a grander purpose than simple conquest. Protection from the Sith, the destruction of their empire was the end goal. How could it be done? A low mechanical sound growl echoed softly off the walls of his quarters signaling Malak's frustration.

It had always been Revan who developed their strategies. Malak's strength lay in tactical planning, executing those strategies, bringing them to reality. It was what made them such a formidable team. It was also why the conquest of the Republic had stalled out since his betrayal of Revan.

His thoughts focused more on Revan and the role he could play. As if guided by his thoughts, Revan's mind began to display memories of planning sessions and late nights spent poring over the latest reports. He watched some of his greatest victories as he brought his tactical experience to the table and executed on Revan's strategies and his

greatest defeats when trying to implement his own plans and grand stratagems.

The memories played on, guided by Revan. They were laying the groundwork, reminding Malak of his place and why Revan was still his Master. Not that he expected Malak to surrender himself without a fight, but the seeds of self-doubt had been planted and they were finding fertile ground to grow.

Jedi Vessel Shining Truth, Elsewhere in the galaxy

Kreia smiled as she finished meditating. Events were proceeding as she had planned. Malak was nearing Earth. In another 5 – 7 days he should arrive. Once he was there, he would be too far to get back to the Star Forge in time. After he reached Earth, she would make her way to the Star Forge and use the access codes she had obtained from one of her spies.

In one move, she would break the back of the Republic's greatest enemy. She would be a hero to the Republic, giving her time to build her forces using the limitless resources of the Star Forge.

The galaxy had been terrorized first by the Mandalorians. Then Revan in his zealous need to awaken the Republic to the threat of the Sith made war once again with little thought to the lives he crushed in the process. Lastly there was Malak, striving to prove himself the Master by brutalizing world after world with no goal other than conquest.

All three had been necessary. The attacks had shown the Republic the need for strength against the wolves tearing at the doors. She would be different; she would be the strength the Republic was looking for. She would be the one to bring order to chaos. Under her rule, the Republic would grow strong again. It would stand as a united front against all who would oppose it.

Soon, in less than a week's time, she would begin her journey to Star Forge to put the remaining portion of her plan into motion.

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Revan returned to the med bay later that day. He had been informed that Bastila was resting in her quarters. When he asked about his father, he was told that James had been given a set of exercises to perform that would help him adapt to his new leg and he was free to leave. Before leaving for the med bay, he had ordered that a shuttle be readied for departure. It was time to return to Earth. Things up here were currently under control and Malak would be arriving soon.

James was lying back on the examination table; the doctor was completing his final checkup. It had been less than a day but he was ready to get out of here. Lily was sitting next to him waiting patiently for the doctor to finish.

"James, Lily I'm told that you are anxious to get out of here." Revan said with forced cheer.

His head turned to look over at his son. A smile bloomed on his face as he said "We were hoping to get that tour you promised."

Groaning to himself Revan replied "Of course and when we are done, I have a shuttle waiting to take us back to Earth." Turning his attention to the doctor "Is he cleared to leave?"

The doctor finished up and the trio left the med bay. Revan led them slowly through the ship, giving James time to adjust to his leg. While they were walking Revan brought up the Unspeakables.

"James, I think you should know that Martin was killed in the battle. I was told that until an official replacement is named, you are the acting head of the Unspeakables."

Lily grabbed James' hand and held it tightly. She knew that the two had been friends for many years. "He was a good man." She said simply.

His eyes were filled with unshed tears. James heard what Lily said but his only response was to nod his head. They continued walking, the silence only broken by the occasional comment from Revan explaining a function of the ship.

After he had composed himself, James asked "Do you know how many people we lost?"

"No, I gave Hatchner a communicator but I haven't heard anything. I told him I would contact him if your condition worsened."

The rest of the tour was spent talking about the ship and the different planets and cultures Revan had visited. The memories were often bittersweet for Revan because he knew many of the planets he had visited had been devastated by either the Mandalorians or his own forces.

A suspicion wormed its way through his mind. No doubt they had overhead him and Bastila arguing. It would have been virtually impossible for them not to. There was a chance that they were trying see how much truth there was to her accusations. So he had to be much more guarded in his responses then he might have been otherwise.

Finally, after close to an hour, Revan took them the hanger bay. James' was a little pale and his forehead was covered in sweat. His new leg was aching but James was able to make it into the shuttle and collapse into a seat with a sigh.

During the trip back to Earth. James and Revan discussed plans for the Unspeakables and the next steps in the war against Voldemort. They discussed the teams of Revan's men that would be dispatched to begin their search for the remaining Sith. The search by necessity would occur in both the wizarding and non-magical worlds.

If it hadn't been for Bastila, he would have suggested that the Unspeakables begin killing any who had been marked. Now, he needed to be more cautious, he couldn't lose the support of James and the wizarding world. There was simply too much at stake. Despite his caution, he did manage to convince James to have the Unspeakables begin following a similar course of action to his soldiers. Together the two groups would hopefully root out the remaining pockets of Death Eaters before Voldemort had a chance to consolidate his position following his latest defeat.

November 9th, 2007

The Pentagon, Washington D.C. USA

General Martin had just received the latest photos taken from their high orbit surveillance satellites. After his initial briefing of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he had been ordered to retask the satellites and focus their cameras on near-Earth objects. Purely by chance, two separate satellites had captured some very disturbing footage.

The photos were spread out on his desk. There could be little doubt about what he was looking at. Several of the photos had been enhanced to show two large space craft emerging from the dark side of the moon. This would change everything. The Joint Chiefs had been skeptical about his initial report. In truth, he couldn't blame them it was hard to believe that there was battles going on somewhere just beyond the asteroid belt.

The question that was plaguing him was what to do now? The space shuttles, even if they could be armed would not stand a chance against those ships. The larger ship was estimated to be between 800 – 1,400 meters in length. The only thing that may be effective would be their nuclear missile ordnance but those were not designed to hit moving targets. Thankfully, he wasn't one of the Joint Chiefs. It would be someone else's job to decide what to do and who to tell. They certainly couldn't go public, it would cause a panic but their allies needed to be told.

Wishing he had taken retirement after all, the General stood and made his way to the briefing room to share this latest bit of information. It was going to be another long day.

Chapter 22: Of Meetings and Introspection

November 16th, 2007

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

It had been over a week since Kalia had left for the Star Forge. Per her orders, she had been sending regular updates on her status. They had encountered no problems so far but they were still 10 days out. Revan couldn't stop the smug smile that stole over his face. Malak was just a day or two away from the system. He would never be able to get back or send word in time. The Star Forge would be under his control once again.

Now he had a reunion to prepare for. Malak would be here soon and Revan intended to be ready for him. There was little doubt in his mind that he could defeat Malak in a duel. Rather, he was getting ready for the return of his brother. It would be difficult and success was by no means assured but it was worth the effort and more than simply besting him with a light saber would be necessary.

It would be interesting to see what Bastila did once Malak arrived on the scene. She probably would not have been as receptive to him if she hadn't formed a bond with him when she first came to the Jedi temple. This would be a good test to see how far she had come.

It was amazing to him that she had yet to overcome her latest self-pity. The cold, emotionless part of his personality was able to look at things objectively. He recognized that he was pulling away from her. The connection he had with her would probably always be there similar to his bond with Malak. But, he was growing tired of the way she continued to stubbornly cling to the Jedi code. Yes, she proclaimed to understand the need for balance between light and dark but then when the pressure was on she reverted back to her training.

It didn't help his opinion of her that she was blaming him for her injury. The anger and depression only served to highlight her weakness. With every passing day that she spent wallowing, Revan pulled further away. Sadly for Bastila, her part in his plans was already marginalized. The arrival of Kalia and the impending arrival of Malak

shunted her out of the picture. He had spent years with both and trusted their abilities and judgment.

With Bastila becoming more problematic, it just made Malak more critical to his long term plans. In the short term, Malak would be easy to manipulate. He was ruled by self-preservation, that drive more than anything was the reason he was coming to face Revan. Until Revan was out of the picture permanently, Malak would never be secure in his position. It would be a simple matter to trap Malak on Earth and with the Sith fleet on its way, Revan was positive that Malak could be convinced to call in for whatever ships he had in the area because Malak would never come into this situation with no reinforcements to call in.

Revan was broken from his thought when James snapped his fingers in front of his face. Turning an annoyed glare in James direction he asked "What?"

"The Minister has agreed to allow the Unspeakables conduct searches of Diagon Alley and the wizarding towns in the UK."

"But?" Revan prompted.

James sighed and shook his head. "They won't allow us to conduct a thorough search of the countryside. The minister is claiming that it would be too much of a drain on funds and men."

Revan stared at him for a moment, disgust evident in his voice as he said "Politicians are apparently the same all over the galaxy. They always refuse to see the big picture."

"Can't you add some more men to the search detail and expand it to include the magical areas as well?"

Revan gave the idea some thought. It was certainly possible. There were enough troops available to add some additional detachments to the search without hampering the performance of the fleet. "I can probably add some additional forces but they would have to have wizards escorting them in order to get past the basic wards that keep the non-magical groups away."

James sat down next to Revan a little confused. He didn't see the problem. It had always been something of a mystery to James why Revan was so reluctant to let other wizards and witches learn about where he was raised and the amazing things he had seen. "Ok, I'm not seeing the problem."

Revan had to agree with James on that. There wasn't really much of a problem anymore. At first, he hadn't wanted to tip the Sith off to their presence but now secrecy was less important. From a tactical standpoint, it may make the initial occupation easier if at least some of the wizarding world was familiar with the future they would be joining.

"I suppose there isn't much of one anymore. The Sith already know we're here so secrecy doesn't make sense anymore."

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Bastila was meditating in her quarters. She had surprised virtually everyone when she refused to return to the planet with Revan, Lily and James. Ever since the duel with the Sith, she had been erratic and unfocused. Even after hours of meditation she was unable to find her center.

Unfortunately, Revan had taken the brunt of her frustrations. It was evident through the gradually weakening bond between the two of them that he was pulling away, freezing her out because she continued to act like a child.

Today, Bastila had finally realized that she didn't blame Revan for the loss of her arm. She didn't even resent him for dragging her to this forsaken planet where she was forced to live with the constant assaults from the dark side. No, she blamed Revan for trying to change her.

Oh, the attempts had been subtle at first. An emphasis on the understanding of the force he had achieved when he welcomed both sides. The discussions on the need for strength in the face of such a daunting enemy. The ineffectiveness of the Jedi order in accomplishing anything during either war. Slowly, over time Bastila

began to agree with his assessments and found herself wanting to learn that which had been forbidden to her since joining the Jedi.

Bastila frowned; she had thought she had accepted the need to change. In practice against Revan she had been able to put Revan's lessons into use with no fear. There had never been a loss of control, she had always maintained strict reign on her emotions and what she was willing to do.

It all changed when she fought against the Sith. The wash of emotions she felt while battling him was entirely different than what she felt with Revan or before she had opened herself up to the teachings of Revan. More than anything, the power of the negative emotions she felt had frightened her. While the Sith was a stronger fighter, she should have done better than she had. Like Revan had months ago, she had been battling herself as much as the Sith and it had cost her.

The question that plagued her now was what to do with the revelations. Should she continue on her path and try to join Revan in middle ground between light and dark? Would she be able to find a balance against the allure of the power offered by the dark side? Neither of the two questions appealed to her. Since her injury, she found her old Jedi training reasserting itself. More and more she began to view Revan's teachings as dangerous and wrong.

So what did this mean for her personally? Could she still fight by Revan's side despite her beliefs? Would he allow her to stand on the sidelines in this battle? Sadly, that question was easier to answer. His departure from the ship had effectively told her that he would do what he felt was necessary regardless of her presence. The voice that filled her with worry now was asking whether she could make the tough choices if Revan returned to his old ways? Unfortunately, she didn't have an answer to that question. Until she did, she would not return to Revan's side.

November 18th, 2007

Inside Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

Revan was pacing back and forth in the library, nervous energy pulsing through him as he waited. He had received word this morning that a ship had dropped out of hyperspace and entered the system. Halcyon had followed his orders to the letter and allowed Malak's ship to approach the planet without incident.

For the first time in months, Revan was going to be facing his brother. Today he would change the future of this planet and with luck would lay the groundwork for the downfall of the Sith empire.

Automatically, he rubbed his hand against a pocket. His insurance was resting inside just waiting to be used. If it wasn't so important to him to convince Malak to join him once again, he would never use it. Having experienced it himself before, he knew how terrifying the experience could be and it would only be worse for Malak since he would be a prisoner.

James and Lily were in the Manor somewhere. He had tried to get them to leave not wanting them to get involved. Predictably they both refused. He could only hope they would stay out of it. James had worked with him enough to know that it was unlikely he could disable Malak in a fight.

Revan stopped suddenly in the middle of the room for a moment before heading to the main entrance. It had been small but noticeable, a tremor in the force that was very familiar to him. His brother had come at last.

Outside Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

Malak landed some distance away from the Manor. After all the time he spent trolling through Revan's memories he knew the area almost as well as Revan did. Now that he was on Earth he could sense Revan calling to him like a beacon through the force. If he could, he would have grinned in anticipation.

The hike to the manor from his landing position took more than 15 minutes. It would have been shorter but Malak was taking the time to avoid any of Revan's men that may be on the property. With each step, his anticipation grew. By now if was a virtual impossibility that Revan would not have sensed his approach.

Soon enough the manor came into view. Malak took a moment to scan the property. Resting his hand on his light saber, Malak made his way forward when he felt secure that there were no guards outside of the Manor. Reaching out with the force he didn't sense any threats in the area as he approached the doors. A mechanical growl issued softly from him when he reached the door. Revan was on the other side of the door. The only thing that Malak could detect through their bond was anticipation.

Gathering the force, Malak blew the solid wooden doors apart showering the entrance hall with wooden chunks and splinters. Striding into the home confidently while at the same time clicking the activator of his light saver, Malak immediately found Revan standing in the middle of the hall.

Revan looked at him with an amused expression "You could have just opened the door, it wasn't locked."

Malak didn't respond. He had been waiting for this moment for so long. Now that it was here, he found himself asking if Revan was truly his enemy. All that time spent walking through Revan's memories had reminded him of why they had started this war. Ruthlessly, he pushed his doubts to the back of his mind. His resolve strong once again, Malak attacked.

Revan sensed the turmoil in his brother's mind and smirked. A fight at this point had always inevitable but the greater Malak's doubts now; the easier it would be to win his cooperation later. So it came as little surprise to him when Malak growled, the mechanical sounding voice echoing softly off the walls of the room. In an instant, Revan's light saber was activated and rising to meet Malak's strike.

The pair danced back and forth for many minutes, falling into patterns that came instinctually after long years of practice. The angry hiss and sparks that came whenever the light sabers clashed covered any other noise. Both men were masters of their art but had begun to walk different paths following Malak's betrayal. Revan's path had gifted him with freedom and power that radiated off from him as they fought. Malak's path, once the same one that Revan walked was the path of anger and hatred.

As they fought, Revan realized that his old path was self-defeating; in the end he would have been consumed by his own power, sacrificing his life to his hatred. His eyes danced with life as he pushed Malak onto the defensive and began a barrage of blows. Anger was his tool now not his master.

Malak was confused by his opponent. Where was the fear and doubt he had been sensing through the bond? When had Revan found peace with himself because it was obvious to him that something had changed? This Revan was not the same man he had stood with against the Mandalorians. Despite himself, Malak felt some small bit of admiration for his brother to have overcome his past and become stronger as a result.

Finally, a particularly brutal attack forced Malak to jump back disengaging from the duel for a moment. It was then he noticed that their fight had attracted an audience in the form of a man and a woman. He almost did a double take when he recognized the man as someone who could only be Revan's brother or more likely his father.

Seeing an opportunity to push Revan off-balance, Malak changed his tactics. Despite whatever newfound peace his brother had found, he doubted he would have shared all the sordid details of his past with his new family. If even the Jedi had condemned their actions then how would the family react? At this point, he needed any advantage he could get because it was evident that he couldn't beat Revan in a duel otherwise.

"Look Revan, we have an audience." Malak taunted. "I can't help but wonder how much of our history you've shared with them."

Revan's eyes now a mix of green and gold glanced around the room but he never turned away from Malak. He wanted to groan when he realized that James and Lily were there in spite of his warnings to stay away but Malak would jump on any perceived weakness.

"I've never made a secret of my actions." Revan replied coldly. "Unlike you, I've never had someone to hide behind. How does it feel to be in charge? Is it everything you hoped for?"

Malak started to slowly circle the room in an effort to bring him closer to James and Lily. "No, you've never kept any secrets from me or the others but then we had no illusions about your motivations or actions."

Matching Malak's moves, Revan was also moving closer to James and Lily, trying to stay between them and Malak. "Maybe I should've kept more secrets. If I had then maybe I would not have had to worry about my 'brother' betraying me to the Jedi Order. Of course from what I've heard you're time in charge is coming to an end. War not going well? Are the troops getting restless? Without me there, who do you have to blame your failures on?"

"Failures?!" With that one word, Malak leaped towards Revan, saber slashing down viciously.

After parrying the strike, Revan pushed a bubble of power out forcing Malak to retreat back towards the far wall. "Yes failures, you've destroyed world after world and for what? We started this war to prepare the Republic, not make it an even easier target!" Revan snapped, losing some of his calm.

"Lies you tell yourself to sleep easier at night. This war has never been about anything but power and you own need to assert control. How many millions of people died for your cause?" Malak pressed, sensing a chink in Revan's armor.

This time it was Revan's turn to lose his temper and attack in earnest. Malak was forced away from the wall and desperately blocked each stroke. Deflected attacks leaving scorch marks in the wall or stone floor. "The Sith are the greatest enemy the Republic has ever faced. The Mandalorians would have torn through the Republic like wolves if it wasn't for us. But that wasn't enough, you and I had seen the true darkness in this galaxy and they were still going to ignore it. I couldn't allow that to happen."

If he could have Malak would have grinned, and instead settled for saying scornfully "So you started another war. The great hero Revan turning against the Republic and conquering world after world in the name of protection against some faceless enemy."

Lily couldn't believe it. Her son had started the war he had told them about. He had been responsible for millions of deaths. "How could you? You're no different than Voldemort!" She blurted out.

James was silent. He too was stunned by the revelations but he was hoping that at least some of what Malak was saying was a lie or exaggeration. Try as he might though, he couldn't deny that a part of him found it easy to believe that his son was capable of such actions.

Revan's head snapped in Lily's direction, "Be quiet! This isn't the time to discuss your limited view of my doing what needed to be done!" His distraction nearly cost him, only sensing the incoming strike at the last second. Dodging towards the center of the room he dropped and rolled under the attack and jumped to his feet with his blade held defensively.

Malak's eyes held an evil glint. "I suggest you be careful, you wouldn't like what he does when someone tells him something he doesn't want to hear."

Lily had a sinking feeling in her stomach as she stared at this man fighting her son. This man whose jaw looked to have been replaced with a metal prosthetic was hinting at something. Without meaning to, she found herself staring at his jaw.

Malak caught the direction of her stare and confirmed her fears. "He wasn't too happy with something I had to say so he decided it would be better if I could speak anymore."

Lily cried out in horror. Tears running down her face, she ran from the room.

James refused to leave; he would stay and watch the outcome.

Revan finally lost his patience. If he kept dragging this out, he would lose any possibility of rebuilding even a working relationship with James and Lily. He found that he was unwilling to lose those relationships without a fight. His light saber was a blur, leaving behind a red haze as he swung it through the air almost faster than the eye could see. Malak danced back, his own light saber matching every stroke.

Neither man was using the force, both wanting the satisfaction of crushing the other in a duel. Revan's mind was clouded with anger and he pressed his attack harder, forcing Malak to retreat again.

James watched the two men fight. The longer it went on, the more it seemed to James that the outcome was inevitable. His fear was that Revan would kill Malak in the heat of battle. He knew that if he let Revan kill Malak his son would truly be lost forever. The balance that Revan had found was still precarious at best and killing his brother in cold blood would destroy that balance. James was sure of it. So he did the only thing he could, he sent a stunner into Malak's back.

Revan was taken by surprise by Malak's collapsing body. He almost didn't stop an attack that would have ended his former apprentice's life. Looking up, he saw James standing in the same position with his wand drawn. His attention was drawn back to Malak by a soft groan. Moving quickly, he pulled the force suppressor from his pocket and snapped it into place around Malak's neck before grabbing his light saber from the floor.

The shock of being cut off from the force pushed Malak back into unconsciousness. Revan knelt down and picked him up and stared in James for a moment, imploring James to give him an opportunity to explain later. After what seemed an eternity, James gave a brief nod.

Some of the tension leeched from Revan when he saw James' nod. A smile of gratitude graced his face before he turned and began walking out of the manor while carrying Malak. He needed to get him into a cell on the Decimator. There was really nowhere on Earth suitable for holding, even with a force suppressor on. Hopefully Malak could be convinced to return to his side.

November 19th, 2007

Voldemort's Mansion, Little Hangleton UK

Voldemort was pacing back and forth in his private chambers. His glowing red eyes were reflecting his mood. The attack on the Ministry had not been a failure but the cost had not been worth it. His forces were depleted, Aurors were dead and yet the public was not cowed. There was outrage instead that he would kill so many Aurors and

Unspeakables. Individuals were volunteering for service as an Auror at record rates. The Ministry was turning people away because they simply didn't have enough resources to train all the volunteers.

Dark wizards should have flocked to his side after the attack. The demonstration of his power was more than enough to show what would happen to those who opposed him. There had been some recruits but now he had been hearing rumors about the latest Unspeakable plot.

Rumors were spreading like wildfire about soldiers in strange uniforms armed with weapons never seen before in the wizarding world being escorted by Unspeakable agents. The descriptions were detailed enough to tell Voldemort that they were the same men that had accompanied Revan Potter when he broke up his attack at the Ministry of Magic. According to the rumors, these men were arresting anyone found with the Dark Mark and they were being held at some unknown location until a trial could be held.

He had sent numerous messages to Kael trying to get information on the soldiers' capabilities from the man but none of them had been answered. From experience, Voldemort knew that he would get nothing from his benefactor until the man chose to communicate with him despite his efforts.

What to do? His remaining Death Eaters were going to ground in an attempt to avoid capture by the Unspeakables. In fact, he had ordered them to do so. It would not do to have his best people arrested. He ground his teeth together hard enough that the sound could be heard by anyone in the room had he not been alone. If they were captured, he wouldn't have enough men to launch a rescue and that assumed he could even learn where they were being held. If it wasn't for the Dark Mark linking them to him, Voldemort would have suspected that the Unspeakables were simply killing the prisoners.

Even his allies had been reluctant to act. The werewolves and vampires, long oppressed by the British Ministry of Magic could see the writing on the wall. They expected him to be defeated and were not so willing to risk their limited standing in society in order to support a losing cause.

The question that was plaguing him was what should he do? Should he stay in Britain and wait things out, risking exposure by one of the search parties? Or should he leave and retreat to another country to give him time to rebuild his forces? Of course, he knew what the smart answer would be but he also knew that he would ignore it and stay in Britain. His pride would allow for nothing else.

Without a doubt, the Unspeakables would find him eventually. That didn't mean he would make it easy on them. Lord Voldemort would remind them why the wizarding world was afraid to even whisper his name.

Headmaster's Office, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft & Wizardry, UK

Albus Dumbledore was worried. He had heard from many of his students that the Unspeakables were arresting people of the street on the suspicion of being Death Eaters. Though many of these accounts were coming from the children of Death Eaters, it did not lessen their credibility in his eyes.

After witnessing the battle in Hogsmeade, Albus was convinced that Revan Potter posed nearly as great a risk as Voldemort. By all appearances, Revan was willing to go to any lengths to see the Death Eaters and Voldemort defeated. Rather than give wizards and witches the opportunity to return to the light, Revan and the Unspeakables were content to kill them forever cheating them of a chance at redemption.

Now they had gone too far. While the accounts from his students were most certainly exaggerated, Albus feared they contained a kernel of truth. The Unspeakables needed to be reined in. With this latest development he should be able to count on Voldemort's supporters in the Wizengamot. It is time that Britain was given back to its citizens.

Hope and determination filled him. Revan would never be under his control, he realized that now. The only thing he could do was to minimize the damage and destruction he spread across the British wizarding world in his effort to destroy Voldemort.

He began writing the necessary letters to call an emergency session of the Wizengamot. His influence had waned in recent months, but he should be able to push this through with little difficulty and then all would have a chance at redemption again.

Somewhere in the UK

Kael was surrounded by the mangled bodies of various birds, most of them owls. Voldemort had been trying to contact his for days now but Kael refused to even open the letters, his support of Voldemort was done. The Massassi were on their way. Once they arrived, stealth would no longer be necessary. It made conquest easier when the world was conquered by their own people but it was equally effective to use the Massassi. The only drawback would be the population loss and destruction of the planet's infrastructure.

The sound of breaking glass startled him before he realized it was the glass he had been holding. The hate which has begun to fade into the background over the last few days roared back to life when he looked at the silvery metallic hand clutching at the remains of a glass cup.

The Jedi were responsible for this humiliation. He wanted them to suffer. They would watch as the Sith Empire conquered this planet. The sight of these people wallowing in a pit of hatred would be the worst torture he could devise for the Jedi.

Yet, the male bothered him. He was unlike any Jedi he had ever encountered previously. He was colder, more brutal than the others. There was a darkness to him that he had never seen before. Perhaps it would be better to simply kill him and be done with it. He was an unknown, a danger and Kael hadn't survived this long by not keeping things in perspective. Yes, as much as he wanted to torture the damnable Jedi, the safer course would be to kill him outright.

A flashing light on one the computer displays caught his attention. There was an incoming message from the fleet. After reading it, Kael smiled for the first time in days. The fleet would arrive in 12 days.

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Over the planet Commander Halcyon had just received word that a communication signal had just been detected. Its source was from outside the system and did not appear to come from any areas known to be controlled by Malak's forces. It was almost certainly the Sith.

"Were you able to trace it to its source?" Halcyon asked crisply.

"No sir, nothing more than the general area of space that you see before you." The technician paused for a moment before continuing, eager to give this next piece of information "But sir, we were able get the location of the receiver. Shall I transmit the coordinates to our men on the planet?"

Halcyon grinned in anticipation. "Well done, contact Lord Revan, let him know we have found the Sith."

Chapter 23: The King is in Play

November 19th, 2007

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Revan was in his quarters on the Decimator. He had yet to return to the planet after bringing Malak up from the surface. The brig on the ship was far more secure than anything he could come up with on the planet. His attention was pulled away from the reports he was reading when the buzzer on his door went off letting him know that someone was outside.

“Come.” He ordered.

The door slid open to reveal Halcyon who was dressed in a perfectly pressed uniform as always. “Lord Revan, a short while ago we intercepted a transmission coming from outside of the system. We were unable to trace the source but we did pinpoint the receiver.”

“Malak’s ship?” Revan asked curiously.

“No, it was directed to a site in north Scotland. Sir it is my belief that the transmission intended for the remaining Sith on the planet.”

Revan was on his feet in a flash. “Excellent work commander. Prepare an assault team. We will go in at dawn.”

“The men will be ready my lord.”

Once the door closed, Revan moved to his bed and sat down. With luck, by this time tomorrow, the Sith would be dead. It wouldn’t stop the fleet that was on its way but they wouldn’t have any forces on the planet to help coordinate their attack. The only obstacle left in his path would be Voldemort. The thought that he could be defeated by that cretin was laughable. He was powerful, but he lacked finesse and ultimately, Revan expected his greater experience in battle would prevail.

November 20th, 2007

The assault shuttle departed the ship a little after 5am. The stealth field protecting the shuttle from detection flickered briefly when the ship entered the atmosphere. Once the initial insertion was complete, the field stabilized and the ship was hidden from detection. The shuttle came in at a steep vector before leveling off a few hundred feet above the ground. The shuttle then shot forward on a northward heading.

The shuttle touched down well outside the probably range of any ground based defenses. After moving off the ship, Revan and the assault team crept forward. Despite their distance from the designated coordinates, Revan could detect the ripple in the force from the Sith Master. He and his team made their way towards the only visible structure. It was a rundown looking home, mostly stone with some wood accents. Holes were visible in the roof, even from a distance. Revan guessed there was an underground level that the Sith was using as his headquarters.

He was surprised by the apparent lack of defenses around the structure. Perhaps the Sith had never expected to be threatened on the planet since it was so primitive. Either way, it was making the approach surprisingly easy. Still he didn't relax his attention.

While Revan was making his way towards him, Kael was waiting for the Jedi. He could have escaped when he first detected him but this was his chance to get revenge for his humiliation. Should he fall then the Massassi would slag the planet leaving nothing for the Jedi to claim.

Minutes passed before he sensed the Jedi enter the building. Grinning in anticipation he got ready to face him in a duel for the last time. So it came as a surprise when a few minutes later a small grenade bounced down the stairs. Suddenly he was flying into the wall from the blast before he even had a chance to react. Kael sank to the floor stunned.

Once the smoke had cleared, Revan descended the stairs, his light saber casting an eerie red light over his body. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust to the dim light. Most of the lights had been destroyed by the plasma grenade. Revan couldn't help but chuckle,

he doubted the Sith ever expected him to do something so underhanded.

His laughter was cut short when he felt the force slam into him throwing him back against the far wall. Reacting on instinct he reached out with the force himself, pushing against the wall to stop his flight. He grunted in pain when he felt the two colliding forces center on his body, compressing his body painfully though it was only for a few seconds before he forced the Sith's attack away from him. His second plasma grenade fell from his belt, knocked off by the impact.

Kael saw an opportunity when he noticed the grenade on the floor. Suddenly dark blue lightning arced in Revan's direction. He snapped his light saber into position and intercepted the lightning. The force of the impact actually forced him back a step. Reaching out with his free hand, he drew on the force and clenched his fist. Computer consoles and equipment tore away from the wall and slammed into Kael.

The lightning attack died immediately. The ruined equipment exploded, shooting away from the kneeling form of Kael. Revan crouched down, dodging the worst of the debris. Attacking again while Revan was distracted, Kael reached out and triggered the grenade. The explosion was deafening and the flash momentarily blinded him and Revan's body was sent crashing into the wall.

Twisting just enough, Revan's shoulder took the brunt of the impact rather than his head. Pain lanced through his body and he knew that it was dislocated. With an effort, he forced the pain away and met Kael's charging attack with his light saber. The impact of the two blades sent a painful vibration through him. Again and again, Kael attacked, swinging his force blade wildly in his desperation to strike a killing blow. Though both were injured, Kael's injuries were worse and it was obvious to both men that he was weakening quickly.

Putting on a burst of speed, Revan dodged Kael's latest attack and thrust forward with both light saber and his free hand though it sent another wave of pain crashing over him. A bubble of the force expanded outward from his chest, cracking the walls and ceiling and pushing Kael forcibly back. In a move born out of pure desperation,

Kael mimicked Revan's attack but was only able to counter the force pushing against him; he was unable to push the bubble out further than his own skin.

Revan took advantage of the Kael's distraction and charged forward. His light saber was met by a desperate parry from Kael. The duel was one sided after that, Revan was in complete control, toying with his enemy leaving nicks and shallow wounds on his arms and legs.

The battle went on for a few more minutes, even Kael knew it was over and he was soon to die. Rather than give the Jedi the satisfaction of defeating him, Kael put his last bit of strength into his attack, forcing Revan away from him. Moving with incredible speed, Kael spun his blade around and plunged it into his own chest. A triumphant grin was on his face as the life faded from his eyes. He had stolen the victory away from his enemy and now this forsaken planet would burn. The Jedi would have nothing.

Revan stared in shock and disgust at the fallen Sith. After growling angrily he stalked away and up the stairs. He ordered his men to search the premises for anything of use. Finally, he left and went to wait on the shuttle. Revan had planned on staying planet side but maybe he would take his frustrations out on his brother. Malak had been given enough time to adjust to his situation. It was time he be made to understand his place in the order of things.

November 21st, 2007

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Revan was running out of patience. His shoulder still ached despite the painkillers so he was not in a forgiving mood. Despite multiple attempts to talk with her, Bastila continued to vacillate between ignoring him and blaming him for all her problems. Now that things were rapidly coming to a head, Revan decided to give Bastila a choice. She could either stay here or leave.

After walking for a few minutes, Revan arrived at Bastila's quarters. He waited for a moment after pressing the button to signal his presence. There was no reply and the door remained closed. Heaving an annoyed sigh, he pressed the button again. Still, there

was no response which annoyed Revan even further. He knew that Bastila was in her room, she had sequestered herself in there for days. Finally he had enough, tapping in his command code, the computer overrode the lock and the door hissed open.

Revan strode in to find her reading a pad and studiously ignoring his presence. He had let this go on for too long now. "Bastila, I don't have time anymore for you to play these children's games."

Her head slowly tilted up so that she was looking directly into his eyes. "What are you going to do kill me like you did to the other Jedi or maybe I'll be lucky and you'll just torture me until I turn dark?"

Revan crossed his arms and leaned against the wall near the door. It was clear that he was not threatened in the slightest by Bastila and he was shoving it in her face now. "Why would I do that? They were at least worthy enemies or could be of use to me in some way. They weren't spoiled children angry because their favorite toy was broken."

Brandishing her metallic arm she cried "This is a broken toy? I'm less than I was because of you. Because of your lust for power and revenge, I'm the one who suffered for it and the Republic too!"

"I can't help but notice that you placed your injuries before the damage done to the Republic. That isn't very Jedi of you and your arm doesn't make you less. Your pathetic need to cast blame on anyone other than yourself makes you less." He watched as she lost her composure further, her face turning red. Her back had stiffened and he could see she was struggling to deliver another accusation. "Regardless of your thoughts on the matter, I didn't come here to argue. I came to give you a choice, you can stay here and join my forces or I give you a shuttle and you can return to the Republic and your Jedi masters."

She scoffed "You expect me to believe that I'm free to go whenever I wish? Why now?"

"Frankly, I've grown tired of you. If you are going continue to wallow, I'd prefer you do it somewhere else. You have until tomorrow to make your decision, after that it will be made for you." Revan spun on his

heels and stepped out of the room with the door hissing shut behind him.

Bastila was lost. She had never expected Revan to give her an ultimatum. Is this what she wanted? Did she want to return to the Republic? Part of her was certain that it would be for the best. There would be no more uncertainty or self-doubt. She wouldn't have anyone challenging her beliefs of the force. She could immerse herself in the teachings of the Jedi and leave the war for someone else to fight.

Shaking her head to clear her thoughts, she put the pad she had been reading on a table top and sank down to the floor. Meditation was the only thing that could provide her answers. She only hoped she could reach her decision quickly because it would soon be taken out of her hands.

After leaving Bastila's quarters, Revan decided it was time for another visit with Malak. He had made virtually no headway with his stubborn brother. But, he needed whatever forces Malak had nearby to bolster the system, the Sith fleet would be here soon. The thought of what the fleet would do now that there was no one on the planet was a little frightening even to Revan.

After traversing nearly the entire length of the ship, Revan reached the cells where Malak was being kept. There were two guards stationed outside of the entrance as an additional precaution though currently Malak did not pose much of a threat since he was kept behind a security field and the force suppressor was still around his neck.

Nodding in acknowledgement to the guards, Revan entered the brig. There was only a single cell occupied. Malak was sitting on the metallic platform that extended from the wall, staring impassively at Revan. "So my jailor has come for another visit." He stated in a bored tone.

"I didn't want you to get lonely."

"Have you come to share more tales of the horrible Sith and what they will do to the Republic?"

Revan couldn't help it, he grinned. Malak could be a bastard when he wanted to be. "No, today I came with a simple request."

Malak laughed coldly "You have a request for me." Malak spread his arms wide and gestured to the cell walls "Me, because clearly I'm in a position to solve all your problems?"

"In this instance you are more correct than you know and my problem will soon become your problem." Revan replied enigmatically. He couldn't help pushing Malak's buttons, even as a Jedi Malak had never had much patience for mysteries or games.

"Just get on with it!"

"Fine, I need you to call in whatever forces you have nearby to reinforce my fleet."

Whatever Malak had been expecting, it wasn't that "What makes you think I have any ships in the sector and if I did, why would I put them under your control?"

Revan just looked at Malak with disbelief. "I've known you too long; you would never have come here without some form of backup. You have a fleet somewhere within a day or two of this system I have no doubt."

Malak couldn't deny Revan's supposition and grudgingly nodded his head to show Revan that he was indeed correct. "Be that as it may, you still haven't told me why I should call them in."

It was never easy with Malak, not that he ever dreamed his brother would just hand the ships over. Part of him wanted to rub in the fact that in a matter of days the Star Forge would most likely be in his control once again. "Before I killed him, the Sith summoned a fleet of ships. We have already intercepted a message from them and we can only assume they are on their way."

Malak sat down and his eyes spoke of boredom and a general lack of interest "So, retreat why stay here if you don't think you're strong enough to face them?" Despite the expression on his face, his voice carried a hint of curiosity.

Revan debated whether he should risk telling Malak the truth. If he did and Malak ever escaped, the planet would be at risk from Malak almost as much as from the Sith. However, if he didn't there was little to no chance that Malak would consider calling in his forces. "Didn't you pay attention to anything when you were on the planet?" Revan paused for a moment and then continued "Earth has more than a million force sensitives and an entire hidden society where every member is force sensitive to some degree."

"But why has no one ever discovered it before? The Jedi would surely have come here to raise the children." Malak spluttered in surprise.

"I'm not sure. Kreia obviously knew about it since she is the one that took me from my home but I doubt we would ever get a straight answer from her as to why she never came back. So you must see why we can't let the planet become part of the Sith Empire, the power of so many trained force users would be an almost overwhelming advantage."

"I do see now, it's not just about the Sith. Sure it would be a disaster if they were to capture the planet but with the ships you have at your disposal in the system, you could easily lay waste to it and eliminate the threat. No, you don't want to just protect the planet; you want it under your control. It's like you said, the power that its inhabitants could offer is astounding and you want to command that power." Malak's mind was racing with possible plans. It was a foregone conclusion that the only way he was getting out of this cell was either dead or by agreeing to stand at Revan's side once again. If he could subvert even a portion of the planet's population he could easily form his own empire to rival any other in the galaxy.

Revan refused to acknowledge Malak's theories. In truth, he was dead on but there were some additional factors at play that Malak was not giving credence to. His family was one such factor. If necessary, Revan would destroy the planet but only as a last resort. He did not want to sacrifice his family or any hope of relationship with them unless absolutely necessary. Malak would never understand that until he had found a balance within himself in the force the way Revan had.

Minutes passed in silence as the two men stared at each other. Malak finally asked the question "What's in it for me?"

Revan knew that he had him. "Survival. I'm not leaving this system regardless of whether you commit your forces or not. So, unless you too are willing to die, trapped in a cell you will call in your forces."

Malak was somewhat surprised that Revan hadn't tried to offer him a position at his side. Since walking in Revan's memories, he understood that Revan wanted him to join him once again but right now there was no trust between them and there wouldn't be for some time. However, Malak was nothing if not pragmatic. There would be no chance of escape or a return to power if he died in the damned cell. His only hope was to go along with Revan's plan for now and wait for his opportunity. Still, he would make Revan wait for his answer. "I will think on what you've told me and give you a decision soon."

Revan narrowed his eyes before responding "Don't wait too long; your entire fleet wouldn't do us any good if they can't get here in time." Leaving Malak to his thoughts, Revan left the brig to return to his quarters. His day was still not over, he still had to return to the planet and speak with his father. If he was willing, James would be an effective part of his plans for Earth and could make the introduction to the galactic stage much smoother.

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

James was meeting with Revan in his shuttle rather than in the manor. Lily was still extremely upset after hearing Revan's full role in the war he had described to them. Now James understood why he had been so vague about the second war, Revan knew that it would raise questions he wasn't willing or able to answer. There were many actions that James could overlook but he was finding it difficult to give Revan the benefit of the doubt this time. Still, Revan was his son and he would give him a chance to explain his actions before condemning him.

It was with a weary soul that James walked across the grassy field from the manor to the shuttle. The entrance ramp was down so

James was able to walk right up without having to wait. He was greeted at the top of the ramp by a subdued Revan.

While they walked to a private area of the shuttle, James said "Thanks for doing this here. I'm sorry to say that Lily did not take the ahhh...." James was paused thinking of an appropriate word "revelation of your role in the current war very well."

Revan offered James a drink while saying "I gathered that. You're not upset?" He finished curiously.

James gave his son a hard look over the rim of the glass he was drinking from. "I wouldn't say that..." He started coolly "But I am willing to give you a chance to explain yourself before I do anything I would regret."

Revan sat down across from James "That's the best I could hope for I suppose. It would probably be easier if you just asked me questions." He said and James couldn't help but notice that he sounded tired.

James leaned back in his chair; head tilted back, eyes focused on the ceiling. Taking a deep breath, James asked "Who is Malak? Why were you fighting him in the manor?"

Revan closed his eyes as he began to answer. Reliving the memories. "I'm sure that I've talked about Malak before but he is the closest thing that I ever had to a brother while I was growing up. We were both Jedi and there were few that could equal us. Then came the Mandalorian Wars..." Revan had yet to open his eyes but his face reflected the change in his memories. The anguish so evident on his face echoing the darkness of his memories. "We stood by for as long we could, urging the Jedi Council to take action and help the Republic, but they stood by letting world after world burn. Together, we went against the Order and took charge of the war against the Mandalorians. We were the perfect team, he was able to take my strategies and execute on them in ways I would never think of. Everything we did complemented each other. Unfortunately, we both began to sink to the dark side during the war." Revan fell silent, reluctant to continue.

"If you two were so close then what happened?" James prompted fascinated by the insight into his son's past.

"Once we started down the path of the dark side, we never turned back. We deluded ourselves into thinking that we were in control but even though we had a purpose behind our search for power after the war was over Malak was right. Underneath it all, it was a quest for more power. I could sugar coat it or try and rationalize it but Malak and I knowingly descended to the depths of darkness and his eventual betrayal of me to gain more power can't really surprise anyone. Even now, I can't say I blame him. It is the natural order of things for those who follow the dark side."

"And now?"

"Now, I'm striving to achieve that which I gave lip service to before. You've seen the Sith, their entire civilization is based around the anger and hate that used to dominate my life. They represent one of the greatest threats the Republic has ever known. It may be selfish of me, but I want my brother by my side again when I face them. I may not blame him and I certainly don't trust him at the moment, but I can't condemn him for something that I was just as guilty of."

"But what about the millions of people that have died in the name of your cause?" James said accusingly.

Finally, Revan opened his eyes and looked at James "There's nothing I can do to change the past. If I had it to do all over again, I'm truly not sure what I would do different for we may not have won the first war if we hadn't started on our path. I know that one day, I will face the judgment of all those that have fallen because of me and I can only hope that at that time, I have done enough to balance out the evil that I have committed."

James looked at Revan, surprise evident on his face which only made Revan laugh "You know as well as I do that men such as us often have to make difficult decisions that could result in people dying. I recognize my past for what it is, but I can't let it cripple me or the people that died will have done so for nothing"

“So what happens now? The Sith is dead, will you leave and go back to waging war against the Republic?”

“No. In truth though, the danger to Earth is greater now than ever. The Sith called for reinforcements and they are certainly on their way. I can only hope that the forces that I have available are strong enough to hold them off until my contingency plan takes effect.”

James’ eyes narrowed shrewdly “You don’t intend to leave Earth alone do you?” Almost pleadingly James said “Please don’t make me fight you.”

Revan’s expression softened and he explained his plans for the Earth. He truly wasn’t interested in conquest. The planet would be much more useful if it came peacefully under his banner. The discussion meandered over his reasons for protecting the planet from the Sith and how he planned to approach the governments.

“James would you help me?” Revan asked when he was done explaining.

“Why me? I’ve met some of your officers, why would you need me?”

“Because you know this world. You know the wizarding world and the non-magical world and through me you know what’s out there in the galaxy. You know what it is like to make the difficult decisions and you won’t let me get away with anything.” He answered honestly, more honestly than he expected. James had surprised him by his willingness to listen and to give him a chance when most others would have condemned him immediately.

“I don’t know. I want to believe you, but I need time to think this through and everything else you’ve told me.” James smiled softly at Revan “Why couldn’t you have been something normal like a business owner or a teacher? No, you just had to go and try your hand as a galactic conqueror.”

Revan couldn’t help it. He laughed and it wasn’t a cold or cynical laugh, it was full of humor and lacking in any darkness.

James stood and Revan followed suit. Impulsively Revan gave his father a hug, surprising the older man. In the months since Revan had returned, he had never one initiated anything so personal. Pulling away, Revan said sincerely "Thank you for giving me a chance."

James nodded but felt compelled to add "I still don't know how I feel about all of this."

"I know, but you'll be back." Revan said confidently.

"What makes you so sure?"

"For the same reason you stunned Malak during the duel, you don't want to see me go back to what I used to be. In order to do that, you'll have to be around."

James couldn't help but wonder if Revan's parting words were true. Could he overlook everything his son had done? It helped that Revan recognized that his actions were wrong; James had sensed no lies when he said that. The Sith were not the same threat to James that they were to his son, but he recognized what that kind of path to power would do to you. Voldemort in his own way served as an example of that. It didn't excuse what his son had done while under the influence of the dark side but by turning away from that path, it meant that his son could right some of the wrongs he had committed. But with all of that James still needed time to think.

November 21st, 2007

White House, Washington DC

General Martin was sitting with the Chief of Staff waiting for the President of the United States. Even though he was a general and no stranger to politics, he never thought he would be in a position to brief the President. Certainly, he never expected to be briefing him about the existence of alien life.

The Chief of Staff had already been briefed and like the general, this was a problem that he had never expected to have to deal with, not even in his wildest dreams. Not only did they have conclusive proof that there was intelligent life out there, but apparently it was right on

their doorstep. Today was one of those days that he was truly glad that he was not the President. History would never judge his actions or decisions, but there was little doubt that what the President decided today could change the course of not just the nation but the planet as a whole.

Eventually the door separating the Chief of Staff's office from the Oval Office opened. Standing in the doorway was a tall man with black but graying hair wearing a pin striped navy blue suit with a pale blue tie. Both men immediately sprang to their feet "Mr. President, it's an honor." General Martin began only to be waved off by the President.

"Come inside General, I believe we have things to discuss." The President stepped away from the doorway and motioned the General to one of the available chairs.

The Chief of Staff joined them. After a steward served them coffee, the General began to brief the President on the situation. The first images from the Asteroid Belt were passed around and the prevailing theories and speculation were discussed. Next to come out were the images captured more recently of the ships just outside of the dark side of the moon. Needless to say, none of the men were comfortable that a potentially dangerous and advanced race was so close. Finally, the General pulled out the latest images that had been captured 2 days ago.

"Mr. President, these images were captured by one of our spy satellites that had been retasked to capture anything in near Earth Orbit after the discovery of the alien ships near the moon. As you can see, it is clearly a small vessel, probably used for short range trips. Whatever its purpose, we have documented numerous times when these ships are descending or returning from the planet. Whatever they use to prevent detections seems to waver for a moment on the initial atmospheric insertion that is the only time we have captured images of them."

"Is there any indication of where they are going once they are in the atmosphere?"

“None, they are completely invisible to our best spy satellites and ground based radar. It may be possible to attempt a visual ID, but we would have to have our birds in the air at all times and if we did, it would only be luck.”

“Is there anything we can do to stop these incursions or to the vessels out near the moon?”

“We might be able to target them with some of the ICBMs if the vessels move to a closer orbit, but there is nothing that would reach that far. We don’t even know if the missiles would have any effect.”

“So you’re telling me that if they decided to attack there is virtually nothing we can do?”

General Martin nodded his head reluctantly.

“Do you have a recommendation?” The President asked after a few moments of silence.

General Martin answered slowly “Mr. President, I think the only real course of action available to us is to make contact with them.”

The President just stared at him incredulously “You want to make contact with them? What makes you think they will even understand anything we say, assuming their technology can pick up our signal?”

“It’s the only viable option Mr. President.”

Chapter 24: Planning for the Future

November 21st, 2007

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

James was barely into the manor when Lily called out “James, I’m in the library.”

He sighed heavily. This conversation was not something he was looking forward to at the moment. His own thoughts had not even settled yet from his meeting with Revan and now he was going to have to review everything ad nauseum with Lily. Sometimes, his wife drove him up the wall.

James found her sitting near the fireplace with a book propped open on her lap. Her face was red and there were drying tear tracks on her face. Resisting the urge to roll his eyes, it wasn’t that he was happy, proud, or supportive of Revan’s actions but he didn’t understand why she had to cry over everything. Add to that the bitterness that had crept into her of late and James was not a happy man.

“So did he try and justify his actions?” She asked and then muttered under breath “Like there could be any justification for what he’s done.”

“No he didn’t try and justify them. Look, I don’t want to argue about this. I’ll put my memories of our conversation in the pensieve and you can watch them.”

Lily watched while he placed his wand against his temple and removed a silvery strand. She was silent as he placed it in the pensieve and left the room. It wasn’t fair to take her disappointment out on him. James hadn’t had any part in raising their son; he wasn’t to blame for any of his actions. Even though, she didn’t want to, she found herself approaching the pensieve.

The library rushed back into focus as she pulled her head out of the memories. After listening to Revan and James she was more confused now but less angry. At the very least, it was apparent to Lily that Revan understood what he had done and was not trying to

rationalize his actions. The question only she could answer now was whether this was something she could ignore or overlook?

Her finger was tapping softly on the rim of the pensieve as she thought about the last part of the conversation. Revan would protect this world, she didn't doubt that. Her concern was in the measures he would take in order to see it safe. James would be a good balance against any draconian measures her son may want to implement. She knew though that by supporting James she was accepting Revan in her life despite his past. Shaking her head, she did a little of rationalizing herself. If Dumbledore could preach endlessly about redeeming dark wizards than her son deserved the same chance that they did.

November 22nd, 2007

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Commander Halcyon was standing on the bridge getting the latest update on the status of the fleet. He was scheduled to check in with Revan later that afternoon. His report would be very positive; the repairs to fleet were complete. The perimeter defenses they had established were as strong as they were going to get for the time being which would help when the Sith arrived.

The best news came in this morning from General Kalia. By pushing the hyper drive engines beyond their safety limits, she had shaved a full three days off of her trip. Revan's guess had been correct, Malak had not changed the access codes and the General was now transmitting from within the Star Forge. Not wanting someone else to get the same idea, she had changed the access codes herself. Already the ancient platform was creating ships that could be used to bolster their forces but it would be some time before they arrived. Hopefully, Malak would commit his own forces to the defense of this planet because Halcyon was fairly certain that they would be overwhelmed otherwise.

The communications officer called out to him "Commander, we have an incoming transmission from the planet."

"Is it Lord Revan or one of the search teams?"

"No sir, it is from the government of the United States. We would not have noticed it but we have been actively tracking communication transmissions to determine if our forces had been detected."

Halcyon gave him a frosty glare "Apparently you missed something because we must have been detected if they are attempting to communicate with us."

The officer grimaced and mumbled "Yes sir."

"Patch it through to the speakers."

"Alien vessels in orbit above our planet. We demand to know your intentions regarding our planet. Respond or we will act accordingly to defend our planet." The message ended only to repeat in another language.

"Sir that message appears to be automated and is repeating in multiple languages."

Halcyon was surprised to receive a message but he was even more surprised by the tone of the message. Did these primitives really expect them to fall for their bluff? Any race advanced enough to travel in space would have done some surveillance on the planet to determine the threat level before parking in orbit. There was nothing that any of the nations of the world could do to damage any of the fleet.

"Get me Lord Revan."

Potter Manor, Godric's Hollow UK

Revan had decided not to return to the ship and instead spent the night in the shuttle. His room was still available to him in the manor but he felt that he should give James and Lily some time alone to think about his request.

His communicator chirped. "Go ahead." He said simply after clicking the device on.

Halcyon's voice was immediately recognizable as it came through the small speaker. "Sir, we have received a transmission from the planet." He paused for a moment in an attempt to restrain his humor but it still came through even if it was muted somewhat "They are demanding to know our intentions or they will take action."

Revan couldn't help it. He laughed taking his normally unflappable commander by surprise. "They demanded..." Revan couldn't finish as he laughed again. Struggling for a moment, he took a deep breath and continued "They demanded to know our intentions? Are they asking us out on a date?"

Even the normally stoic Halcyon couldn't contain his snort of laughter. It was so rare to see Revan in a jovial mood and the message was so patently ludicrous that he had to laugh. "I don't know sir, but please tell me I don't need to explain to you what two people do when they are in love."

Revan almost dropped the communicator he was laughing so hard. "Have you responded yet?"

Still breathing hard Halcyon replied "No, I thought you might want to reply personally. We have modified our systems to transmit on a frequency they can receive."

"Do we know what government is responsible for the transmission?" Revan asked while he was formulating a response.

"The signal originated from the capital of the United States."

"Ok, patch me through."

A moment later Halcyon's voice came back "We are ready to transmit my Lord."

Revan waited until he heard a soft click and he knew that his signal was now being transmitted to the source of the transmission in the United States. "This is Lord Revan, commander of the fleet orbiting your planet. Respond!" He ordered quietly.

The minutes passed slowly. Revan did not grow upset. The original transmission had been recorded; the leaders were probably scrambling to find someone with the authority to respond. Close to ten minutes passed before a response finally came through. "Lord Revan, I am General Martin of the United States Air Force. Respectfully, why have your ships entered into orbit above our planet?"

Revan decided to begin laying the groundwork for his occupation. If he could make the government of the most powerful nation on this planet understand the need for help, the rest would fall into his hands. "Your planet is at risk from an outside threat and my forces are your only hope of survival."

"Do you expect us to take your word for that? Why would you help us? What do you have to gain?"

Revan rolled his eyes. "General I would prefer to do this face to face. And, I prefer to meet with someone with sufficient authority to make decisions on behalf of your government. If you are not that person, I request that you make sure that someone is present who can."

"What assurances do I have that you won't attack us or take our people hostage?"

"General you have no assurances of anything. If I wanted to, what could you do to stop me from leveling your cities from space?"

There was a short pause as the General adjusted more to the reality of the situation and responded "Would you be willing to allow us to choose the site for the meeting?"

Revan was unconcerned. There was little they could do to threaten him so he had little problem agreeing. "Yes, I am willing to meet at a location of your choice."

"Let me discuss this with our leaders. We will notify you of our decision within the next 24 hours."

"Very well." Revan replied, finishing the conversation.

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Revan returned to the ship following the conversation. Undoubtedly the Americans would choose a strongly fortified location. While Revan was confident that there was little they could do to actually threaten him, he intended to bring enough men with him to make an impression. He was also eager to talk with Bastila; she had a decision to make.

Before going to Bastila's quarters, Revan made his way to the bridge in order to find Halcyon. After finding the man, Revan shared the conversation he had had and the two proceeded to make plans for the detachment of troops that would join Revan during the meeting with the US government representatives. It was also decided that the assault shuttle would be escorted by three fighters as a further show of strength.

Following his conversation with Halcyon, Revan walked to Bastila's quarters. Like the last time he was there, Bastila refused to answer the door so he was forced to overwrite the door lock with his command code. The door slid open and he was greeted by the haggard looking form of Bastila. She was sitting on the floor in her typical position for meditation. Her skin was pale and there were the beginning of bags under her eyes. It was clear that she had not slept and probably had not eaten since their last conversation.

Revan resumed his previous position, leaning against the wall near the door with his arms crossed over his chest. The room was silent save for the sound of their breathing. Seeing that Bastila was not going to make the first move, Revan took the opportunity to study her. She was an excellent Jedi, strong and a capable fighter. The force flowed strongly through her but he could see in the set of her shoulders that she had made her decision. Whether or not she had accepted that decision or not was another matter.

After a few minutes, Revan grew bored with the game. "So are you going to tell me your decision or just make me wait here all night?"

Bastila opened her eyes slowly and uncurled her legs before standing up to face him."I'm leaving." She said simply.

"I'll have a shuttle prepped for you." Revan replied and turned to open the door.

Bastila wouldn't let him leave it like that though. She grabbed his arm and stopped him before he could step through the door. "That's it; you're just giving me a shuttle without another word." Her voice rising at the end.

Revan spun so he was facing her. "What did you expect? I told you before, it's your choice. You've become more of a hindrance than a help and frankly, the girl I met all those years ago is not the one standing in front of me."

"After all I've done, you're just willing to toss me aside?" She asked unbelievingly.

"All you've done for me?" Revan laughed scornfully "Oh you've done so much for me. You turned away from me when we left to fight the war. You turned your back on me again and came with the other Jedi to kill me. Of course, you did help me face my past and for that I'm grateful, but that one act can only carry you so far."

Bastila's shoulders slumped and she looked defeated. "I can't do it; I can't be what you want me to be."

"I never forced you to do anything. I am not forcing you to do anything now. When you leave, it is your choice nothing more."

"It's just...I don't trust myself around you." Bastila tried to explain further "I won't become like you, it would be a betrayal of everything I've ever been taught. You used to feel the same way."

Revan shook his head. "I thought you understood, after all it was a path you helped me to start down."

Bastila moved away from Revan and began to gather her things in preparation. "Why are you really letting me leave?"

Revan was silent for a moment as he considered his answer. There were many things he could say. He could say it was because of what

she once meant to him. He could say it was to pass a message onto the Jedi. In the end he just said "I owe you that much."

"Thank you."

"Don't test my generosity. I'm willing to let you go this time, but if we meet again as adversaries, I won't hold back."

Bastila heard the truth in his words. It would hurt him and her as well, but he would not let her stand in his way. "I understand. Can you have the shuttle prepped and ready to leave in an hour? That will give me enough time to gather my things."

Revan just nodded his head and left Bastila to her packing.

White House, Washington DC

General Martin had just finished briefing the President on his discussion with Revan. Both men were disturbed at the speed with which Revan agreed to a face-to-face meeting. And, they couldn't ignore his not too subtle threat either which again they both knew there was currently no defense against. So, it wasn't a question of whether they should agree to a meeting, it was a matter of determining who should be there and where it should be held.

The President mumbled "I will have to be there."

General Martin and the Chief of Staff started at this. "Mr. President, are you sure that is wise? We don't know what they intend to do, they could hold you as a hostage." General Martin argued.

"He's right sir, the risk is too great." The Chief of Staff agreed.

"Does it really matter? If they wanted to, they could probably destroy the White House from orbit before we ever had any warning. Anyway, we are taking about one of the most pivotal moments in human history, I can't send someone else in my place, it has to be me."

General Martin tried to come up with an argument but he knew the President was right. There really was no place that was safe, unless you were willing to live in a bunker or Cheyenne Mountain full time.

That was not likely to happen anytime soon. "Who will you take with you Mr. President?"

The President was silent and he held his cup of coffee in his hands staring into the black steaming liquid. "General you will join me; you have the most experience, limited though it may be in this field. I think you should stay here." He continued while looking at the Chief of Staff. "The Secretary of State would probably be the other logical choice. Now the question is where should we have the meeting?"

The Chief of Staff mused "It will have to be somewhere that we can establish security but remote. Your ranch won't work, it's too open. We would never be able to hide it from the press."

"Cheyenne Mountain may work." General Martin suggested. "It's secure and there wouldn't be any problem with adding in additional forces if necessary."

The President shook his head at that one. "I don't think we want to bring strangers into the heart of our Strategic Air Command. We could use Camp David. It is secure; we can add additional Secret Service agents to the security detail and tell the press that I am taking a short vacation."

The Chief of Staff stood and left the office for a moment before coming back in with the Special Agent in charge of the President's security detail. Once everyone was seated again, they began to discuss the additional measures that would be taken to provide security for the meeting. It was decided that an additional security perimeter outside the limits of Camp David would be necessary to ensure that no press would be able to get photos. A detachment of marines would be on hand as well since it was unknown what kinds of weapons the aliens would have with them. In order to have enough time to get everything in place, they were going plan for the meeting to take place on the 26th.

"General, please transmit the details of the meeting. We will meet again tomorrow to begin planning our response." The President stood and returned to his chair behind his desk, dismissing both men.

November 23rd, 2007

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Revan was on the bridge the following morning when he received word that Malak wanted to speak with him. Revan smiled in anticipation, he was sure of Malak's answer though it had taken him longer to reach it than Revan expected.

Malak was sitting calmly in his cell waiting for Revan to arrive. He had decided to commit his forces almost immediately after his last meeting with Revan. The man had been correct when he said that Malak would do anything to survive. Still, he hadn't wanted to give Revan the satisfaction of answering too quickly. He wanted to draw it out, at least to make him doubt the outcome somewhat.

His head turned slowly at the sound of the door sliding open. No emotions showed on his face, to the casual observer, Malak appeared to be perfectly calm, at peace with himself despite his current circumstances.

Revan was not in the mood for banter after the previous day's events.
“You wanted to speak with me?”

“Yes, I have your answer for you.” Malak said, deliberately drawing it out to annoy his brother.

Revan glared at the man. “And?”

“I have some conditions before I commit my forces to your endeavor.” Malak said simply.

“I would expect nothing less. So what are they?” Revan asked almost dreading the answer.

“First, I want out of this cell and the force suppressor removed.” Malak began “Second, I want to be part of the planning. I’m not committing my forces without having some say in how they are deployed.”

Revan nodded his head thoughtfully. There was nothing too burdensome in the demands. In fact, Revan had been expecting to release Malak and he wanted to make use of the man during the

battle. The only thing he had not given much thought to was the removal of the force suppressor. Additional precautions would have to be taken if the suppressor were removed.

"I have no problem with either of those conditions but I will not remove the suppressor until after the battle. And, you won't get your light saber back until I decide to give it to you." Revan countered.

Malak acquiesced. "I have one final condition. I want to know why you would trust me after everything that has happened."

A cold laugh echoed off the walls of the brig. Malak stared at Revan in confusion. "I don't trust you. You will have to earn my trust back and it won't be easy."

The two men talked for another couple of minutes before Revan lowered the security field and led Malak to the bridge. On the bridge, Revan introduced Malak to Halcyon and told the two that they would be working together to plan the defense for the upcoming battle against the Sith fleet. Revan left the two to their planning after listening to Malak as he sent the signal for his forces to converge on the system.

Before Revan left, Malak said "They should be here within 3 days times."

All Revan said as he left the bridge was "I hope they're enough."

Chapter 25: The End or the Beginning pt.1

November 25th, 2007

Voldemort's Lair, Little Hangleton UK

Voldemort stared at the headline of the latest copy of the Daily Prophet before crumpling the paper in his fist. This was intolerable. Not only had the Unspeakables managed to capture the majority of his remaining forces but now the Ministry was declaring victory over him. There were quotes from the highest Ministry official to the mudblood scum off the street calling him by his name.

Though it galled him to admit it, Voldemort knew he couldn't win and with his ally and benefactor having disappeared, there was a good chance they he would die for a second time. He seriously doubted that there would be anyone to bring him back a third time. Wisdom and prudence told him to leave the field of battle. It told him to retreat and rebuild his forces in some other country and let the fools have their temporary victory. As much as he wanted to follow that path, his pride would not let him.

For more than 40 years the wizarding world had been so terrified of him they could not even utter his name. Now, the rabble was talking about him openly. The wizarding world was incredibly fickle. They would turn on their heroes and saviors in an instant, vilifying them to satisfy their own insecurities. Soon enough, the scum would block out or forget the terrors of the past and speak of him as a joke. To think, that Lord Voldemort, the worst dark lord in countless years would be laughed at was more than his pride could bear.

If he was going to be defeated, then he would go out with a bang and not a whimper. The wizards and witches would always remember his name and once more they would fear even to utter it. It would require sacrifice though; his remaining Death Eaters would be required and would either end up dead or in Azkaban. Not that it bothered Voldemort in the slightest but he would need to deceive his men.

The beginnings of a plan were forming. Diagon Alley would be a perfect location for the attack. It would be more crowded with the holidays coming up. This would not be a surgical strike or an attack

designed to inspire fear. The goal of this attack would be to cause as much death and destruction as possible before the inevitable end.

The Death Eaters would need motivation to join the attack and to stay with it. In this his missing ally could be helpful. The man alone was enough to fill his followers with fear. Now in his absence he could claim that the man was rallying his own forces to join them in their assault. Once he and his remaining Death Eaters were committed there would be no turning back. It would also be necessary for his Death Eaters to remain here in his mansion until the attack. He could not let them run prior to the battle. December 1st, that is when he would attack and make sure the wizarding world never forget the fear inspired by Lord Voldemort.

November 26th, 2007

Camp David, MD US

It had been just over 4 days since their initial contact with the alien leader. In that time, the President had met with the leaders of both political parties as well as the senior Senators and Congressman from the Intelligence committees.

Shock and surprise were invariably the first reactions to the news that a fleet of alien spacecraft were in a high orbit. Fear and outrage were quick to follow once the initial surprise had passed. The fear was easy to understand. After being shown the images of a probable space battle, the few images they were able to capture of the vessels themselves was enough to silence even the most ardent supporter of the American military. It had been close to twenty years since the US was faced with an equal military power. Now, they were faced with an unknown and potentially hostile force and there was no realistic response to be had.

This led to the outrage. Men and women, accustomed to holding some of the most powerful political positions in the world were being forced to reevaluate those positions in light of recent developments. It was decided that a show of force would be necessary to prove to these aliens that they would not be intimidated.

The President knew it would not be so easy though. Long accustomed to negotiating from a position of power, the US now found itself on the opposite side of the table. It would be a balancing act. They must show strength without appearing to be threatening. With luck, the aliens would not have hostile intentions. If that was the case, the US stood to gain insurmountable advantages over the other nations of the world in advanced technology.

Another concern which was something more akin to curiosity was what the aliens would look like. Their appearance would have a great deal of influence on how they would be viewed by the American public. Surprisingly, nothing had been leaked to the press yet, but in Washington DC with a story this big, it was just a matter of time. There had been some laughter over the new conspiracy theories that would no doubt spring up in light of the revelation. It was one of the few light hearted moments of the conferences being held.

Now, here they stood. The President of the United States of America flanked by the Secretary of State and General Martin waiting in the cool November sun of early morning for the arrival of the alien leader. It was almost unnaturally quiet; there were none of the normal noises associated with animals that one heard during Spring and Summer. Being Camp David, all air traffic was diverted away so there were no noises from the roads or from passing jets. The men themselves stood in silence, each lost in their own thoughts, pondering what today's meeting would mean for the US and the world.

A soft hum started to fill the air, breaking the silence of Camp David. It rapidly grew in volume until a white craft appeared in the sky and began to descend towards the designated landing coordinates. While the craft was descending, three fighters shot down from the sky and leveled off forming a perimeter around the landing site. Each fighter was hovering, facing away from the shuttle as it came to a gentle landing.

The three men were trying to contain their awe at the site before them. The marines and secret service agents stationed around them all had weapons drawn and pointed at the craft. No amount of training had prepared them for this. Fingers twitched against triggers when a ramp lowered to the ground from the belly of the craft.

The President straightened mentally preparing himself for this meeting. Shortly, 4 figures emerged walking down the ramp. Once they had emerged from the craft, the President and everyone else were shocked to see that they looked to be human. Each man was dressed in black military uniforms with badges over their left breast presumably denoting their rank. They carried what appeared to be a rifle of some sort at their side.

The men were followed by another man who the President assumed to be Lord Revan. He was tall with short cropped black hair and he carried himself with an air of confidence and authority. Unlike the 4 men, he was dressed in what appeared to be a black metallic armor with red highlights that the President found to be very intimidating. Despite the armor, the man moved with an almost catlike grace.

Another four men walked down the ramp after Revan, they were dressed in the same fashion as the first four. At some unseen signal, the ramp ascended back up into the ship after everyone was clear. The 8 men spread out around Revan, their eyes scanning the soldiers and secret service agents assessing their threat level. Their hands never left the grip of their rifles, ready to take action at the slightest sign of danger.

Revan ignored the banter between the security forces and approached the trio of men standing near the landing site. He stopped when he was no more than 5 feet away. One man was dressed in a crisp dark blue military uniform. On each shoulder were three silver stars and a series of medals and ribbons adorned the left breast of his jacket. This was clearly a military man and most likely the general that had first made contact with Revan.

The other two men he was less sure of. It was probable that the man in the middle was either the President or the Vice-President. He had no idea who the third man was. So in attempt to avoid uncertainty, he addressed the general. "General Martin I presume?" He asked and after getting a nod of acknowledgement he continued "I am Lord Revan."

General Martin was somewhat surprised to be addressed by name. The moment of shock passed and he quickly made introductions

"Lord Revan, it is my honor to introduce President George Bush and our Secretary of State, Colin Powell."

Revan nodded to each man in greeting. He cast an amused glance over the tense soldiers and agents before saying "I think it would be in the best interest for all parties if your men were to lower their weapons."

President Bush was not eager to see things fall apart so quickly and privately he agreed with Revan's assessment. So he motioned for the men to stand down. "Lord Revan, we have prepared a room where we can speak privately. Your men are welcome to station themselves outside of the room. My own men will also wait outside the room so there is no danger to you."

Containing his humor at the thought of these men being a danger to either him or his forces, Revan nodded his head in agreement and followed the three men to the aforementioned room. The walls were covered in a dark wood paneling lit at intervals with small but bright gold lamps. There were paintings adorning each wall depicting prior presidents. The room itself was dominated by a large cherry wood conference table. Sturdy straight back chairs surrounded the table.

President Bush motioned Revan to a seat at the middle of the table and took a seat on the opposite side. Coffee and tea were explained and offered, something Revan found highly amusing. Coffee was served by the staff who then quickly scurried out of the room afterwards. "Lord Revan can you explain why you appear to be human?" President Bush asked curiously.

Revan was more than happy to explain, it would be a way to build trust if they thought of him as a misplaced human. "Straight to it then." He paused for a moment, gathering his thoughts "There are thousands of different species in the galaxy, many of them all but indistinguishable from the inhabitants of Earth. However, I am human and am from Earth."

Trying and failing to mask his astonishment Bush blurted "How is that possible? No other nation has a space program as advanced as ours and we are nowhere near interstellar flight." Bush blushed faintly

when he realized what he said but then figured that if Revan was from Earth, he knew that they were not capable of fighting him.

Revan smiled faintly at the President's surprise "When I was less than two years old, an old woman sensed my presence on this planet and came to take me away for training." Revan gave an edited version of his childhood growing up in the Jedi Order and later his role in the Mandalorian wars. Conveniently he omitted any mention of the civil war that followed and his role in it.

All three men sitting across from Revan were horrified by the actions of this woman. They each had families of their own and the thought of one of their children being taken away and never knowing what happened bothered them greatly. It also served to build a feeling of sympathy for Revan and what he had gone through.

The President, with a look of sincere sorrow on his face said "I'm truly sorry for everything you've had to go through in your life. To be stolen away from your family at such a young age, it is truly a terrible thing."

Revan adopted a sad look and let his eyes slide down to the table as if he was trying to mask his own grief over the matter.

General Martin asked a question then "Why have you come back to now? Why bring so many ships with you if the war is over?" During one of the planning sessions, it was decided that either the General or Colin Powell would ask the initial questions that could spark a hostile response. That way, the President would have room to maneuver their way out of the situation if necessary.

Revan wanted to thank the man for such a perfect opening. He had not expected to be asked about his past by the President but he had jumped at the chance to alleviate their suspicions by admitting that he was originally from Earth. "The Earth is great danger. There are at least two galactic powers that I'm aware of that want to control the Earth or destroy it to prevent others from having it." It was the truth after all; they just didn't need to know that he was the second galactic power.

"I don't understand what benefit could they get from controlling Earth or even destroying it? If you are from here, you know that we couldn't

possibly be a threat to any of these galactic powers." General Martin objected.

"True, from a military standpoint Earth poses no threat and will not for quite some time unless you get a boost from the outside. No, there exists on Earth people like me, people who can use the force. This in and of itself is not unusual, what is unusual is the number of people. The concentration is higher here than on any other world I have visited. This makes Earth a rich resource or a vital target."

Colin Powell asked "Who are these enemies? Can we negotiate with them?"

Revan launched into a description of the Sith and their empire. He described a typical life for one the empire's citizens, pausing to answer the occasional question. Lastly, he revealed that there had been a pair of Sith operating on Earth in the UK for quite some time until Revan arrived and eliminated them.

The three men were stunned by that revelation and it was some time before they spoke again. "You have proof of this?" The President asked shrewdly. It was easy to spin some wild tales when they didn't have a way of disproving them. The shuttle alone was enough proof of his story about being from another planet but what real evidence was there that Revan was from Earth. That could be a lie designed to garner their sympathy. No, before things went much further, Revan was going to have to provide proof of his story.

Unphased, Revan reached into his pocket and removed a small holocron projector. He placed it on the table and projected a hologram of his final confrontation with the Sith Master. President Bush, General Martin, and Colin Powell sat mesmerized as they watched the furious battle. When it was over Colin Powell asked "What was that weapon you were using?" The grenade was fairly obvious and the Sith was using some kind of sword but he didn't have a name for what Revan was using.

Revan stood and with a small smile removed his light saber from its place on his belt. With a click, the blood red beam extended from the silver hilt. Each of the men jumped back in surprise at the beam's appearance. Holding the blade upright Revan explained "This is a

light saber, it is a controlled beam of super heated plasma capable of cutting through most substances. It is the weapon of a Jedi because it is more dangerous to the wielder if they don't possess the necessary skills." Just as quickly, the beam disappeared and Revan returned the light saber to his belt.

"The enemy you were fighting, that was a Sith?" General Martin asked.

"Yes, he was the Master; I had already killed the apprentice weeks ago. As a show of good faith, I am prepared to give a tour of my flagship so that you can see the type of technology that we can bring to bear."

President Bush agreed to the tour and suggested that General Martin and Colin Powell would be the logical choices. Before they broke up the session though Bush made another request "We would appreciate it if you provide us with a DNA sample. I would like to confirm your story that you are indeed from Earth."

Revan gave the matter little thought; it would dispel any doubt about his story. "Of course, how would you like to do this?"

"I will ask one of our doctors to come in here and take a sample." After getting agreement from Revan, Bush called for a doctor and they took a swab from inside Revan's mouth in addition to a small sample of his blood.

The doctors performed their work quickly and efficiently. Once the doctors were gone, Revan sat down briefly while they discussed when they would meet again and steps for moving forward.

"Gentlemen, I will send a shuttle for you in 5 days. You will be contacted with the necessary information." Revan left after exchanging some parting pleasantries with the President.

It wasn't long before the shuttle launched into the air and quickly disappeared from sight followed by the three fighter craft. President Bush and his two advisors returned to the conference room following the departure. "Thoughts?"

Martin was the first to answer "He didn't really tell us much. Just told us about some potential enemy. There really wasn't even an offer of help in there yet."

Powell agreed "It was a meet and greet nothing more. I assume our talks will be more substantive in the future." He paused for a moment before adding "The possibility of him being human is interesting though. It would explain why he is here, probably looking for his family in addition to anything else."

"Yes it would give some insight into why he's here. I don't care how advanced the galaxy though, I find it hard to believe that anyone would put themselves in harm's way when they have nothing to gain. Given the description of his childhood, I'm not sure the idea of protecting family is enough to bring him here. I put a lot more credibility in his wanting to prevent someone else from controlling the planet because of the risk it presents to him." Bush put in.

"Could you imagine being raised out there where traveling to other planets is no different than going to another country? The things he must have seen, I almost envy him." Martin said musingly.

"It will be interesting to see what he is willing to share with us. Clearly, their technology is years if not centuries ahead of our own. That light saber was amazing." Bush added.

The three men continued talking for some time analyzing the conversation and what had been learned. They also began talking about what would be up for negotiation in order to get their hands on some of his equipment; it would revolutionize so many industries. More importantly, the US would be secure from any threat with the proper application of that technology, at least any Earth born threat.

November 29th, 2007

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

Commander Halcyon was standing on the bridge of the Decimator trying to ignore the presence of the man standing next to him. It was a mystery to Halcyon why Revan would give the man any authority after the first betrayal had almost cost him everything. Admittedly, the

man's survival hinged on the successful defense of this planet but that didn't erase Halcyon's concerns. Malak is traitor to Lord Revan and it would take a lot more than what he had seen so far to convince him that he had seen the error of his ways. Of course, it seemed that Lord Revan was only prepared to give Malak so much leeway before yanking him back in. Halcyon just hoped he was around when the man was humbled again.

"Halcyon!" Malak snapped, growing tired of the man ignoring him. "Revan ordered you to work with me on the defense of this planet. Unless you want to fail *your lord*..." He finished with a sneer.

Malak would have smiled if he could. By the look of things, Halcyon was grinding his teeth hard enough to pulverize them. His eyes closed for a second as he imagined the sound of Halcyon's teeth audibly cracking under the assault.

"Very well, your ships should arrive within the day. Tell me again what is the composition of your ships and how many fighters are available." Halcyon maintained a straight face but he knew with an absolute certainty that Malak hated repeating himself, it was one of the few ways he could torment the man without angering Revan.

A low mechanical growl escaped from Malak before he could contain it. "As you well know, there are 25 ships in the battle group. There are 6 battleship class vessels supported by a number of cruisers and destroyers. In total there are close to 350 fighters ready for immediate launch. Now if you done making me repeat information you have heard countless times, I think we need to be prepared to fall back to the planet in case we can't hold them near the asteroid belt."

Halcyon was nothing if not a soldier and he would not play with the lives of those under his command. So once Malak began discussing the defense of the system, Halcyon was all business. "I agree, the laser batteries and remote turrets in the asteroid belt will provide some additional cover but it won't be enough if they come in greater numbers."

"If we are lucky, the turrets may thin out their fighters but in all probability the defensive fire will not be strong enough to do any significant damage to their capital ships."

Halcyon nodded in agreement before adding "It's unfortunate we don't have more data on the nature of their fleets. As it is we can only speculate that their ships have similar capabilities to our own."

"You've seen the data from Revan's previous encounters. On a one to one basis our ships seem to match up fairly well against theirs. The weapons are not quite as strong but our shield technology and hull armor is better. Most likely they are willing to sacrifice durability for overwhelming firepower."

Halcyon muttered under his breath "You'd know all about overwhelming firepower." He was referring to devastated worlds that Malak had left in his wake. As a military commander, Halcyon didn't understand the need to waste resources in such a way. Why occupy a planet if you are going to have to rebuild it from the ground up first. This led him to consider the first meeting with the Americans,

On the surface, Revan's meeting with the US government seemed foolish. The US was not a threat in any way to the safety of the fleet and yet Revan had met with them face to face more or less as equals. He had even agreed to provide a tour of this ship in the coming days to representatives from their government. It would be a simple matter to devastate the planet's infrastructure and sweep away the remnants of resistance. This way though, the people would willingly join with Revan and it would not be necessary to rebuild everything from the ground up.

Malak called up an image of the Earth and moon and began position the fleet in strategic locations to provide the greatest defense. Halcyon grudgingly admitted that the man was a brilliant tactician; the placements of the ships would draw in the enemy and expose their flanks to forces that could hide in the shadow of Earth's moon.

Tensions had been rising in the fleet these last few days. There had been no sign of the Sith fleet yet but it had to be on its way. Thankfully, Malak's forces would be here in time to provide additional strength.

Their planning complete for the time being, Halcyon turned to another matter. "Have you prepared your portion of the tour for Revan's

guests?" There was some humor evident in his voice because of what Malak had been asked to do.

"Yes I will perform like a trained animal and impress them with the power of the force." Malak's eyes sparkled for a moment in mirth "Do you think Revan would mind if I used one of them to practice my lightning strike on?"

"I don't think that is what he had in mind for this particular diplomatic event. Though if things don't go as planned or the Americans become too bothersome he could probably be persuaded to give them to you."

Malak actually laughed briefly relishing the thought. "And you, has the ship been cleaned and made ready for the visit from such august dignitaries?"

Halcyon's expression soured somewhat "Yes, personally I hate these things. Give me a target I can shoot at any day over this diplomatic garbage."

Both men knew there were no feelings of friendship; they were just two men sharing the humor of a situation. It was unlikely that there would ever be anything more than a cool professional relationship and privately both preferred that it stay that way.

December 1st, 2007

Ministry of Magic, London UK

It had been more than a week since Revan had last spoken with James. Given the situation, he didn't want to pressure his father into making a decision. The meeting with the Americans had been fairly superficial. It would help build trust if he was able to bring James with him to the next meeting. Even though Revan was from Earth, it would be natural to doubt his intentions. Not many people would put themselves at risk for an entire planet with no ulterior motives. Revan certainly didn't fall into that group.

So it came as no small relief when James contacted Revan and asked to speak with him at the Ministry of Magic on December 1st. Fortunately for Revan, the Americans were scheduled for their tour at

the same time. It was with a heavy heart that Revan handed over responsibility for the visitors to Halcyon and Malak. Privately, he couldn't help but laugh when he remembered the expression on their faces when he told them the good news. There were definitely perks to being in charge.

"Lord Revan, we have reached the designated coordinates and will be on the ground in 2 minutes." The pilot announced.

Revan checked his armor to make sure everything was in place and that his light saber was securely fastened to his belt. Normally he wouldn't have worn the armor to a meeting with his father but since it was at the Ministry of Magic, he wanted to make an impression with any wizards or witches that saw him.

Less than 10 minutes later, Revan was met by an Unspeakable agent and together they portkeyed to the Ministry. Revan let out a soft grunt when he landed, knees bending instinctually to absorb the impact. They walked briskly through the Ministry bypassing the normal security checkpoints and proceeding directly to the elevators that would take them to the Department of Mysteries.

The agent escorting Revan was silent the entire time and Revan was never one for idle chatter. Revan was thankful for the guide though because he had spent very little time in the Ministry itself and the time he had spent were usually in James' old office, not his new one as head of the Unspeakables. The office door was open so Revan walked in and was greeted by a slight smile from James who motioned for him to close the door.

Once the door was closed, Revan sat down in front of his father after shaking hands. Revan was surprised to find himself a little nervous about what his father might say so he decided to get it over with quickly. "I assume that since you called me here you have come to a decision."

James heard the nervousness in Revan's voice. Most people would have missed it but he had spent enough time with his son to recognize it and it made him feel better about his decision. Somehow, it made Revan seem more human and less the unyielding leader he often portrayed himself as. "I have. I will help you and work as your

representative, but there are some conditions that I expect you to agree to.”

Revan was relieved and his shoulders drooped a little as some of the tension left him. “What conditions?”

“I have two conditions that you have to agree to otherwise I won’t help you.” He waited for Revan to nod in understanding before continuing. “First, I want to be involved in any decision making regarding the Earth and I want the right to veto the methods chosen.” James could see that Revan was about to protest so he held up his hand to forestall him. “I’m not saying I can veto your decisions, simply I can veto the way they are implemented. You’ve told me what Malak has done and you yourself have done in the name of fighting the Sith. I will not let you do that on Earth.”

Revan gritted his teeth but agreed to the demand. As James said, Revan would still be making the decisions but he would not be able to do whatever he wanted on the planet. Given the resources that would come to him, it was worth the concession.

James lost his train of thought for a moment; he had expected Revan to put up more of a fight to his first demand. The second one shouldn’t be as objectionable. “Second, I want to approach the nations peacefully. None of them are a threat to you militarily and it costs you nothing. If they attack your forces on the ground than that is a different situation but I want don’t want you to go in with guns blazing.”

The second condition was surprisingly easy for Revan to agree to. It helped that he agreed with it, Malak was the one who had wasted so much potential by destroying world after world. The people here were too valuable to waste like that. “I see no problem with that.”

James looked at Revan suspiciously, it seemed too easy. Then Revan explained “You should probably know that I have already been approached by the United States. I met with their President a week ago at Camp David.”

James didn’t even know what to say. It never occurred to him that one of the governments would reach out to Revan first. Of course it

would be the Americans, they were the most advanced and therefore most likely to somehow detect Revan's fleet. "What happened?" He asked, a little bit afraid of the answer he would get.

Revan described his meeting with the President and his advisors. Unknown to them, Revan's assessment mirrored that of the Americans, specifically that there was very little of substance being discussed. It did nothing more than to set the stage for future meetings. "The Secretary of State and General Martin should be on the Decimator as we speak for their tour. I would like you to be at our next meeting. It may help to establish a level of trust between us."

"Shouldn't you be there for the tour?" James asked.

Revan laughed "God no, I hate that kind of thing. I shoved it onto Halcyon's shoulders to deal with." Seeing James' amused look he added "There are advantages to being in charge after all. I'm sure you'll figure it out too."

Before James could respond, alarm klaxons started blaring in the office. Both Revan and James shot out of their chairs to find out what was going on. The pair rushed from the office to the central dispatch office which handled the coordination for agents during all emergencies for the Unspeakables.

"What the hell is going on?" James had to yell to be heard over the alarm.

"Voldemort and some Death Eaters are attacking Diagon Alley." The agent in charge answered.

James felt a moment of panic; this was his first battle as leader of the Unspeakables. "Get every available agent to Diagon Alley; this is our chance to take Voldemort down. Revan and I will head up there now to take charge in the field." They didn't even wait for acknowledgment; they simply ran to the elevators to return to the ground level.

It only took a few moments for them to make it outside. The Ministry was located on a side street off of Diagon Alley so they could clearly

hear the screams and explosions coming from the attack. Just as they started to approach, Revan's communicator activated.

"Lord Revan, this is Commander Halcyon please respond." There was a note of urgency in the commander's voice that Revan had never heard before. Even as he wondered what would rattle his commander, a squadron of his fighters appeared in the sky above London. Their engines screaming, red laser blasts were raining across the sky. At first Revan didn't see the enemy and he thought that perhaps Malak had betrayed him again but then a cold pit formed in his stomach. Black needle shaped fighters joined the battle against his fighters. The black fighters swooped and swerved, most avoiding the blaster fire but a few took enough damage to send them spiraling into the city adding more chaos and devastation to the situation.

James had temporarily forgotten about Diagon Alley, awed by the deadly dance that was taking place in the skies above him. He vaguely heard Revan say "Halcyon, report!"

"The Sith are here. They managed to mask their hyper drive signatures and were on us before we knew it. They breached our initial line but we have managed to halt their advance for the time being."

"Do what you can commander. I won't have a way of getting up to you now." Revan said before clicking off. "Come on James, there is nothing we can do about the Sith from down here, we have to take care of Voldemort once and for all."

Chapter 26: The End or the Beginning pt. 2

December 1st, 2007

Diagon Alley, London UK

James and Revan resumed their run to the entrance of Diagon Alley. The sounds of battle were deafening and they were coming not just from the alley but from overhead as fighters exploded or crashed into London. Small groups of Sith fighters had broken away from the dog fight and were on a strafing run, raining laser fire and photon charges down onto the city. London was ablaze, vast swathes of the city were burning. A rumble and billowing cloud of dust signaled the collapse of another skyscraper. The fighters continued to dance in the sky.

Revan forced himself to ignore the skies; he needed to focus on the battle against Voldemort and his Death Eaters. He didn't come all this way, defeat a pair of Sith, retake the Star Forge, and capture his betrayer just to fall now.

They were now at the entrance to Diagon Alley; a number of Unspeakable Agents were arriving at the same time. James took a moment to take stock of the situation. It appeared that Voldemort and no more than 7 Death Eaters were laying waste to the alley. Blasting curses seemed to be the spell of choice as walls and shop fronts exploded. James ordered "You" pointing to the agents on hand "take out the Death Eaters. I'm not interested in arrests. This ends today. Revan and I will take Voldemort."

Revan was fully prepared to face Voldemort. While he doubted the validity of the prophecy, he had no real fear of the man. He was more worried about James fighting with him "Are you sure about this? I can take Voldemort on my own."

James nodded grimly "I lost you for 25 years because of Voldemort. Today he pays for that." At James' signal, the agents advanced on the Death Eaters following a volley of spells. James and Revan moved ahead as well to take on Voldemort.

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

The ship rocked back in space as another torpedo slammed into the hull. "Order fighter squadrons 5 through 9 to form up on us and focus their attack on the lead dreadnaught." Halcyon ordered. He wiped blood off his face from where he had been knocked to floor by an earlier strike. A glance over to his right showed him that the Americans were ok, shaken up but otherwise unharmed. If the situation weren't so serious, he would have laughed they were definitely getting the full tour.

Malak was standing by another display watching as the second battle group from their fleet swung into position from behind the moon. 4 Battleships, 8 cruisers, and 10 destroyers accelerated into position and closed on the rear of the Sith fleet. Fighters began pouring out of the ships and opened fire on the enemy.

"Squad B give the fighters time to get clear than open fire with everything you have, we can't let those capital ships get in range of the planet." Malak ordered. He growled as the ship rocked again, more violently this time, secondary explosions could be heard in the bridge and a few of the stations blew apart in a shower of sparks and fire.

Outside in the cold of space, more than a hundred fighters from squad B shot forward at attack speed. Within seconds, they were within range of the capital ships and a massive wave of glowing proton torpedoes launched towards the rear of the Sith fleet. As soon as the torpedoes were away, the fighters broke off and prepared to engage the enemy fighters. Squadrons broke apart and fighters began going head to head, red laser fire lighting up the dark of space with explosions from both sides.

The commander of squad B waited until the fighters had broken off before ordering all ships to open fire. Turbo lasers and bow mounted anti-ship cannons roared to life. Torpedoes exploded against the enemy tearing into armor, destroying engines and opening up wide sections to the vacuum of space. Engines flickered and went dark as power was lost and a handful of the ships detonated before they could be hit again. Other ships were left as nothing more than flaming husks. The laser fire from squad B littered space with small

explosions when Sith fighters swerved in protecting their capital ships from fire.

2 of the lumbering dreadnaughts put their remaining power into the engines and surged forward towards the main defensive line. Their weapons off line and fighters launched, the Sith targeted two clusters of ships primarily composed of cruisers and destroyers. Laser fire burned into their hulls as they got closer but nothing was strong enough to destroy them.

New alarms started to ring on the Decimator. "Two Sith dreadnaughts are on a collision course with our ship." The voice of the distraught officer rang out over the din.

"Evasive maneuvers get us out of the way." Halcyon ordered but he knew they would not likely escape entirely.

Malak instead ordered "Squads C & D, move into the path of those ships we can't lose this ship." He knew that he was ordering those men to their deaths, but he didn't particularly care.

Both squads were comprised of fast moving destroyers and cruisers. Like a well oiled machine they prepared themselves to stand in the path of the massive ships. In less than 2 minutes the dreadnaughts sheared through 3 destroyers taking massive damage in the process. Another 4 destroyers accelerated and rammed themselves into the dreadnaughts. All four destroyers detonated tearing gaping holes in one dreadnaught and ripping the second apart. Space was filled with a massive explosion as the fuel and weapons ammunition detonated blinding fighter pilots and jamming equipment with the discharge. The remaining dreadnaught was forced off course and through a hole in the defensive line. Their engines flared once more before fading and the ship lost all power as it entered Earth's atmosphere in an uncontrolled descent.

Before a strike could be ordered against the ship, the remaining Sith fleet attacked in force, pulling attention away from the doomed vessel.

Skies over London

Overhead, sleek silver fighters were weaving and rolling amidst black needle like fighters. Laser fire and explosions lit up the horizon, the remains of crippled ships falling from the sky to spread destruction on the ground.

Then a third player joined the battle. Their engines louder than anything already in the air, squadrons of British jets roared in following a wave of missiles. The combatants were unprepared for the new player as missiles detonated against silver and black fighters alike.

The silver fighters were protected by some sort of shield that seemed to absorb the brunt of the explosion. It did not protect them from the kinetic energy of the blast though and the pilots found themselves struggling to control their ships in its wake. A handful of fighters collided with other members of their squadron shearing off wings or simply exploding on contact. The fighters that lost wings became out of control missiles ramming into buildings and homes as they crashed to the ground.

The black fighters didn't have any shields and simply disappeared in a bright orange explosions.

The British jets roared in pushing their engines to the max to match the speeds of the enemy. Vulcan cannons were firing non-stop peppering the enemy hulls with holes and disabling or destroying many of the black fighters. The cannons were not effective against the other fighters and the British broke off to launch another wave of missiles.

Sith fighters targeted the less maneuverable fighters. Blood red laser fire blossomed from the ships burning holes and gashes into the British fighters. Smoke started to pour out of the damaged jets as they dodged and swerved trying to get away from the deadly weapons fire.

Revan's forces saw an opportunity and began swarming over the Sith, picking them off before they could break away from the British. Just as the first wave was destroyed, the British broke away and prepared to engage when another swarm of Sith fighters descended and began to attack.

Diagon Alley, London UK

James and Revan peeled off from the Unspeakables and engaged Voldemort. Revan had his light saber in one hand and his other hand was clenched into a fist with lightning flaring around it. James snapped off a spell at the same time that lightning arced out from Revan's outstretched hand.

Voldemort heard James' spell and turned his attention towards the two men. A bright shield flared to life around him. James' spell splashed harmlessly against it while the lightning surged and crackled along the edges but was unable to penetrate the shield. Remembering his last encounter with Revan, Voldemort threw a blasting curse at Revan's feet.

Revan saw the spell flying towards him and dove out of the way only to see another spell flying towards him. Unable to dodge again, Revan swung his light saber up and did his best to shield himself from the explosion even as his back slammed into the wall behind him taking his breath away with the impact.

James saw this with mounting horror but couldn't spare time to focus on Revan right now. Spells poured from his wand in an almost continual stream, distracting Voldemort from Revan. Nothing got through Voldemort's defenses. The shield had shattered after the initial onslaught but now Voldemort was deflecting his spells and returning with his own combination of flesh decay, entrails rupturing, and killing curses.

James was forced to do his own dance, spinning and dodging out of the path of Voldemort's spells, deflecting those he could and avoiding the ones he couldn't. There was an expression of sadistic glee on Voldemort's face as buildings crumbled and people screamed in pain and terror. He had barely noticed the battle going on overhead and assumed it was simply the muggles waging war for some reason.

While Voldemort was focused on James, Revan struggled back to his feet and regained his breath. Using the force, he accelerated his speed until he was nothing but a blur and ran towards Voldemort. The glow from his light saber attracted Voldemort's attention though and another string of blasting curses soared towards him. This time, he

was able to dodge the spells using his speed. He felt small pieces of stone and wood bite into his skin from the explosions echoing around him.

Revan slowed his approach, concentrated again and piles of debris and rubble floated into the air and moved in Voldemort's direction at incredible speeds. Voldemort tried to conjure another shield but the rubble passed through it like it was tissue paper and embedded itself into his body. His scream of rage and pain echoed off the walls.

James was tiring; he wasn't sure how much longer he could last. He knew it would come down to Revan and Voldemort but he wanted to give his son every possible advantage. It took his remaining magic but James cast one final spell. His eyes began to glow, emitting a soft golden light and his floated around his hand as power emanated from his body. The sky opened up and a winged figure man appeared formed out of pure magic. He hovered over Diagon Alley for a moment before the same golden glow radiated out from his wings. Normally the spell was not very useful, it took a tremendous amount of magic and would not cause any harm to most wizards or witches. The light inspired and invigorated the Unspeakables who were slowly encircling the Death Eaters. James had passed out from the power drain but even unconscious, James' face lost some its tension. Revan and the Death Eaters felt nothing, but Voldemort screamed in pain again as the light raised burns and blisters on his face and exposed skin. Only the darkest of wizards and witches would suffer from the light. The magic spent, the figure faded from view.

Revan shot forward and took Voldemort on hand to hand. At the last moment, Voldemort conjured a sword and parried Revan's strike. His blade held but came away from nicked and smoking from where it connected with the light saber. Voldemort's movements were slower than before, hampered by the burns and blisters covering his arms and face.

Revan again opened himself to the force, letting it flow through him augmenting his speed and reflexes once again. His attacks blurred together as the light saber spun in his grasp slamming into Voldemort's hastily raised defenses over and over again. Without

warning, Revan dropped to his knee and swung his leg forward seeping Voldemort's legs out from underneath him.

Voldemort crashed to ground with a grunt and saw the Revan's light saber descending towards his chest. In desperation, he conjured a solid silver shield. The shield formed around the light saber stopping it from sinking into his heart but it wasn't quick enough to stop it from burning into his sternum leaving a blackened gaping hole. The metal around the light saber began to glow a dull red from the heat being put off by the light saber.

Using what little physical strength he had left, Voldemort forced the shield away from him, dragging Revan's light saber with it. Unfortunately, the light saber burned a trench through Voldemort's chest as it was dragged off him.

His reflexes still enhanced by the force, Revan reacted before Voldemort could do more than roll to the side. He gathered the force around his fist and punched it into and through Voldemort's back. Blood splattered when his fist, surrounded by the force, ripped through the muscle and tendon of Voldemort's body. With his fist buried in Voldemort's torso, he sent lightning arcing through Voldemort's body stopping his heart and frying his brain. Voldemort took one last gurgling breath and then stopped breathing entirely.

Panting from the exertion, Revan withdrew his hand and retrieved his light saber. For good measure, he removed Voldemort's head before moving to find James. It took him a few minutes but he found James partially buried under some rubble, unconscious but otherwise he appeared to be relatively uninjured.

Another explosion overhead reminded him of the battle going on above the planet. He couldn't help but wonder if this was all just a temporary victory.

Decimator, High Earth Orbit

The Sith were putting their last forces into the battle against Revan's fleet. Fighters were being blown away by the intense cannon fire between the capital ships. Squad B had pulled within range once again and bow mounted cannons on the 4 remaining battleships fired

again. The energy discharge from the cannons melted weakened hulls and punched through interior support struts and bulkheads. The remaining two Sith dreadnaughts didn't explode so much as they collapsed in on themselves

Mirroring the death of the final two dreadnaughts, the last destroyers and cruisers from squads C & D were destroyed by a hail of torpedoes that came from the dying Sith vessels. With the last of their dreadnaughts destroyed, the smaller Sith vessels were picked off easily. Like the dreadnaughts, they did not go down without a fight. All remaining torpedoes were launched targeting the nearest ship.

The Decimator was hit by three torpedoes simultaneously. Power flickered on before the engineers got the systems stabilized. Whole sections of the ship had been opened to space. Hyper drive engines were destroyed and most of their launch bays were nonoperational. But it was the parting shot of the dying Sith fleet.

The guns were silenced. The space around Earth was filled with debris. Disabled fighters spun out of control, some spinning into Earth's atmosphere to burn up. Others collided with wreckage destroying themselves. The dreadnaught had continued its uncontrolled descent into the atmosphere and impacted somewhere in France.

Halcyon called out "Recall all remaining fighters and get me update on the fleet status. And get those gravity well generators on line." It was too late for this battle but until they came up with a way to detect incoming Sith vessels, they would need to leave the gravity well generators running at all times. It would add a minimal amount of time to transit to and from the system but they wouldn't be caught by surprise again.

Malak was standing next to him waiting for the report; most of their sensors had been knocked off line by the last barrage of torpedoes. Still they were alive and that was something given the surprise attack of a force that had been close to equal their number. He turned to address the Americans and noted that both men were pale and very nearly in shock "That is the enemy you are facing. Today, we were

the only thing that stood between the Earth and slavery or destruction.”

Malak was interrupted by the incoming status report. “Sirs, Squad A is down to 50, there is only one other battleship in addition to the Decimator, 4 cruisers and 5 destroyers. Squad B is at nearly full strength, they report the loss of two cruisers and a destroyer. They are reporting that squads C& D are totally destroyed.”

“How far away are your other fleets?” Halcyon asked in a tired voice. He knew that Kalia had already dispatched the first wave of ships from the Star Forge but it would be a couple of weeks yet before they arrived. Not that Malak knew any of this; Revan would reveal the information to him when he was ready.

“Most are a minimum of three weeks away but I will send out a recall signal. We need as many ships here as possible. With the gravity well generators active, we can reinforce the defensive emplacements in the asteroid belt.”

Both Martin and Powell were listening surreptitiously. They shared a concerned look between them. By the sounds of the discussion between Halcyon and Malak, they were planning on staying long term and building reinforced defensive positions in the asteroid belt. Both men couldn’t help but wonder what would happen if they weren’t able to come to a peaceful agreement with Lord Revan. Would he simply impose his will on the Earth? Would there be anything they could do to stop them?

Clearing his throat to gain the attention of Halcyon and Malak, Powell asked “Commander Halcyon, when would you be able to return us to the planet, we need to discuss this development with the President?”

“Our hanger bays are damaged; we should be able have a shuttle for you early tomorrow.” Halcyon answered.

“Where was Lord Revan during the attack? Did his ship survive?” General Martin asked, both men had been surprised that Revan wasn’t on hand for their tour or apparently for the battle.

Not sure of the answer but unwilling to acknowledge that to these men, Malak answered "Revan was on an inspection of squad B so he was unable to return to the ship, but as you heard that squad took virtually no damage so he will be able to return once the damage to the hanger bays has been repaired."

Halcyon left the bridge. Once away he attempted to contact Revan. "Lord Revan...Lord Revan this Commander Halcyon, please respond."

A crackling reply came a few moments later "Commander Halcyon, what do you have to report?"

Halcyon repeated the fleet status he had just received minutes before. "The Sith fleet has been destroyed. Malak has issued commands to his other fleets; the earliest should be here within 3 to 4 weeks. By that time, the first squads of ships General Kalia dispatched from the Star Forge will have arrived."

Revan sighed, rubbing a hand tiredly across his eyes "It's the best we can expect at this time. Did the American's cause any trouble?"

"No, they were shaken by the battle but neither man was injured. They did ask about your condition, we led them to believe you had been detained on another ship."

"Very good Commander, get them back planet side as soon as possible. I will contact the President we need to meet and its time we began discussing the future of the Earth."

Chapter 27: Epilogue

December 3rd, 2007

White House, Washington DC USA

Two days had passed since the Sith fleet had been destroyed. Newspapers around the world were running articles about the alien menace threatening the Earth. It had taken close to a full day before the all the fires had been brought under control in London. Other cities in western Europe had suffered damage as well but nothing as extensive. In France, there was a large crater in the countryside outside of Paris where the crippled Sith dreadnaught had crashed. The shockwave from the explosion had shattered windows for miles around and showered the area with small fragments of metal and debris.

The damage to Revan's fleet was immense. It would be weeks before some of the ships were fully operational again. Normally, he would have used them for scrap but until reinforcements arrived, he couldn't afford to let any ship go to waste. The planet would be of use in the long run but until there was time to advance their technology, they had little to offer their would-be protectors.

Now two days had passed and Revan and James were sitting in the Mural Room of the White House speaking with the President, General Martin and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Though Revan would not have been so forward typically in a situation like this, time was no longer a luxury any of them could afford.

After the President had introduced the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Revan motioned to James and said "Mr. President, this if my father James Potter."

James, a little shaky, shook the President's hand. "It's an honor sir." James said, his confident voice belying the shakiness of his hand.

"You're British?" The president half asked half stated, somewhat surprised. Revan had no accent and then he felt like an idiot. Of course he didn't he wasn't raised on the Earth.

James smiled and answered in the affirmative. They spoke for a few moments about family and children. The President share his sympathy with James for losing Revan all those years ago.

"Why have you included your father in these discussions Lord Revan? I am not aware of any status he holds with the British government."

James answered for Revan. He was not sure how things were done in the US but he knew in the UK that Prime Minister was made aware of the wizarding world. "I believe I can answer that question. Hopefully you do things the same way over here that we do at home. I'm a wizard."

The military men in the room scoffed at James' confession but the President merely showed a moment of surprise. "Really, are you involved in the fight against Voldemort?"

The generals all turned their wide eyes to the President now. Not only was he believing this man's claims but asking questions. Slowly they came to the realization that James' claims must be true. "Actually, Revan and I killed Voldemort two days ago, the same day that the Sith attacked. The rest of his Death Eaters are either dead or in prison." James replied.

Revan groaned mentally when he realized what James had just given away.

"Ahh, so that is why Lord Revan was not on hand for the tour of his vessel. However, you still have not answered my question."

Revan replied this time "When we come to an agreement, James will be my representative here on Earth." That seemed to be the signal to start getting down to business. Everyone sat down and the talks began.

General Martin asked a question then "Lord Revan were the ships from the Sith empire you spoke of previously or someone else?"

Honesty was the best approach at the moment now that the Sith had attacked. "Yes they were, we intercepted a message a few weeks

back and suspected that it was a request for reinforcements. However, we never detected their hyper drive trails so we did not think they had any ships so close to Earth."

"You never thought to tell us that a fleet of alien ships might be on its way?!" One of the Joint Chiefs blurted angrily, echoing the thoughts of the others.

Revan stared at the man coldly. "What would you have done General? Yes you had some success against their fighters but what would have done against their capital ships? You have no space based weapons capability."

The General stayed silent, Revan's analysis was correct. Even had they known there would have been nothing they could do to fight them.

President Bush asked "Is there another fleet on its way?"

"It's possible, but we intercepted no signals coming from the Earth so if a signal was sent it came from the fleet itself. Regardless, they will probably come to investigate the loss of contact."

"And your own forces, how did you fare in the battle?"

"We took significant losses but reinforcements are already on their way. Given the amount of time it took for the Sith to arrive there should be no problems." Revan said confidently.

Bush decided to cut to the chase. "What is your continued protection going to cost us?"

James looked a little nervous while Revan was giving the President a measuring stare. "Nothing is for free, but I don't think you will find the cost to be prohibitive." Revan replied ambiguously.

The answer didn't really give them any information or relieve any of their concerns so the President pressed for more information. "If we are to have any meaningful negotiations, I'm afraid you'll have to be a bit more specific."

If they wanted him to lay the cards on the table, he was more than happy to do so. The battle with the Sith should have opened their eyes to the danger they were in. “Earth will become a protectorate. You will maintain your own government and James will be my representative. Those nations that agree will receive technological assistance from us that will put them on a path to catch up with the other planets under my protection.”

“So, you’re willing to protect us, give us technology and leave us to govern ourselves. You want something, what is it?” Bush asked bluntly.

“You will have some restrictions on you. The technology given will be strictly controlled. Any nation that does not agree will be prohibited from receiving it in anyway and should any nation attempt to take advantage of another nation militarily with something I have made available to you, they will be punished severely.” Revan paused to allow that information to sink in. When no further questions were raised, Revan continued “There are two conditions to my aid. One, you will abolish this ridiculous separation you have between the magical and non-magical worlds. Both your societies can learn and benefit from the other. Second, I will establish a training facility for those able to use the force.”

“The wizards...” President Bush mused “that’s what you’re after. They are the resource that the Earth would be destroyed for. They are the same as these Jedi you told us about.”

Revan was a little taken aback that the President had made the connection so quickly. “Yes, it is the wizards and witches that would be trained but you are wrong when you compare them to the Jedi. Because of their wands, they are closer to the Sith in that they only tap into the dark side of the force. With training they will not need a wand and will not be opening themselves up to such a risk.”

“You realize that we can’t speak for the other nations?”

“Of course, but where the US goes, many will follow. Those that don’t will be cut off from the advantages offered by acceptance of my offer.” Revan said reasonably.

"This training facility you talk about, would it be voluntary?"

James answered for Revan "Yes it would."

"What would your role in this be?" The President asked James.

"He would be my representative on Earth, ensuring that all the nations under my protection are following the rules laid down here. He would also be your conduit to me since there will be times when I am not available or in the system."

The talks proceeded for another few hours before they broke for the day. While Revan could tell they were very interested in his proposition, it would take some time to hammer out the details. The Earth would serve as a test bed for what he planned to do with the other planets that had been conquered during the war with the Republic.

Yes, the US would agree to his proposal. In the end, they really had no choice.

Six Months Post Battle

June 2008

The world was still in an uproar following the attack. Riots and chaos spread in every nation when news spread of the existence of alien life and the attack on the Earth. There were cries for action, a need for vengeance to repay the blood that had been spilt. It all played into Revan's hand. The people of the world were calling out for things that only he could grant them stability, safety, and most importantly vengeance.

After the first week of meetings, Revan was presented to the world on the front lawn of the White House. The sight of someone who was clearly human in charge of the forces that had defended the planet did much too calm things down. By mutual agreement, Revan revealed that he had been born on Earth but raised elsewhere in the galaxy. The public became fascinated with his story, wanting to learn more about the circumstances surrounding his departure and the life

he had growing up. As with the Americans, he told a very edited version of his history.

Revan was very amused by the attention from the public. They might as well just hand the planet over to him. There was a groundswell of sympathy for him, he had been named Earth's lost son. He was made out to be a hero, valiantly risking his life to save the world he never knew, that he had been stolen from all those years ago.

Still, he was not universally loved or accepted. There were a surprising number of conspiracy theories that had sprung up around him. Some were even plausible though his favorite was that the fight had been staged and filmed in a secret movie studio. What he couldn't figure out though was how the supporters of this particular theory could explain the damage that came from the battle.

Yet, despite everything negotiations moved forward. It had taken months, but the US and Revan eventually came to an accord that was acceptable to both parties. In general, it greatly resembled the proposal Revan put forward on the first meeting after the Sith attack but now the specifics had been worked out. It spelled out the technology that would be provided, how it could and could not be used, the nature of Revan's protection, the exposure of the magical world and more.

Like the President predicted, not every nation followed the US' example. Most of the Europe along with Japan and Russia quickly followed suit. The less developed nations were far more distrustful of so generous an offer. They had been exploited by the western nations for so long that now they were reluctant to give over even a little of their independence.

So, the US and other nations moved forward adapting their society to the future. New technologies for transportation, farming, medicine, etc... were slowly being integrated. The militaries were being trained accordingly because any battle now would be waged with weapons vastly more powerful than what they were used to. The other nations were left behind to sit and think about their future in the changing landscape of the planet.

1 Year Post Battle

Earth, December 2008

Gradually, the other nations of the Earth were agreeing to Revan's conditions. The distrust was still there, but the damage to their economy when the US and other nations stopped trading with them was hurting them more.

The changes on the Earth were being mirrored in Space. Revan's forces were significantly reinforced by Malak's fleets and the ships from the Star Forge had withstood another smaller attack by the Sith. This time, the gravity well generators had forced the Sith to drop out of hyperspace at the edge of the system. The defenses in the asteroid belt sufficiently weakened them enough that Revan's forces were able to eradicate the remaining enemy with minimal losses.

The training academy had been established and the first recruits were beginning their training. It would take time, but in the not so distant future, Revan would have an army without peer bolstering his forces.

He continued to see his family, Lily had come around eventually. Now, she worked with James helping to oversee the slow but steady integration of the magical world into the rest of society. Having lived in both worlds she was able to relate with both sides and worked build bridges between the two and resolve conflicts that inevitably arose. Though her relationship with Revan would never quite be mother and son, they had settled into something like a friendship.

James was much closer to Revan. The battles they had fought together helped to bring them closer together. In his role, James was able to help Revan from slipping back into old habits. At the same time, he recognized the need for seemingly harsh tactics when the situation called for it. While not a common occurrence, it wasn't unheard of for James to travel with Revan to other planets. Through his son, he had seen many wonders in the galaxy and also the ruins that were left behind in the wake of two wars. He swore that he would not let that happen to Earth either by Revan's hands or someone else's.

In the Republic, Bastila spent her time at the Jedi Temple. She missed Revan and at times regretted her decision to leave but knew

that despite any misgivings she may have, it was still the correct decision to make. Yet, she felt some sense of duty to Revan. So when she heard of the diplomatic envoy that arrived at Coruscant, she urged the Jedi Council to support the proposal. It would end the war, the conquered worlds would remain under Revan's control, but she was confident that they would be well taken of. Ultimately, the Jedi Council refused to support the proposal but the Republic, weary of war accepted and Revan got his peace. Bastila though had lost the trust of many on the council who viewed her actions with Revan and her support of the proposal as a betrayal of their basic teachings.

As for Revan and Malak, they continued to move forward. Malak, once again faced with the menace of the Sith Empire, decided to resume his place by Revan's side. It would take a long time for any trust to form between the two men but there was a sense of completeness that struck both of them from time to time as they fell back into old roles and habits.

A year had passed, Revan stood on the bridge of his flagship looking down on the planet Earth from high orbit. Ships and defensive positions spread before him floating in space. The pieces were in place. The conquered planets would slowly heal and provide their strength to his war machine. Earth was falling into line and the first students were learning the ways of the force, the light and dark sides. He felt his purpose burning in him. The Sith Empire would fall as would anyone who stood in his way. As with everything, it was simply a matter of time.